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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Art. 1.—THE NAZI INTERNATIONAL. ✓

THE value of propaganda in the service of Governments was first realised during the Great War, when both sides found it to be an important factor in the pursuit of victory and used it on a considerable scale. After the War it was systematically employed mainly by Communist Russia and Fascist Italy in furtherance of their respective ideology, by the former both at home and in many parts of the world, by the latter only at home. But by no State, whether in time of war or of peace, has propaganda ever been conducted so intensively and extensively, both at home and abroad, as by Nazi Germany. Indeed, the scope of the activities in this domain organised by the German Government is so vast and formidable that all the efforts of most other Governments seem by comparison mere child's play. For the first time in the history of political administration there is a Ministry of Propaganda that serves as a fundamental organ of government, enjoying not merely the same rank as a War Office or Foreign Office, but often, indeed, dominating them both in authority and policy. It was in overwhelming measure owing to propaganda, efficiently organised and cunningly and ruthlessly prosecuted, that Herr Hitler conquered Germany. It is by means of the same instrument, enormously developed, elaborated, and strengthened, and wielded with all the power of a despotic and aggressive dictatorship, that he not only maintains his unchallenged hold over the Reich but seeks to win the sympathy and support of millions of people in all corners of the world in favour of the ideas and policy of National Socialism. The great and ubiquitous part that propaganda plays

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in the internal affairs of the Third Reich is, after more than five years, pretty well known. That it also plays an active part in its foreign affairs is, perhaps, also understood in a general way. But what is not yet grasped is the magnitude of its range, the unscrupulousness of its methods, the menace of its aims, and the demoralising effects of its operations.

Both Herr Hitler and Dr Goebbels have denied that their Government spreads Nazi doctrines abroad. In his speech in the Reichstag on May 21, 1935, the Führer said: 'National Socialism is a doctrine applying exclusively to the German people.' Lest it be thought that this also embraced the Germans in other countries, it should be added that at the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg in 1936 he declared: 'National Socialism is Germany's copyright. It cannot be exported. . . . National Socialism is our most valuable German patent. . . . We are not missionaries for other people.'* Similarly, Dr Goebbels, in a speech that he delivered in Warsaw, under the auspices of the Polish Foreign Office, in the summer of 1934, stated: 'Nothing would be more erroneous than to assume that National Socialism as a spiritual phenomenon is possessed of the ambition to transfer its field of activity beyond the frontiers of the Reich and to carry on a policy of spiritual conquest beyond the bounds drawn by political events.'†

These statements are flatly contradicted by the Nazi official organ, the 'Voelkischer Beobachter,' which, in its issue of May 24, 1934, boasted:

'The influence of the Nazi Party in foreign countries extends literally around the entire globe. "My sphere is the whole world" might aptly be placed over our headquarters in Hamburg. This Foreign Organisation . . . comprises to-day more than 350 national branches and fulcrum points of the Nazi Party everywhere. . . . The Nazi Party will yet further develop in an effort to transplant to all foreign countries the objectives of the National Socialist Reich.'

This boast and this threat are confirmed by such a mass of evidence concerning the nefarious activities of the German Government in all parts of the world that it is

* 'The Times,' Sept. 15, 1936.

† 'The Times,' June 14, 1934.

no longer necessary to refute official denials. What is more important is to expose the world-wide extent of those machinations, so that it may be realised what a dangerous menace they constitute to the peace of civilisation.

The organisation of foreign propaganda by the German Government is so vast, so intricate and widely ramified, that it almost baffles description. There is not just one agency for the purpose, but a variety of bodies, each sub-divided into departments and sections, linked up with the other main organs of Government, such as the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Gestapo (Secret State Police), and sending out their multitudinous tentacles to the remotest corners of the universe, yet all controlled by a central authority. The Ministry of Propaganda, under the direction of Dr Goebbels, is primarily concerned with the influencing of opinion at home, but it also commands an army of press correspondents in all parts of the world, who are virtually Government officials; it controls over 300 German newspapers in various foreign countries; it has its own news agencies that feed the press in places as far apart as South America and the Far East; it directs several wireless stations which specialise in transmitting news as far as the Dutch East Indies*; and it utilises a multitude of travel agencies and all the steamships of the Reich. It exercises strict control over the correspondents of German papers through the press and propaganda attachés, who are important adjuncts of all German Embassies and Legations. Of the seven departments of the Ministry, the seventh, called 'Abwehr' or 'Defence,' and consisting of twelve sections, is charged with the special function of counteracting 'atrocities propaganda,' winning over foreign journalists, and watching the foreign press, so that if any papers contain undesirable matter they may be confiscated immediately on their arrival in Germany. Secret instructions to the press are issued by the Ministry daily, and any disclosure, by virtue of a law enacted on July 2, 1936, is punishable as an act of treason.†

* 'Algemeen Handelsblad,' Nov. 20, 1935.

† The complete text of secret instructions issued in 1933 by the Propaganda Ministry, in the German original, with an English translation, occupies pp. 160-271 of 'Germany Unmasked,' by Robert Dell.

But the more important agencies of international propaganda are the Foreign Organisation (*Auslands-Organisation*) of the National Socialist Party, the Foreign Organisations of the Labour Front, and the Foreign Political Office of the Party. The first of these directs the activities of all Nazi organisations and other German societies in all parts of the world, which are estimated to number about 30,000. It is under the control of Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, a native of Bradford, who spent his boyhood in South Africa and did not arrive in Germany until he was a youth of sixteen in 1920. The Nazi organisations outside Germany are said to be instructed strictly to observe the laws of the country in which they are situated and to ensure that their political work shall not constitute an abuse of its hospitality or an interference in its politics. Germans living in foreign countries are subjected to pressure by their Embassy or Consulate to join the local Nazi society, through which they come under the control of their Government; and failure to comply entails the risk of the non-renewal of a passport, withdrawal of nationality, or reprisals against a relative in Germany. The political importance attaching to the Foreign Organisation of the Party was officially demonstrated on Jan. 30, 1937, when its central department was installed within the Foreign Office as an integral section. Herr Bohle, who thus became an Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, gave a lecture early this year in Budapest, in the presence of the Hungarian Premier and Foreign Minister, in which he said: 'Any German Nazi who broke the rules of hospitality in a foreign country by intervening in internal affairs would be mercilessly ejected from the Party,' and repeated the assertion that German Nazism was a purely internal affair which Germany did not wish to export.* But four years previously he wrote in 'Amerika's Deutsche Post' (March 1, 1934): 'Each individual German is to-day in his guest-country an exponent of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*, even if he is not a Party member.' We shall see presently that the truth lies in what Herr Bohle wrote, not in what he said.

The Foreign Organisation works in conjunction with

* 'Manchester Guardian,' Jan. 27, 1938.

the host of foreign vocational groups of the Labour Front, with the Foreign Political Office under Dr Alfred Rosenberg, and with the 'Volksbund für das Deutschtum im Ausland' (People's League for Germanism Abroad). Dr Rosenberg's office controls quite a large number of special societies and institutes, such as the 'Nordic Society,' 'German Colonial Society,' 'Baltic Legion,' 'Aryan Christian Alliance,' and 'Institute for the Study of the Jewish Question'; whilst the 'Volksbund' also embraces a large cluster of organisations, particularly those devoted to the maintenance of Germanism in frontier regions, such as the 'Sudeten German Aid Society,' the 'Schleswig-Holstein League,' and the 'German Memelland League.' The members of the 'Volksbund' are invited to an annual conference at Stuttgart, which has been named the 'capital of Germanism Abroad,' and are there primed with the ideas and principles of Nazism by an intensive course of lectures.

There are special institutions for the training of those who are to carry on propaganda in foreign countries: a school in Berlin under the control of Dr Rosenberg, and the 'Deutsche Akademie' in Munich under the direction of Professor Karl Haushofer (the former teacher of Rudolf Hess), a retired general. Every German professor or teacher who accepts a foreign appointment must undergo a course of instruction at the 'Akademie,' and every student who goes abroad must register as a member of the 'Kreis Ausland der Deutschen Studentenschaft' (German Students' Foreign District).^{*} There is also a 'Harbour Service,' with a 'Seafaring' section, whose function it is to smuggle Nazi literature into foreign countries and prevent anti-Nazi literature from being smuggled into Germany, to watch over passengers on German ships, and to kidnap any German who has incurred the wrath of his Government and bring him back to the Fatherland for punishment. The whole of the German mercantile fleet, as well as the navy, is at the service of the State for these purposes.

At the head of this vast network of organisations there is a central authority, called 'Verbindungsstab' (Liaison Staff), which consists of the principal chiefs:

^{*} 'Berliner Börsen-Zeitung,' March 16, 1935.

Dr Goebbels, Herr von Ribbentrop, Dr Rosenberg, Herr Hans Oberindober (director of the ex-service men, who arranges fraternal meetings with the ex-servicemen of other countries), and Herr Karl Abetz (director of the Hitler Youth, who organises exchange visits with the youth of other lands), presided over by Herr Rudolf Hess, the Deputy-Leader of the National Socialist Party. They have at their command an army of paid and voluntary agents estimated to number over 25,000. In 1934 the amount spent upon their combined activities was estimated at 262 million marks (over 13,000,000*l.* at par), and three years later it was reported * to have increased to 21,000,000*l.* This expenditure is quite apart from that devoted to propaganda within Germany itself, which is estimated to exceed 12,000,000*l.* a year.

No Government would maintain such a colossal bureaucratic apparatus or expend such enormous sums of money (especially if it pleaded poverty) merely for the purpose of gaining platonic sympathy for its ideas. The object of the German Government is to secure not merely sympathy but practical and political support for its policy of expansion. Its aim in the first place is to reconquer various regions bordering on Germany that are inhabited by people of German race or speech, whether they belonged to pre-war Germany or not. It has revived the idea of Pan-Germanism, which it is pursuing with an energy and ruthlessness entirely unknown before the War. Hundreds of maps are in circulation which show a 'Grossdeutschland' far larger than that represented by the annexation of Austria. A map published by the Insel Verlag in Leipzig in 1934 also embraces the Sudeten German district, Alsace-Lorraine, the Memelland, Danzig, Eupen-Malmedy, German Switzerland, Pomerania, Posnania, Upper Silesia, Denmark, Luxembourg, and parts of Sweden and Holland. Even after Hitler delivered his speech to the Reichstag on May 21, 1935, when he repudiated any claim to Alsace-Lorraine, a map of Greater Germany printed on a postcard was in circulation which included not only those lost provinces but also the Polish Corridor, the northern half of Belgium, Southern Tyrol, and Trieste. There is a voluminous

* 'Het Volk' (Amsterdam), Dec. 16, 1937.

literature dealing with these Pan-Germanic ambitions, the latest addition to which is an anthology of over a thousand pages, edited by Dr Heinz Kindermann, Professor at the Muenster University, and entitled 'Rue ueber Grenzen,' which contains not merely a miscellany of the literary products of 'Frontier Germans' and 'Germans Abroad,' but also critical comments emphasising the necessity of regaining the so-called 'frontier regions' for the Fatherland. With equal vigour is the propaganda for colonies prosecuted, in accordance with Point 3 of the National Socialist Programme: 'We demand land and soil (colonies) for the nourishment of our people and the settlement of our surplus population.' This is carried on principally by the German Colonial Society and the 'Reichskolonialbund,' both of which are under the direction of Dr Heinrich Schnee, formerly Governor of German East Africa, and also by the Colonial Department of the Foreign Trade Office. A Colonial School has been planned in Berlin for the training of future Colonial officials, and meanwhile students are being taught at the Colonial Agricultural School at Wissenhausen.

The technique of Nazi propaganda outside Germany consists in impregnating not only Germans but also the nations in whose midst they live with a belief in the virtues of National Socialism: it proclaims the blessings of totalitarianism, the evils of democracy, the superiority of the 'Aryan' race, the saving grace of the Nordic myth, the sanctity of the 'blood and soil' dogma, the infallibility of the Führer, and, above all, the wickedness of the Jews. The fomenting of Jew-hatred is an essential and dominating factor in the scheme of operations: it is an indispensable prelude to conversion to Nazism. The Jews are vilified as the cause not only of local political discontent and economic distress, but of all the world's major troubles, as, for example, of the civil war in Spain; they are denounced alternately as blood-sucking capitalists or subversive Bolsheviks, according to prevailing circumstances or passing crises; and persistent agitation invariably generates a certain response, which is then subtly cultivated in favour of Nazism itself. The German Government thus does not confine its persecution of the Jews within its own frontiers, but pursues them with

relentless vindictiveness to all parts of the world. It carries on this mission of Nordic *Kultur* through the medium of such creations of the Propaganda Ministry as the 'Anti-Jewish World League,' the 'Aryan-Christian Alliance,' and the 'Anti-Comintern League,' and with the co-operation of the 'Fichte Bund' of Hamburg, the 'Welt Dienst' of Erfurt, and the 'Institute for the Study of the Jewish Question' in Berlin. The 'Fichte Bund,' which was founded before the War to advocate Pan-Germanism, is one of the most prolific agencies of National Socialism: it conveniently ships from Hamburg every year over 5 million leaflets and over 100 tons of books and pamphlets in many languages. The 'World Service' and the Berlin Institute both issue fortnightly bulletins of news and articles, in which the foulest and most lying charges are levelled against the Jews. The publisher of the 'World Service,' which appears in a dozen languages, is Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich Fleischhauer, who attended the famous trial in Berne in 1935 as an 'expert' to prove the genuineness of that notorious forgery 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion,' and was accompanied by Baron Eugen von Engelhardt, director of the Berlin Institute.

The persistence with which Nazi agents have distributed their poisonous literature, reeking with race-hatred and incitement, has resulted in campaigns of abuse against the Jews in most of the countries in which they live. They have transplanted Anti-Semitism to many parts of the world where it had never existed before. Their battle-cry, 'Juda verrecke!' has found currency in a multiplicity of languages, and the English equivalent, 'Perish Judea!' has even been smeared on the house of a Jewish member of the British Government. Synagogues have been defaced with red-painted swastikas in Copenhagen, New York, and London; they have been defiled in Jassy and Toronto; they have been damaged with bombs in Vienna, Varna, and Buenos Ayres. Savage assaults have been made upon individual Jews: upon a student of the Delaware University, whose face was branded with a swastika * by Nazi fellow-students by means of acid, and upon a crippled editor in New York,

* 'Daily Express,' Nov. 15 and 17, 1937.

who was beaten unconscious by four Nazis, who incised the symbol on his arms and chest.* Legal prosecutions in consequence of libels have taken place in Basle and Berne, Copenhagen and Cairo, New York and Grahams-town (South Africa), and laws designed to protect the Jews from calumny on the ground of their race or religion have been enacted in Holland and Manitoba, and proposed in New Jersey.

The Nazi Propaganda Ministry does not restrict its methods to the circulation of slanders. It interferes with the freedom of publication in other countries. It insisted upon the withdrawal of the unabridged French edition of 'Mein Kampf' because it exposed Hitler's rancour and hostile aims against France. It caused the removal from Prague of the offices of German Socialist papers. Nor do its myrmidons limit their operations to the cultural sphere: they are constantly active also in the economic and political domains. Pressure is brought to bear upon German firms abroad, or even non-German firms having connections with Germany, to discharge their Jewish employees. Espionage is conducted in foreign banks to obtain information about the suspected wealth of Jews still in the Reich. Letters that pass through Germany on their way to other countries are liable to be opened by Nazi officials. The kidnapping of opponents is an officially authorised practice, and has taken place from Holland and Switzerland, from Austria and Czechoslovakia. The best-known case was that of the Jewish journalist Berthold Jacob, who was lured from Strasbourg to Basle and thence abducted to Germany in 1935 by the Gestapo agent Hans Wesemann, whose difficult exploit necessitated the co-operation of several departments of the German Government; and the most recent case occurred on June 17, when a Bavarian, Joseph Schmidt, was carried off from Czechoslovakia across the German frontier.† Moreover, political plots have been hatched, as in Austria and Memel, in Poland and Brazil. Murders, too, have been committed for the benefit of the Reich beyond its borders, in which the victims have been not only former German opponents of

* 'Daily Telegraph,' April 25, 1938.

† 'Manchester Guardian,' June 20, 1938.

National Socialism, such as Professor Theodor Lessing, who was shot in Marienbad, but also foreign statesmen who had no sympathy with its policy, such as the Rumanian Premier M. Duca and the Austrian Chancellor Dr Dollfuss.

It was in Austria that Nazi propaganda was conducted from the first most intensively, for it was from there that Hitler planned to begin his drive towards Eastern Europe, and there it has achieved its most far-reaching political success. But for the systematic agitation, both public and secret, that was carried on ever since Herr Hitler rose to power, the country would not have fallen into his hands so easily. His designs were facilitated by two important facts: first, Austria had long been a hot-bed of Jew-hatred, and in Vienna, before the War, he imbibed the teachings of the anti-Semitic burgomaster Karl Lueger, whom he has outdistanced in fanaticism; and secondly, the reactionary Austrian Government, which ruthlessly suppressed the Socialists, failed to take sufficiently energetic measures to curb the machinations of the native Nazis. Even after the abortive plot involving the murder of Dr Dollfuss and the execution of his murderers, the agitation, apart from a temporary setback, continued unabated, not merely in the form of propaganda, but accompanied by all sorts of violence against both Jews and Fatherland Front alike. Hence the rapid Nazification of the once glamorous Habsburg capital, where the ill-treatment of the Jews has exceeded in brutality and sadism the evil record of Germany itself.

The conquest of Austria has given an impetus to Nazi activities in various neighbouring countries, particularly in Czechoslovakia, where its three and a quarter millions of Czech subjects of German race have been incited to demand powers and privileges granted to no minority either in Germany or anywhere else. The Nazi Party in that country had already become such a menace some years ago that it was suppressed, and it was followed by the formation in 1934 of the Sudeten German Homeland Front. Its leader, Herr Konrad Henlein, in his address to the Royal Institute of International Affairs on Dec. 9, 1935, denied that he had ever been in contact with Hitler and declared: 'We have no other wish than to obtain our rights, as they were promised to us by the

Minority Treaties and confirmed by the Constitution of the Czechoslovak State.'* But last month he openly placed himself under Hitler's authority and took refuge in Germany, from where he proclaimed a revolt against his Government and demanded the cession of the Sudeten region to the Reich.† In his London address Herr Henlein said that 'he had never spoken against the Jews and there was no Aryan paragraph in the Articles or Constitution of his party.' But this paragraph has since been adopted and is applied with the utmost rigour. The Sudeten Germans have now organised such a ruthless boycott of the Jews in business, professional, and social relations and created such a state of terror among them that many have already sold their businesses and property and migrated to Prague or some other place where they are free from molestation. Even in those Sudeten German areas that may, by grace of Hitler, be allowed to remain within the revised frontiers of the mutilated Republic, there can be little doubt that political unrest and Jew-hatred, so assiduously sown under Nazi instigation, will continue. It is ominous that in a search of Henleinist premises at Reichenberg the police discovered a list, with personal details, of 1200 Democrats and Socialists, living in various parts of the Sudeten area, which had been compiled by Henlein's secret service, with three persons on the list marked down for immediate abduction to Germany.‡

The growth of Nazism in Hungary, favoured by the unruly agitation of the 'Awakening Magyars' in the early years after the War and the discontent of three million landless peasants, has been actively stimulated from Berlin. The semi-official 'Pester Lloyd,' in a leading article on 'Pan-German Work of Disaffection in Hungary,' wrote (July 20, 1935): 'Does not the National Socialist Government think itself in honour bound to stop these undesirable agitators, working in the dark, whose maps draw the Reich frontiers as far as the extreme ends of old Trans-Danubian Hungary?' So far from being stopped, the agitators redoubled their efforts by subsidising newspapers, issuing pamphlets,

* 'International Affairs,' July 1936.

† Written before the most recent developments.

‡ 'Daily Telegraph,' June 27, 1938.

and organising anti-Jewish excesses. Rival brands of Nazism have afflicted the country: the 'Scythe-Cross' movement of Boeszoermenyi, the 'Arrow-Cross' of Count Alexander Festetics, the 'National Will' or 'Hungarist' movement of Major Francis Szalasi, the 'National Front' of Francis Rajniss, and the Turul Association of the Radical Students. Of all these leaders the most influential is Major Szalasi, who, although condemned to imprisonment four times for plotting against the State, without serving a single sentence, has been called to the Regent. So menacing did his agitation become after the annexation of Austria that he was again put on trial for having conspired against the constitutional order and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude, to be followed by five years' loss of civil rights.* But the Government, in order to counteract the Nazi agitation, has stolen some of its thunder by passing a law requiring that the proportion of Jews in all commercial, industrial, and professional vocations shall be limited to 20 per cent.—a flagrant violation of the provisions of the Minorities Treaty, which the League of Nations is hardly likely to worry about.

The propaganda in Rumania has been far more active, for it found a friendly soil, prepared by the octogenarian Professor Cuza, who had preached Anti-Semitism and blazoned the Swastika even before Hitler was born. It has received a powerful stimulus through the founding of anti-Semitic newspapers, of which Bucharest alone has a dozen, while there is hardly a single town of any importance without one. According to the leader of the former National Peasant Party, Dr Lupu:

'Millions of lei have been spent by the Nazis in Rumania in the last three years. They have founded hundreds of newspapers. They have supplied terrorist organisations with weapons. It is not only gold that has come from Germany, but machine guns and hand grenades for the terrorists. For Germany can wait no longer. It needs our petrol.'†

The most rabid paper is the 'Porunca Vremii,' which models itself upon the unsavoury 'Stürmer,' adorning its pages with slanderous anti-Jewish caricatures. The

* 'The Times,' July 7, 1938.

† Geneva Press.

late M. Goga, who was an ardent admirer of the Nazi régime, attempted during his short-lived Government to introduce some of the most reactionary features of Germany's anti-Jewish code ; and his successor, the Patriarch Miron Christea, is depriving thousands of Rumanian Jews of their civic rights. The most formidable of Rumania's political leaders, Corneliu Codreanu, founder of the terrorist organisation, the 'Iron Guard,' and an outspoken disciple of Hitler, would have brought even greater misfortune upon the Jews and upon the country in general, but for the fact that his career has been cut short by a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for plotting against the State.

Throughout the Balkans Nazi propaganda has accompanied German economic penetration. In Yugoslavia, early in 1937, Deputy Zhivota Milanovitch informed the Belgrade Parliament that Germany was financing a Yugoslav Fascist movement, headed by the former Minister Lyotitch, and that inspectors who had examined the books of the co-operative societies founded by the latter had discovered that large sums had been received from Germany for propaganda purposes.* The annexation of Austria has been followed by efforts to organise the 800,000 Germans of Yugoslavia into one powerful political body, and the advocacy of autonomy for the German minority has led to the arrest both of German and native agitators.† The anti-Semitic trend is stimulated by a new weekly, 'Balkan,' and is marked by the elimination from the Senate of the Chief Rabbi, the only representative therein of the Jewish community. In Bulgaria, Nazi agents at first found a willing ally in Professor Tsankoff and his political friends, and their latest convert is Professor Kantardjeff, who created an organisation called 'Ratnitzi,' with a programme to fight 'against Bolshevism, Marxism, and Democracy, against Freemasonry and Judaism, against Liberalism and Corruption, and against the Peace Treaties.' But the 'Ratnitzi' will be unable to carry out its programme, as it has been dissolved by the Government.‡ In Greece German influence is favoured by General Metaxas, who received his military

* 'New York Times,' Feb. 3, 1937.

† 'The Times,' May 21, 1938.

‡ 'Daily Telegraph,' April 29, 1938.

training in Berlin, and it is fostered—curiously enough—by well-trained German governesses, who are supplanting English governesses. A newspaper, the 'Neue Athener Zeitung,' was started in 1934, and the union of Hellenic authorship with Nordic *Kultur* is shown in a pamphlet, 'Der deutsche Anti-Semitismus in geistig-seelischer Betrachtung,' by Sotirios Pharmakidis, published in Athens and Hamburg. In Turkey official hostility to the Nordic myth has been evinced by the many university and other appointments given to Jewish professors exiled from Germany, but after the annexation of Austria, according to the Government organ 'Cumhuriyet,' about 300 Jewish representatives of Austrian firms lost their positions.*

In Poland the extent to which the German minority is controlled from Germany was disclosed some time ago in the pro-Government 'Kuryer,' of Cracow, and other papers. Over 90 per cent. of all the German newspapers and libraries as well as cultural institutions in Poland are said to be subsidised by the Reich, and the German youth are given secret military training by special agents.† In June 1936, 99 Germans were tried at Kattowice for plotting to detach Polish Upper Silesia from Poland by illegal irredentist means, and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from 18 months to 10 years.‡ Their leader, Paul Manuira, had previously committed suicide in gaol. Since the fall of Austria Nazi propaganda has been particularly active throughout the Western provinces, Posnania and Pomorze, which form the Polish Corridor. The authorities have confiscated a large number of maps made in Germany, which show Posnania as 'Provinz Posen,' and 'Pomorze' as 'Provinz Westpreussen.' The 'Young Germans' Party,' under the leadership of Senator Rudolf Wiesner, has appealed to all German minority bodies in Poland to join what is a thinly veiled Nazi organisation. It has published 'Six Theses,' one of which declares that 'our German national life shall be organised only in accordance with German principles, and based on the ideology of the German nation.' Even the National Democrats, who have zealously copied the Nazi methods of Jew-baiting—

* 'Jewish Chronicle,' April 29, 1938.

† 'Manchester Guardian,' April 2, 1936.

‡ 'The Times,' June 22, 1936.

proclaiming the boycott of Jews in business and the professions, clamouring for 'Ghetto' benches in the Universities, and organising brutal excesses—are incensed at Nazi political propaganda. Their chief organ, the Warsaw 'Dziennik Narodowy,' has urged the authorities to put 'a decisive stop to the insolent attitude of these "loyal" German citizens of Poland.'* But neither they nor the League of Nations itself has protested against the Nazification of Danzig, which has steadily advanced in the presence of a complaisant High Commissioner, who is blind to all the injustices and injuries inflicted upon the Jews. Nazi agents have now also been let loose among the 5,000,000 Ukrainians in Poland, who are told that Germany is the 'only possible liberator of the Ukrainian nation from Polish and Russian oppression.' General Zielinski, a former Tsarist officer and Ukrainian Nationalist, has been appointed 'Führer' of the Ukrainian movement, with headquarters at Danzig, and a sum of 1,000,000*z.* has been assigned by the German Government for propaganda in Poland this year.†

There is similar agitation throughout the Baltic countries and Scandinavia. In Lithuania it largely takes the form of anti-Jewish incitement. In Memel it led to an abortive plot in 1934 against the Government, when four ringleaders were condemned to death (afterwards commuted to life imprisonment) and 87 other conspirators received heavy sentences‡; but the local Germans still greet every German ship that visits the port with riotous demonstrations of sympathy.§ In Latvia, in 1935, six Germans were sentenced to imprisonment for having conspired to seduce Latvian citizens of German race to engage in unlawful activities.|| In Finland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark booklets in their respective languages containing the speeches of Hitler and other Nazi leaders are distributed by the thousand, and fresh supplies from Berlin and Hamburg arrive at frequent intervals.¶ Propaganda is also conducted through the

* 'Daily Telegraph,' April 25, 1938.

† 'Sunday Times,' Aug. 14, 1938.

‡ 'The Times,' March 27, 1935.

§ 'The Times,' June 30, 1938.

|| 'Berliner Boersen-Zeitung,' Sept. 24, 1935.

¶ 'The Times,' Jan. 23, 1937.

medium of cheap German language courses arranged by branches of the 'Deutsche Akademie' in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Malmo, and other cities. At Gothenborg an agent of the Gestapo, under the guise of a German teacher, kept watch over political emigrés and Jews, and even offered his services to the Swedish police, who put a sudden stop to his mission.* In Stockholm the police cut short the permit of residence of the Nazi group leader for Sweden, Bartels, whose activities were alluded to in a public speech by the Swedish Foreign Minister, who declared that 'the Government could not tolerate foreigners assuming powers which belonged to the Swedish authorities. Nor would the Government tolerate foreign political propaganda interfering with Swedish citizens.'† In Copenhagen five Nazi journalists, who were found guilty of grossly libelling the Jewish community in pamphlets and newspapers, were sent to prison for terms varying from three weeks to four months.‡

In Holland the leaders of the two chief Nazi parties, Dr van Rappard and A. A. Mussert, outdo each other in defaming the Jews, while the former, dressed like a Storm Trooper, demands the transformation of the country into a vassal of Germany. The Nazis have become strong enough to have four deputies in the Second Chamber. Mass-meetings have been held in Amsterdam to protest against their insidious agitation; the police have confiscated large consignments of anti-Semitic literature in Dutch exported from Hamburg; and a copy of the 'Stuermer' has been publicly burned.§ In Belgium, the leader of the 'Rexistes,' Leon Degrelle, has publicly attacked the Jews as unfit to occupy posts on the Bench, in the Army, and in the Press; Flemish leaflets from the 'Fichte Bund' are widely distributed; a new association, called 'Defence of the People (Volksverweering) League for the Safeguarding of Race and Soil,' has been formed in Antwerp to combat the 'occult forces favourable to Jewish penetration'; and a paper styled 'Patrie et Travail' has published an appeal that states: 'The only answer to the Imperialistic, capitalistic,

* 'Le Matin,' Aug. 18, 1937.

† 'National Zeitung,' Basle, Feb. 27, 1936.

‡ 'Die Neue Welt,' Sept. 14, 1937.

§ 'Jewish Chronicle,' March 13, 1936.

and Jewish England, which has so shamefully maltreated the women and the children of the Boers in the Transvaal, is "To-day Austria, to-morrow Flanders. One people, one Reich, one Führer. Heil Hitler!"* In Luxembourg the Nazi doctrine has infiltrated into the secondary schools, and the annexation of Austria was immediately followed by the sticking and painting of swastikas upon Jewish shops and the circulation of anti-Semitic leaflets.

Even in France Hitlerism has found ardent support in reactionary circles, owing partly to the eminence of M. Leon Blum in the political world and partly to the influx of refugees from Germany. 'In spite of difficulties,' wrote 'Cahiers Franco-Allemands' (1936, No. 10), 'we possess already our own organ, the "Deutsche Zeitung in Frankreich," and our own home where all German citizens can assemble, full of pride and gratitude to our Führer.' Of all the agitators in Paris the most bellicose is Darquier de Pellepoix, whose paper, 'La France Enchaînée,' demands that immediately after the declaration of war all Jews, even 'quarter-Jews,' between the ages of 17 and 60, shall be placed in the front ranks of the fighting troops. The most virulent propaganda is conducted in Alsace-Lorraine, where a 'Peasants' League' and 'Labour Front' popularise such catch-words as 'The Jews are our misfortune!' and the 'Stuermer' has its counterpart in 'Le Combat' of Strasbourg. So serious has the situation there become that the French Government has been obliged to subsidise the local press to provide a corrective to the shoals of Nazi publications.

In Switzerland, with its 135,000 Germans, there were, in 1936, 45 Nazi societies and 'fulcrum points' and twenty-one groups of the Hitler youth,† and their vigorous propaganda has led to several sensational trials. For two years the Jewish communities of Basle and Berne conducted a lawsuit to secure the suppression of 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.' They won in 1935, but two years later the convicted publishers (who were proved to have received money from official sources in Germany) successfully appealed on technical grounds, although the judge condemned the forgery in scathing language. In 1936 the

* 'Jewish Chronicle,' May 6, 1938.

† 'Der Mord in Davos,' by Emil Ludwig (Querido Verlag, Amsterdam), p. 51.

Nazi leader for Switzerland, Wilhelm Gustloff, was shot dead by a Jewish student, David Frankfurter, who was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, and the Government refused to allow a successor to be appointed. In the same year Friedrich Eisenegger, leader of the 'Frontists,' who was connected with the Nazi Propaganda Ministry, was found guilty of conspiring to undermine the Swiss Constitution * ; and in the following year Corporal Joseph Speck was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for offering a secret cypher-table for telephone and signalling patrols to the Zurich branch of the Nazi Party.† But perhaps the most remarkable case was that of Boris Toedtli, who, thanks to the discovery of a mass of secret correspondence, was found guilty at Geneva last April of spying for the Gestapo upon political refugees and who was proved to have received money from Colonel Fleischhauer, of the Erfurt 'Welt-Dienst,' and to have been the leader in Europe of the 'All-Russian Fascist Party,' which had ramifications in various capitals.‡ Owing to the recent increase of Nazi propaganda the Swiss Federal Council found it necessary to pass a new law to authorise the seizure of 'all propaganda material likely to endanger the internal or external security of the Confederation.' §

The extensive subterranean activities of the German Government in Spain, which began three years before the Civil War, are fully described in 'Spione and Verschwörer,' by Franz Spielhagen, a book || largely based upon the mass of Nazi documents and correspondence that were seized by the authorities in Barcelona soon after the outbreak of the rebellion. Overwhelming proof is presented, with many photographed documents, that the Nazis used the whole of the elaborate machinery of their diplomatic, consular, press, and commercial organisations in Spain in the interests of political and racial propaganda. The detailed descriptions of various activities, given in every case with names and dates, leave no doubt as to their authenticity. They reveal the extent of the system

* 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung,' Aug. 3, 1936.

† 'Prager Tagblatt,' March 2, 1937.

‡ 'Manchester Guardian,' April 6, 1938.

§ 'The Times,' May 30, 1938.

|| Translated into English as 'The Nazi Conspiracy in Spain' (Gollancz).

of espionage conducted by the Nazi Foreign Organisation over the German refugees abroad, for the methods employed in Spain are exactly the same as those practised in other countries, and the money spent on this sinister work in Spain is estimated to have been nearly three million pesetas in 1935 alone. The press of the Spanish insurgents often contains slanderous attacks upon Jews, and a Spanish edition of 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion' was distributed gratis on Cervantes' birthday.* Italy, with its own Fascist ideology, had no need of any importation, but since the creation of the Rome-Berlin axis the Jews have frequently been the subject of unfriendly—and occasionally even scurrilous articles—in a number of papers; the Ministry of Popular Culture has now given its blessing to the 'Aryan' racial theory; and the small Jewish community are gravely perturbed about the introduction of laws on the Nazi pattern. The census of the Jews on a racial basis forebodes a policy of unjust discriminations, and already a number of Jews have been forced to retire from their official positions. For years Mussolini proudly boasted that Anti-Semitism would never find a footing in Italy, only at last to capitulate ignominiously to the behest of the Führer and betray his country's tradition of racial tolerance.

Of all the countries of Europe, England is perhaps the least troubled by Nazi propaganda (except in so far as it has stimulated the provocative antics of the Fascists), probably because Germany is anxious to secure a friendly agreement with this country. Such propaganda as is carried on is limited, for the most part, to the German residents themselves and to certain political and social groups, although the publications of the 'Fichte Bund' reach a much wider circle through the post. The Anglo-German Fellowship angles for the support of aristocratic society, and 'The Link,' with branches in London and the provinces, recruits its members from the middle-class, while the 'Anglo-German Review' is frankly propagandistic. The German press, despite the difficulty of exporting money and the monotonous uniformity of its papers, has a far larger number of correspondents in

* 'El Norte de Castilla,' April 23, 1938.

London than the press of any other country in the world. But not all German journalists are engaged solely in writing for newspapers, as the British Government had to ask three of them to leave the country, on Aug. 8, 1937, 'on account,' as 'The Times' put it, 'of activities which lay outside their professional duties.' Other papers plainly referred to the fact that Englishmen were 'shadowed' by Nazis, who reported either to their organisations or to Berlin, and that 'there is a dossier in the headquarters of the Gestapo in Berlin where detailed records of persons regarded as unfriendly to Germany or to National Socialism are kept up to date.' *

In the Near and Middle East propaganda has been rife since 1934, when legal proceedings were taken by a Jew of Cairo against the local German Society for publishing a pamphlet in defence of Hitler's persecution of the Jews, which contained the usual anti-Semitic slanders. The case was lost on the technical ground that the prosecutor was not personally libelled, and an impetus was immediately given to further agitation, which was extended to Egyptian circles. In April 1935, fifty German agents were sent to Africa and the Near East, and a letter was addressed by the Ministry of Propaganda on May 16, 1935, to the Reich Minister of Foreign Affairs, thanking him for his help in regard to colonial propaganda and stating:

'Our agents have received instructions and orders for the task and we have informed our consular representatives at Haifa, Jaffa, Algiers, Agadir, and Rabat. We have also informed our confidential agents and influential natives. We, too, are of absolute opinion that success can only be achieved if the most intense propaganda effort is concentrated on natives.' †

In Cairo and Alexandria the methods employed are the distribution of libellous leaflets, appeals—in both Arabic and German—to boycott Jewish firms, inflammatory articles in obscure papers, and street demonstrations. In the autumn of 1937 Herr Baldur von Shirach, head of the Hitler Youth, and Herr von Berk, editor of the 'Angriff' (the organ of Dr Goebbels), both made a tour of

* 'Manchester Guardian,' Aug. 10, 1937.

† 'Manchester Guardian,' Jan. 19, 1938.

the Near East, and news of a plan for intensifying the boycott of Jewish firms in Egypt was first published in the German and Austrian press.

That Germany has played a part in assisting the Arab revolt in Palestine and is exploiting both Pan-Islamism and anti-Zionism is by no means only a rumour. The Jerusalem police intercepted documents in 1936 proving that the Arab leaders received 50,000*l.* from Germany and 20,000*l.* from Italy for the purpose of strengthening their resistance.* According to the 'Palestine Post,'† 'the editor of the extremist Arab daily "Ad-Difaa" visited Cairo to meet a "prominent German personage" and returned suddenly to expand its pages and greatly extend its news and pictorial services.' The swastika has appeared in Arab leaflets and German rifles have been captured more than once from Arab terrorists.‡ In Damascus there is a club called 'El Nadi el Arrabi' (The Arab Club), which is generally known to be maintained from German sources.

Agitation is also conducted in India where, as reported at the Fourth 'Reich Rally of Germans Abroad' by the Calcutta Group Leader, Dr Claus Haerms, a powerful organisation is being created to make the Germans in India 'a strong advance post' in the East.§ Moreover, Nazi influence inspired the White Russian Organisation in Harbin, which for five years conducted a terrorist campaign against the local Jewish community through its swastika-flaunting paper 'Nash Put,' until this was suppressed by the Japanese authorities.

Much stronger and more menacing than in most countries is the movement in South Africa. The 'Landesgruppe Suedafrika' was founded in 1932 by Herr Bohle himself, and has Portuguese East Africa under its control. The Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Union Government into the administration of South-West Africa reported that 'there has been continual interference by the Foreign Organisation of the Nazi Party in the affairs of the Territory and that, as a result, freedom of speech, of political association, and even of political

* 'L'Information : Dernières Nouvelles Politiques,' Paris, June 13, 1936.

† Jan. 28, 1938.

‡ 'Daily Express,' July 16, 1938, and 'Daily Telegraph,' July 23, 1938.

§ 'Fraenkische Tageszeitung' (Nuremberg), Sept. 5, 1936.

conduct has ceased to exist in the Territory for a large number of Germans who are Union subjects.* All German settlers, whether naturalised British subjects or not, had been required to take an oath of 'inviolable allegiance to Adolf Hitler' and of 'unconditional obedience to the leaders appointed by him.' The Nazi organisation was consequently suppressed and non-naturalised Germans were forbidden to be members of political bodies, but those who are British subjects continue to propagate Nazi ideas through a new German Party,† so that the situation remains disturbing. Indeed, Nazism is vigorously fostered in all the principal cities and many smaller towns in the Union, and all its branch organisations, such as the Labour Front, Hitler Youth, and 'Strength through Joy,' are represented.‡ The official leader of the movement is Herr Bruno Stiller, Counsellor of the German Legation in Pretoria, who is actively supported by all German Consuls and a number of local leaders. German ships visiting South African ports contain Nazi 'cells,' called 'Bordzellen,' and are entertained by the local societies. The Nazis have secured control of the German school in Johannesburg, which receives a subsidy from the Union Government.§ Unfortunately they have infected a section both of the British and the Afrikaner population, organised in the 'Grey Shirt' movement and the Nationalist party, who are conducting a violent anti-Semitic campaign, but although this has been repeatedly denounced by General Smuts and other liberal-minded leaders, the Government has yielded to the clamour for restricting immigration, from which the Jewish refugees from Germany are the principal sufferers. The Nazis are also active in Tanganyika, and the provocative conduct of their leader on the occasion of the King's birthday celebration at Moshi has formed the subject of a question in Parliament.||

Not content with their machinations in the Old World, the Nazis are equally active in the New, where they are strongly organised in every State, from Canada to Chile

* Report of the South-West Africa Commission, Pretoria, 1936.

† 'The Times,' Sept. 3, 1937.

‡ 'Johannesburg Star,' Jan. 27 and 28, 1938.

§ 'The Times,' May 4, 1938.

|| 'Hansard,' July 20, 1938.

and the Argentine. Four years ago the Canadian Minister of Justice had to request the German Consulate in Montreal to desist from circulating copies of an anti-Jewish publication, and owing to this and other setbacks Nazi agitation was driven underground. But there was no abatement in the flood of vituperative literature that flowed from the factories in Hamburg, Berlin, and Erfurt, and that found its way not only into every city from Quebec to Vancouver, but even into remote villages. Public attention was again focused upon Nazi propaganda owing to the increasing nuisance of a Fascist organisation, styled the Canadian National Socialist Party, whose activities were marked by all the outward trappings and insignia and the ideological slogans of Hitlerism. The leader of this Party, a French Canadian, Mr Adrien Arcand, declared that his aim was to establish a corporative state in which the Jews would be reduced to second-class citizens, and boasted of his drilled troops; and unfortunately his paper, 'L'Illustration Nouvelle,' is the semi-official organ of the Quebec Government, whose Prime Minister, Mr Duplessis, shows marked tolerance towards Fascism. Mr Arcand denies that his Party is officially connected with the Nazis, although there can be little doubt of the relations between the various Canadian Fascist organisations (of which his is only one) and the German Nazi Party, the 'Deutsche Bund,' and the German Labour Front, which have branches in many parts of the Dominion. An audacious plan of the Germans was to purchase Anticosti, the large island in the mouth of the St Lawrence, ostensibly for the development of the pulp and paper industry; but owing to a protest in the Ottawa Parliament, the Prime Minister gave a pledge that Anticosti would not be allowed to fall into foreign hands, whereupon the German Consul General announced that the proposed deal had been abandoned.*

In the United States organised Nazi propaganda had already assumed such extensive and menacing proportions by the beginning of 1934 that the House of Representatives appointed a Special Commission to carry out an inquiry into all its ramifications. The Commission's Report showed that the Nazi agents worked in co-opera-

* 'The Times,' June 1, 1938.

tion with different bodies, such as 'The Friends of New Germany' and 'The Silver Shirts', that their German paper was 'largely financed by subsidies under the guise of advertisements granted by the German steamship lines as well as the German railways,' that they imported and distributed vast quantities of anti-Semitic literature, and that they were associated with the German Embassy at Washington and certain German Consuls. Owing to this exposure and internal dissensions the Nazis relaxed their operations for a time, apart from painting huge swastikas on synagogues * and even setting fire to them,† but they soon became busy again. Representative Dickstein, of New York, stated :

'Almost every German ship entering an American harbour carries in addition to the crew a large number of "seamen" whose duties are to contact Nazi sources and join in their activities. High officials of the German Government in this country take a direct hand in disseminating propaganda by advancing funds for that purpose. Thirty-two million dollars was spent here in propaganda against the Jews.'‡

According to a further statement of Mr Dickstein, made to the House of Representatives Immigration Committee, 100 Nazi spies were in the United States, fomenting a plot against the country, and the leader of the propaganda agents was Fritz Kuhn, a chemist once attached to the Ford Motor Company, who had access to a fund of 4,000,000.§ Kuhn, who recently visited Germany, became the leader of the American 'Deutscher Volksbund,' whose members could join the German-American Settlement League, which he founded. All members of the League, which ran a summer-camp at Yaphank, Long Island, were required to take a secret oath of allegiance to Hitler, and in consequence of this violation of the State Civil Rights Act six officials of the League were sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 100%. each, while the League itself was fined 2,000%.|| Much more serious, however, was the indictment returned by a

* 'Evening Standard,' March 15, 1937.

† 'The Times,' March 29, 1937.

‡ 'New York Times,' May 4, 1936.

§ 'Morning Post,' March 12, 1937.

|| 'The Times' and 'Manchester Guardian,' July 14, 1938.

Federal Grand Jury in New York against eighteen persons on charges relating to espionage on behalf of the German Government. Two of the defendants were high officials in the German War Ministry, Lieutenant-Commander Udo von Bonin and Lieutenant-Commander Herman Menzel, but they and eleven others were safe in Germany and only four were in custody, while the remaining defendant was Mrs Jessie Jordan, who was sentenced at Edinburgh on May 16 to four years' penal servitude for espionage.* Such a grave view did the United States Government take of the revelations made in this case that they decided to change their secret codes, and Congress voted funds for the investigation of the activities of the German-American 'Bund' and other 'un-American activities.'

South of the United States the Nazis are even more strongly organised. In Mexico the Fascist 'Gold Shirts' were created with the help of Nazi agents and were subsidised, at least for a time, by German firms, who actively promoted an anti-Jewish campaign. The many large colonies of Germans in South America, particularly in Brazil and the Argentine, which had previously furthered German culture, were systematically and vigorously won over to the Nazi ideology by trained agents who toured throughout the Continent. The Germans who showed any reluctance to accept the new doctrine were simply coerced by threats of reprisals against their near relatives in the Fatherland. Nazi societies and clubs exist in every part of every State: they are nourished by endless quantities of literature brought by every German ship, by Nazi lectures and films, by the German radio stations in Rio de Janeiro and other cities, and short-wave broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese from Germany. All German schools are nurseries of Nazism and all German lecturers at colleges are its exponents. In Brazil there are fifteen German papers that carry on propaganda, besides many papers in the vernacular that are secretly owned or subsidised by Germany. The Hispanic Institute in Berlin collects books on Latin America and sends them to various universities and libraries, while students and military and naval officers

* 'The Times,' June 21, 1938.

are invited for free trips to the Reich, where they are instructed not only in their respective subjects but also in all branches of Nazi philosophy, so that they may act as propagandists on their return. In Chile 'Deputy Pingril Meza said that professors had been brought from Germany, and German concerns supported the Chilean Nazi party financially.'* In Uruguay the Nazi organ asked: 'Are we to keep quiet for fear lest we might incur the authorities' displeasure?'†

In every State the Jews have been made to suffer by the practical application of Nazi principles, especially in business relations. Jewish firms are boycotted and Jewish employees dismissed. In the Argentine Hugo Wast wrote his infamous 'Oro' ('Gold'), in which he reproduces all the noxious ideas of 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion' and demands the extermination of the Jews, and the book has been circulated as far as Mexico. But the Nazis have over-reached themselves, for although they constantly maintain that they do not interfere in local politics the evidence to the contrary has proved overwhelming. The part that they played in the attempt of the 'Green Shirt' Integralists, whom they are known to have financed, to overthrow the Brazilian Government in May has resulted in prompt counter-measures. The Nazi leader in Porto Alegre has been expelled, many others have been arrested, and President Vargas has issued a decree forbidding all political activities by foreigners. Many German schools have been closed both in Brazil and Argentina. Moreover, the Foreign Minister of Argentina has requested the German Ambassador to dissolve the Nazi organisation in that country and informed him that he and the Foreign Ministers of Brazil and Chile have agreed on a common policy to combat Nazi influence in their territories.

Such then, in broad outline, are the propaganda activities of the German Government throughout the world. Such are its intrigues and machinations, its schemings and plottings, deliberately based upon the cult of race-hatred and the practice of Jew-baiting and conducted by methods not only devoid of honesty and honour,

* 'New York Times,' Aug. 26, 1937.

† 'Deutsche Wacht,' March 1938.

but marked only too often by vandalism, violence, and barbarism. Never before in the history of the world has a State, pretending to have a great mission, engaged in such a universal campaign of mind-poisoning and soul-corruption among the peoples of other States. Never before has a Government organised disaffection among the subjects of other Governments on so vast a scale or rewarded sedition so lavishly. With monotonous reiteration Nazi Germany protests that she wants nothing but peace, but, through the insidious and provocative agitation of her tens of thousands of agents, she is herself the supreme disturber of the peace of nations. Resentful of all foreign criticism of her policy, she has no scruples about interfering in the policy and internal affairs of other States. Proclaiming that she wishes to secure the interests of progress, she is seeking to extend to other lands the mediæval reaction that reigns in her own, and has already succeeded in no small degree. All the cherished ideals of Western civilisation—personal liberty, religious and racial tolerance, social justice, parliamentary democracy, international law—have been trampled underfoot by the Nazi dictators and legislators, who are striving to inoculate the rest of humanity with their mental and spiritual perversity. There can be no peace for the world nor any hope for the progress of civilisation, no matter what political pacts may be concluded, so long as they persist in their policy of pernicious and subversive propaganda. Nothing is likely to contribute so much towards the attainment of general appeasement as the dissolution and disappearance of the hydra-headed organisation of the Nazi International.

Art. 2.—THE ORIGIN OF BIRD NAMES.

RECENTLY I had occasion to refer to the 'Oxford Dictionary' for an explanation of the name 'whinchat,' and the information I obtained was so unsatisfactory that I was led to enquire into the origin of other bird names. My interest had in the first place been aroused by the name of a plant, the petty whin, which grows plentifully on commons near London, for having known the larger plant *Ulex europæus* as whin all my life and only in latter years having come to recognise it as gorse or furze, I thought it strange that in a country in which one or the other of these admirably descriptive names is established everywhere, the smaller plant, *Genista anglica*, should still be called the petty whin.

The word 'whin' was formerly derived from the Welsh *chwyn*, which means weeds. If we assume that this is correct, the name 'petty whin' becomes intelligible, for in that case 'whin' would have been used throughout the country for both plants until the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, who would then have imposed their own terms for the larger and more conspicuous plant and overlooked the smaller one. The derivation now accepted by the 'Oxford Dictionary,' however, is from a Scandinavian word akin to the Swedish *hven* which is 'applied to various grasses,' and the explanation given is that whin was of economic importance in Scandinavia and therefore in all districts in Britain colonised by Scandinavians. This, of course, is interesting and it is convincing so far as it goes, but it does not account for the 'petty whin' or 'needle whin' of Anglo-Saxon England, which surely should be 'petty gorse' or 'petty furze.' The problem is complicated by the name 'whinchat.' The 'Oxford Dictionary' derives this from 'whin,' which is not an English word, and from 'chat' which is the call of the bird, and adds as confirmation that in some localities the bird is actually known as gorse-chat or furze-chat.

Now this latter statement is quite true, but the localities in which the bird is so named are those in which it frequents gorse or furze, and there it is liable to be confused with the female stonechat, a species which is not only much more addicted to gorse but may be seen perched on it and heard chatting from it all the year round. On

the other hand, in most parts of the country the whinchat inhabits grass fields, pastures and commons, where it may never be near whin, gorse or furze from the day it arrives in April to the day it departs in September, which would seem to indicate that whin was formerly far more widely distributed than either gorse or furze. I believe, however, that the derivation given by the 'Oxford Dictionary' is not correct. Most probably the name originally was not 'whinchat' but 'whit-chat,' which is a very close imitation of the alarm note of both stonechat and whinchat—that is, the note which they both utter constantly when human beings come within hearing distance of them. As early observers would not distinguish one species from the other, the name would be applied to both indiscriminately, and through the almost invariable association of the more conspicuous of the two with a particular habitat, it would become corrupted into 'whinchat.'

'Stonechat' is a more sophisticated and therefore more recent term, for it implies that the alarm note is like the sound of two stones being struck sharply against each other. It could also be equally well applied to both species, but again it was given to the more conspicuous, and the other was thus left with the ancient name and any history that may be attached to it. One lexicographer, the late Dr Annandale, states that the stonechat is 'often seen about heaps of stones in waste places' and leaves us to assume that the name was derived from such reports, but no ornithologist would accept these records as representing a habit of the bird. His derivation is typical of many etymological errors, which indicate that the lexicographer is not really such a dry stick as he is supposed to be.

Another example is provided by the linnet. The 'Oxford Dictionary' traces this name back by the usual philological method, through the French form *linette* to the Latin word *linum*, which means flax, and explains that the name was given because the bird feeds on the seeds of flax. It seems to be true that this bird does eat the fruit of flax, but he also takes toll of hemp, turnip and rape. No doubt other finches do likewise whenever they get the chance, but though the sparrow is a pest in cornfields we do not call it the 'cornet.' The linnet is not

a bird of cultivated fields, however, as are the chaffinch and greenfinch. He lives on gorse-covered wastes and presumably finds in such places the greater part of his food, which consists of the seeds of weeds. He is an adept at robbing the dandelion.

Where gorse is plentiful the call of the linnet is a familiar sound, and anyone who knows it will readily agree that it could not be better represented than by the two syllables of the bird's name. The name having been coined from the note, therefore, by countrymen with an ear, the philologists, who are townsmen and have a wider and sounder knowledge of language than of country lore, allowed their fancy to play with it and finding that its first syllable was exactly the same as the first of *linum*, they saw its owner devastating the flax fields and consequently being damned by the farmers. Thus it becomes to them an epithet of opprobrium instead of being what it really is, a term of endearment. The English word is accurate, for the double *n* makes the *i* short and throws the accent on to the first syllable, thus causing rapidity of enunciation, whereas the French *linette* (pronounced 'leenette' without an accent) bears no relation to the original sound and is obviously an artificial product of an accidental similarity in spelling. The old English form 'lintwhite,' which means nothing at all in regard to the bird, but demonstrates that the poets who used it were ignorant of the creature about which they were enthusing, is another example of the same kind.

The majority of bird names are either onomatopœic or descriptive. Very few of them refer to food. For example, 'raven,' 'crow,' 'rook,' 'jackdaw,' and 'jay' all represent the cries of birds. The first was perfect in its original pronunciation, when the *r* was guttural and the *a* had not been modified by the introduction of the *e*. On the other hand, 'magpie' describes the black and white plumage and 'starling' the little white dots with which the feathers are sprinkled. Where food is implied the habit is distinctive and the fare is stated clearly and openly, not veiled in some Latin mystification: for example, 'kingfisher,' 'flycatcher,' 'nuthatch,' 'bee-eater,' and 'hawfinch.' The chaffinch may be the finch which feeds among chaff, for throughout the winter every farmer sees a flock of this conspicuous species picking up a living in

his stackyard. At the same time, he cannot fail to become familiar with its unmistakable call, and it is from this note, which is described in modern books as 'pink-pink,' that the word 'finch' or 'fink,' as it was originally, is derived.

The sparrow is named from the cry which it repeats all day long on or near dwellings. The dictionaries do not say this, but content themselves with showing that the word is the same in all Germanic and Scandinavian languages. In Iceland it is *sporr* and in Germany *sperling*. The ending 'ling' is, of course, a diminutive, so the probability is that 'bunting' was formerly 'buntling.' This name the 'Oxford Dictionary' gives up and states that its ultimate origin is unknown. But here is one of the very few bird names which are founded on habitat. 'Woodcock,' 'moorhen,' and 'fieldfare' are other examples. We have such names as 'reed warbler,' 'marsh tit,' and 'meadow pipit,' of course, but these belong to a different category. In them the habitat is used as an adjective to distinguish one member of a group from another.

The common bunting inhabits grassy fields and pastures, especially near the coast. Such places were known in early times as bents, and the rough grasses and rushes which grow in them are still called bents. The bird is nondescript in plumage and its song, though very remarkable, is difficult to imitate. Apparently the genius of the language failed to find an equivalent for it, and consequently its owner was referred to as the bentling, that is, the little bird of the bents. This word having become a name, its significance was lost in course of time and its form and pronunciation were modified. The *l* was dropped and the *e* became *u*. There is very little difference in sound between benting and bunting.

The yellow bunting or, as it is familiarly called, the yellowhammer, more correctly yellow-ammer, has been doubly named, first from its colour and secondly from its song, the main part of which is suggested by 'ammer.' I believe that the idea implied in this word is that of stammering, for the bird repeats one note in pairs rapidly six or eight times before reaching his climax. Besides the common bunting there are two other well-known song birds of the open grasslands, the meadow pipit and the skylark. Both are more or less nondescript and inconspicuous in appearance, but neither could be overlooked,

for both are remarkable for the habit of singing while soaring to a considerable height and while descending, and the song of the skylark is, of course, proverbial. Nevertheless, both have been named from their simpler call-notes. 'Pipit' is an obvious rendering of the one, but the genius of the language was never more happily inspired than when it coined the other. Whatever the significance of the old form, 'laverock,' may have been, or its Anglo-Saxon forerunner, the modern word 'lark,' provided that the *r* is pronounced distinctly, as of course it should be, is a perfect representation of the skylark's call.

The grasshopper lark discovered by Gilbert White has become the grasshopper warbler. White named it not because of its habit of skulking among rough grass, but from its extraordinary song, which closely resembles the chirring of a grasshopper, and he records that the country folk all laughed at him when he told them that the sound was caused by a bird. When he was writing his famous letters, the warblers as a group did not exist. The bird which we now call the sedge warbler was simply the sedge bird. Now there is nothing in the habits of this bird to associate him definitely with sedges as the reed warbler is associated with reeds. He frequents the banks of streams and ponds, and in such places sedges abound, but so do many other marsh plants. Sedges or no sedges, however, he must have bushes or tangles of brambles and briars. Hidden among these he announces his presence with a rapidly repeated harsh note, and it was this note, which readily suggests 'sedge,' which caused the genius of language to link him with the plant.

It was Gilbert White also who distinguished the three closely related species which are now called chiff-chaff, willow warbler, and wood warbler, but which in his day were known generally as the willow wren. 'Chiff-chaff' is therefore a comparatively modern name of the same type as 'cuckoo,' and 'wood warbler' is also modern; but 'willow warbler' is of ancient lineage and even to-day its older form, 'willow wren,' is still used by many people. The 'Oxford Dictionary' gives no explanation of this name, but includes it in a long list of similar terms which have been derived from the plant called willow. There is even less to associate the willow warbler with the willow tree, however, than the sedge warbler with

the sedge. In fact, there is nothing. Richard Kearton in his 'British Birds' Nests' says that he found the nest of this species most frequently on the banks of streams bordered by willows and alders, but quite clearly he was influenced by the name. This was his first book, and if he had written it ten years later he would not have committed himself to such a misleading statement. The bird shows no preference for willows. He is one of the commonest of our summer birds and is delightfully catholic in his tastes. He may be seen or heard on trees anywhere, from luxurious suburban gardens to dry open heaths on which a few scattered birches are springing up. His nest may be found as frequently under some clump of gorse, bramble or dead bracken on land where willows are unknown as on the banks of streams where they abound.

There must, therefore, be some other explanation of the term 'willow.' This may be found in the beautiful and familiar song which the name very charmingly suggests. The word, in fact, is onomatopœic. Before the days of White it was customary to call any little bird a sparrow or a wren, with some epithet to distinguish it from the common species; hence the hedge sparrow, which is not a sparrow at all, and the reed sparrow, which has become the reed warbler. The willow wren, therefore, was the wren that sang 'willow.' The wren itself has caused trouble for the etymologists. The 'Oxford Dictionary' has failed to find a meaning for it, but says that it is 'obscurely related to OHG *wrendo*, *wrendilo*, Icel. *rindill*.' I do not know what these ancient words mean, but I am convinced that the name, which was formerly 'wrenna' (pronounced 'vrenna'), was derived from the bird's alarm call. This is a startling string of loud notes which at the present time is likened to the winding up of a grandfather clock. Most probably it was very much more reminiscent of the clacking sound caused by the winding up of some ancient engine of war, and is therefore quite directly related to our common word 'wrench.'

'Swallow' and 'martin' are peculiar words. There is nothing in either of them to associate it with song, call, plumage or food of its owner. The origin of the name must, therefore, be looked for elsewhere. The ancient form of 'swallow' was 'svealve,' which would be pronounced 'sfealfe.' But for the *l*, which may possibly be

an intruder, this might be first cousin of 'swift,' and as the swallow and the swift were until quite recently classed together by biologists and are still associated in the popular mind, I have no doubt that the ideas underlying the two names are similar. The Icelandic form of swift is *svifa*. Whether it is an intruder or not, however, the syllable *al* introduces an element of grace into the word, and it is chiefly in the possession of this quality that the flight of the swallow differs from that of the swift. In its origin, therefore, the name 'swallow' was descriptive of a bird which was welcomed in spring as an emblem of joy and whose outstanding characteristic, an exquisitely graceful flight, was displayed all day long throughout the summer to the delight of everyone with an eye for beauty in motion. It is significant that a modern dive, which is distinguished by its grace, has been named the swallow.

The problem of tracing the name 'martin' to its origin is rendered more difficult by the fact that the same two syllables are employed as the Christian name and surname of human beings. And, indeed, we find that the derivation of the word is given as 'from the proper name Martin, compare robin redbreast, etc.' It appears that the French apply the name playfully to birds, for example, *martin-pêcheur*, which is the kingfisher, and *martin-chasseur*, which is the hen harrier, so *martinet*, their name for the house martin, may have originated in this way. When this line of research is pushed to its extreme, however, we learn that the particular Martin is St Martin, whose feast, Martinmas, is celebrated on Nov. 11, about which date (presumably in France) this familiar species of the swallow tribe departs. Another version according to 'many writers of the seventeenth century' is that 'the martin is so called because it comes in March and departs about Martinmas.'

The advent of the saint throws the gravest doubt on the whole story. With all their virtues, the saints have been given credit for so much that is not their due, that any legend attached to their names must be treated with suspicion. In the present instance it is safe to assume that a bird so familiar as the house martin and so unique in its habits must have had a name long before St Martin was born. This name may have been derived from the same root as 'mortar.' It may have been 'mortling,' that is

the little bird that builds a mortar-like receptacle for its nest, or that builds a receptacle with mortar or something resembling mortar. If the original name was 'mortling,' a modification in course of time to 'morting' or even 'mortin' is not improbable, and it would have been very simple to convert either of these into 'martin' in order to please the saint.

A corruption of a similar nature exists in 'missel thrush,' which is frequently spelt 'mistle thrush.' The bird is often spoken of as the mistletoe thrush, and the accepted interpretation is that it was named from its habit of eating mistletoe berries. This belief is so firmly established that the scientific name of the species is *viscivorus* (mistletoe eater). For legendary purposes the mistletoe is almost as good as a saint, so the story is suspect. Even if the association of the bird and the berry were true, the plant was just as likely to be named after the bird as the bird after the plant. The origin and meaning of the word, however, are far more interesting than the legend would lead us to believe, for it so happens that in the beginning 'missel' was the name of another species.

According to M. Henri Hubert, the famous French philologist, who was one of the greatest authorities on the Celtic languages, the primitive Celtic name of the blackbird was *meisalko*. This word can be traced in various parts of Europe where the Celtic languages were at one time prevalent. In Welsh it has become *mwyalch*. Among the Celtic tribes that went down into Italy it was 'probably' *misula*, but some Roman with a good ear and no interest in mistletoe converted it into *merula*. The French then contracted it to *merle*, and the English poets adopted this because, for their purpose, it gave them an ideal rendering of the blackbird's song. In Old High German the word was *meisa*, and *amsel* which is derived from a kindred root, is the Modern German name for the blackbird. In English we have 'ring-ousel' to remind us that our old word 'ousel,' which must be etymologically related to *amsel*, was a real name and not just a poet's fancy, and that 'merle' and 'ousel,' which have reached us in such different ways, are closely akin as words, besides being alternative terms for the same thing. *Meisalko*, *misula*, *meisa*, 'missel,' 'amsel,' and 'ousel'—the blackbird was therefore the original missel. But when

invaders overran the country they used their own word, 'ousel,' for this conspicuous and familiar species, which caused confusion, especially as there was another species, the missel thrush, with a similar name. So the Anglo-Saxons must have been constantly having to explain that the ousel was the black bird, not the missel-bird, and consequently as time went on this term, which though accurate as a description, does not distinguish the bird from the crow and half-a-dozen other species, gained currency. Unfortunately, 'ousel' and later 'merle' were employed by the poets, and the downright Anglo-Saxon mind, mistrusting poetry which it did not understand, assumed that these words were merely affectations, abandoned its own beautiful name, which it had acquired in a former age from some Celtic source without comprehending and had since defaced, and adopted the matter-of-fact and commonplace 'blackbird' instead.

Meanwhile, the missel-bird or missel thrush, which was less familiar and rather puzzling, retained the ancient name, which to the Anglo-Saxon was nothing but a name, and saved it from oblivion. Long afterwards, when its significance had been obscured by the mists of time, some ingenious enthusiast noticed the similarity between missel and mistletoe and invented the legend. But language is stronger than legend and in this word it has preserved a record of the accuracy and understanding of Neolithic observers of nature. To them the missel thrush was the blackbird thrush, and all present-day ornithologists will agree that the bird could not have a better name. For here is a thrush which sings a song so like that of the blackbird that only experts can distinguish one from the other. The first reference in English literature to this legend is in '*Sylva Sylvarum: A Naturall Historie*,' by Francis Bacon, which was published in 1627. In paragraph 556 of this book Bacon writes,

'They have an idle tradition that there is a bird called a Missel-Bird, that feedeth upon a seed which many times she cannot digest and so expelleth it whole with her excrement which falling upon a bough of a tree that hath some rift, putteth forth the Misseltoe. But this is a fable, for it is not probable that birds should feed on that they cannot digest. But allow that, yet it cannot be for other reasons. For first, it is found upon certain trees, and those trees bear no such

fruit as may allure that bird to sit and feed upon them. It may be, that bird feedeth upon the Misseltøe berries and so is often found there which may have given occasion to the tale. But that which maketh an end of the question is that Misseltøe hath been found to put forth under the boughs and not only above the boughs, so it cannot be any thing that falleth upon the bough. Misseltøe groweth chiefly upon crab-trees, apple-trees, sometimes upon hazels, and rarely upon oaks.'

From this it is evident that the legend was invented not for the purpose of naming the bird but to account for the mistletoe which grows mysteriously on the boughs of certain trees, particularly the apple. Also that it was Bacon himself who suggested that the bird *may have been seen* eating the berries and that this might have given rise to the tale. His reason for condemning the story as a fable, however, is not sound, for it is now recognised that seeds are distributed in the manner suggested.

Both the missel thrush and the blackbird are notorious berry feeders. They cannot resist rowan and yew berries, and when these conspicuous fruits are ripe they gorge themselves on them till the harvest is exhausted. The yew seeds are too large to be digested by them, and consequently accumulate in the crops till at last the birds can eat no more. Then, like the Romans in the brave days of old, they retire to a quiet spot, vomit the seeds together with some half-digested pulp and the last two or three berries almost intact, and return to the tree to gorge themselves again. These operations must have been witnessed year after year from the earliest ages, so it would have been easy to guess that the same birds were incapable of digesting other seeds, that one of them, the one called missel, ate the mistletoe berries and that their seeds, being small enough to pass through its alimentary canal, were dropped in its excrement. The derivation of 'missel' from 'mistletoe' could be paralleled by another, to the effect that the blackbird was originally called the yewel because it eats yew berries, hence the name 'ousel.' I have the greatest admiration for the work done in general by etymologists, but in dealing with bird names they have allowed themselves to be too easily affected by literary or legendary influences. When in doubt play trumps is a sound maxim in all human activities, and where birds are concerned trumps must always be the birds themselves.

The names which I have considered so far have been those of passerine or perching birds, that is, those which commonly frequent the neighbourhood of human dwellings. Similar results, however, can be obtained by an examination of names in other groups. For example, 'coot' is stated in the 'Oxford Dictionary' to be 'a Low German word the earlier history of which is unknown.' Experts have ransacked Germanic and Scandinavian literature for records of this name, and having unearthed the interesting fact that the Dutch formerly called the guillemot the *zee-koet*, they suggest that the word probably originated in this source. And meanwhile on all the inland waters of England the coot was shouting his name for anyone to hear, as clearly as the cuckoo does and almost as persistently.

The habitat of the snipe is somewhat more remote, and yet here again the name records intimate knowledge and accurate observation of the bird on the part of the inventor. The 'Oxford Dictionary' says that the word is 'of doubtful origin,' but suggests that it is related to 'snap' and 'neb.' Now these are both good guesses, for the snipe certainly has an extraordinary neb (beak), and having such a neb he might very reasonably be expected to snap with it. Both the woodcock and the curlew, however, have still more extraordinary nebs, but neither of them has been named from this feature, and anyone who has seen a snipe snapping must surely have been a very modern observer who has sat down in a hide within a yard or two of the nest for the purpose of making a few snaps himself. I have watched the bird for hours through field-glasses, and apart from the preening of his feathers, I have never seen him use his neb for any purpose but probing. And the most astonishing feature of the organ is a biologists' discovery, to wit, that when he has driven it four inches into the mud he can raise slightly a short portion at the tip of the upper mandible by operating a muscle at the jaw, and thus can grip his victim.

Anyone who has tramped the moors or the marshes, however, as primitive man must have done, has been startled by the sudden upspringing of a bird which has risen at a steep angle and has zig-zagged crazily as it has rapidly vanished into the upper air. As it has always flown away from the observer, its bill has seldom been

visible, but in every instance the first indication of the bird's presence has been a curious nasal note which sounds like 'snape.' This alarm has, therefore, been impressed on his mind so that whenever it has been uttered on one side or the other, or even behind him, he has known instantaneously, before he has turned to look, what kind of bird he might expect to see. The bird, therefore, became known to the first explorers of moors and marshes as the snape or snipe, and was thus named from its own alarm note. As words are sounds, and the earliest words would be imitations of existing sounds rather than inventions, it is probable that this alarm note of the snipe is the source from which such words as 'neb' and 'snap' have been derived. For the name having once been given, it would afterwards be associated with its owner's remarkable beak and thence would be applied to similar features of other creatures and to associated actions. Where a specialised knowledge of marsh and moorland sounds was lacking, therefore, it would be possible and perhaps inevitable to put the cart before the horse and assume that the apparently obscure name 'snipe' had been derived through 'snap' from the invented term 'neb.'

Something of this kind has happened in the case of the noun 'duck,' which has been derived from the verb 'duck,' which means to dive. The verb is apparently of unknown origin, but it is stated to be akin to the Danish *duiken*, the German *tauchen*, and similar words in other Scandinavian and Germanic languages. This suggests that the common ancestor of all these words was invented to represent a particular form of diving which consists in plunging the head under water and bringing it up again. Having been invented, it was then used to describe the activities of a bird which habitually performs this double operation, and finally through use and wont it was adopted as the name of that bird. But what suggested the word in the first place? There is nothing in the action to associate it with the letters *d u k* in the mind of a simple, illiterate marshman. If he knew the bird intimately, however, he might notice that besides shouting 'quack' at the pitch of its voice occasionally, it was continually repeating a much quieter and shorter note, and if he tried to imitate that sound he would quite naturally formulate the vocable 'duck.' Having got so far, he might use his

invention as the name of the bird and later by association apply it to describe the creature's activities. There is something peculiarly satisfying, not to say thrilling, in this brief argument, for it would seem that here I have unearthed an actual root, one of those apparently inexplicable particles which have given rise to a series of words and which mystified and worried us in the days of our youth, and have found that after all it is simplicity itself.

This species is almost unique among British birds in that the male and the female have individual names. A dictionary cannot be expected to say why, but it must record the fact and deal with the second word accordingly. This second word, which is 'drake,' has created a problem which though it has led to much interesting research, is still unsolved. Here are the results as recorded in the 'Oxford Dictionary':

'ME., first found in 13th c. corresponding to northern and central Ger. dial. draak, drake, drache (same sense); this is app. the second element in O H G *antrahho*, *antrehho*, M H G *antreche*, G. *enterich*, 1599 *endtrich* Ger. dial. *enderdrach*, *antock*, *antrecht*, *entrach*, Sw. (from L G) *andrake*, the first element usually explained as *eend*, *end*, *ente*, and, *ant*, *anut* 'duck,' though O H G forms offer difficulties. The compound form is not known in English. (The notion that M E *drake* was shortened from an O E **andrake* has no basis of fact, and the conjecture that the word contains the suffix *ric*, *rich*, *chief*, *mighty*, *ruler*, is absurd.)'

The simple marshman, of course, knew nothing of this, but in whatever country he lived he noticed that the male duck, a very handsome and resplendent creature, employed a different note from that of the female. In order to distinguish the sexes, therefore, which were so remarkably dissimilar in appearance, he tried to imitate this note also. It was not quite so simple as 'duck,' but he did his best with it, and the result was 'drake,' which is an almost perfect representation of the sound. Purists might say that the first letter should be *n*, but 'nrake' would be a difficult word to pronounce, and in any case the transition from that to 'drake' is easy even if the demands of alliteration were not so obvious. The spelling of most of the German forms indicates a pronunciation which is far

removed from the truth, and suggests that the musical qualities for which that race is famous are a comparatively modern acquisition.

The names of many species of duck are self-explanatory, such as 'tufted duck,' 'pintail,' 'shoveler,' but others are obscure and call for investigation; for example 'teal,' 'gadwall,' 'garganey,' 'pochard,' and 'widgeon.' The origin of 'teal' is said to be doubtful. This word, however, presents no difficulty at all. It is just a perfect imitation of the bird's call. At first sight 'gadwall' promises to be more formidable. We can imagine the fanciful type of etymologist getting to work on these two syllables and explaining that the bird gads or goads the wall, i.e. the bank, of the lake in search of food, or that it may frequently be seen gadding by harbour walls or along the sea walls of estuaries. The 'Oxford Dictionary' attempts no explanation of the word and does not even hint at an origin, obscure or otherwise. But it is helpful in that it records 'gaddel' as another and earlier form of the word. This solves the problem, for the second syllable is the familiar diminutive, while the call of the bird is not quack, but quite distinctly 'gad.'

'Garganey' is reported to have been 'taken from Gesner *Hist. Anim.* (1555), who gives garganey (sic) as the It. name used about Bellinzona.' Nevertheless, the name tells the same story. The first syllable *gar* or *garg* is an imitation of the bird's croaking call. It is a far cry to Italy for the name of a duck which nests in England and Scandinavia and passes through Europe on its autumn and spring migrations. If the name were northern in origin I should be inclined to interpret it in one or the other of the following ways. Either it is *garg-and*, that is the *and* (Danish for duck) which cries 'garg' (this is suggested by the earlier spelling 'gargane') or the 'ganey' (little goose), which cries 'gar.' To the objection that the bird is not a goose, my reply would be that the classification of birds is a modern achievement and that in any case the duck is closely allied to the goose, whereas the gannet (little goose) is not, but has affinities with the cormorant.

There are at least two pronunciations of pochard, one as if it were spelt poachard and the other as if the *ch* were *ck*. The former is my own preference, because it was the

first I heard, but I have always suspected that it has been influenced by 'poacher.' The word is said to be of 'uncertain origin,' but there is no uncertainty about it when you know the bird. The pronunciation 'pockard' is the better, but is not accurate because it places the accent on the first syllable, whereas the bird crashes it down on the second. A female pochard with a family repeats as she goes a low note which might be *pock* and then suddenly explodes a loud and very harsh *kard*. The *d* is not in the original, but it is a sound piece of spelling, for it hardens the *r*, which to be strictly correct should be repeated at least thrice.

My knowledge of the wigeon is not intimate enough to enable me to say whether or not this name is founded on a call. I am familiar only with the well-known note which might have suggested such a name as 'peeler,' but have no doubt that the species has other cries, one of which may be represented in the name. On the other hand, the word may refer to the buff, wedge-like patch on the forehead which is this duck's most conspicuous and most distinctive identity mark. Primitive hunters would decipher that sign at a distance at which other features would be obscure, and might have come to speak of its owner as the 'wedgeling' which might in time have been contracted to 'wedgin.' The present spelling, 'wigeon,' may have been influenced by false analogy with pigeon, as the 'Oxford Dictionary' suggests, but in its original form 'wedge' had no *d* and one specialised form of it, 'wig' or 'wigge,' meant a wedge-shaped cake. The buff patch on the wigeon's forehead would very naturally suggest such a cake to a hunter whose wife or mother was in the habit of making this delicacy, and in his mind the bird might thus become the 'wiggein.'

The etymology of the word is said to be 'difficult,' which presumably means that the examples of its use obtained from early publications and the corresponding words in other languages are not helpful. But such a word as 'wheatear' has yielded to the right kind of treatment. In popular bird books this word is stated to refer to the black mark on the side of the head which is supposed to resemble a grain of wheat, but the truth is that it is really 'white-eas,' that is, white-rump, *eas* being Anglo-Saxon for posterior. It is a pleasure

to be able to hand a bouquet to the etymologist who solved this problem, for the white rump is to-day the best means of identifying the bird as it flits about on moor or marsh.

Even when the etymology of a word is simple, however, it does not necessarily lead us anywhere. For example, the English word 'partridge' is derived from the French *pertrix*, which in turn is derived from the Latin *perdix*, which was adopted from the Greek *περδιξ*. That is all quite simple and straightforward and seems to satisfy our etymologists. But when we have got so far back all we know is that *περδιξ* means partridge. What does the word signify? What was it that induced the Greeks, who are renowned for their sound and clear thinking, to select these six letters and arrange them in this particular sequence in order to convey from one speaker or writer to another an image of the little brown and gray game bird of the pasture-lands? Is the etymology real or is it only apparent and superficial? Have these words been derived one from another in the order given, or have they all descended individually from some common ancestor? There is a third possibility, for the name might have been coined separately in any part of Europe and in any language by someone with a good knowledge of the bird, a keen ear for the sounds of nature, and a gift for imitating them or rather for translating them into human speech. This could be tested by anyone who cares to go out on the stubbles one autumn evening and listen to the partridges talking.

Throughout my study of these words I have been impressed by two things. First the great antiquity of the names and secondly the intimate knowledge, the accurate observation, the sound judgment, the good ear, and the skilful interpretation of their inventors. This latter impression is really a commentary on civilisation. To-day we recognise that a naturalist who is worthy of the title has had to devote years of study and infinite pains and patience to the acquiring of his knowledge. That, of course, is because we are townsmen and for the most part are ignorant of country lore. But when the bird names were invented our forefathers were all countrymen living in constant contact with nature and dependent for their livelihood and often for their very existence on their

instinctive recognition of forms, colours and sounds of the plant and animal life by which they were surrounded. Their senses were keener than ours are and they read nature as we read a book, and when they began to employ words, some of the very earliest they used were imitations of the cries uttered by creatures with which they were familiar. Among these, bird calls, many of which are words already practically created, would predominate, and such words must, therefore, be at the very roots of language.

CHARLES S. BAYNE.

Art. 3.—A DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE: AN AMERICAN VIEW.

WHAT must have been the hunger for adventure, for novelty, for independence which could induce men to leave their ancestral fields where, as children, they dug for the bumble-bees' honey and chased rabbits and went sledding ; the familiar old village where they still might watch the titan blacksmith in the glow of his forge and hear the music of his hammer ; the country store where, of a winter evening, they might gossip with lifelong friends and meet acquaintances from every farm for miles around ! Why should they have left these schools of inherited philosophy, these ever-deepening wells of moral experience, these magazines of memory ? How could they bear to risk the loss of their past and the past of their fathers and mothers, and all their old associates, advisers, patterns of virtues, illustrations of vice, helpers in trouble ? How foolhardy to cut loose from such security and go afar to climates untried and land untilled, nevermore perhaps to see the face of an old schoolmate or taste congenial food or hear the local idiom of home ! Behind them were the ties that bind society together : the school, the church, respect for public opinion. In many cases, no doubt, they were driven forth by religious and political disagreements, by poverty and lack of opportunity to rise, by disappointment in love, by their own errors and sins. Most of them, however, were not driven at all, for they were the strong and valiant young men and women of their generation ; rather, they were lured away by the spirit of romance. The light of hope, caught from the glow of Western skies, shone in their faces. Very often hope's promises were fulfilled, though for nearly all, even of the most successful, there was some loss, some renunciation, for culture is kept alive by tradition. On the other hand, by the courage and independence of their actions, character, which is more fundamental than culture, was in many instances fortified and ennobled. But always, deep in the heart of the most fortunate adventurer, if he had a heart at all, there must have been a yearning for the old home, a realisation of its sober charm and solid worth, a sense of loss.

These thoughts came to me in my boyhood as I watched

the departure of a company of my fellow-townpeople who were leaving their by no means unpleasant Pennsylvania homes in the hope of bettering their fortunes on the rich soil of Kansas. Would they gain or lose by the exchange? This was but one small instance of the workings of that spirit of geographical expansion which may or may not involve spiritual contraction. The problem of which it is a small particular example is very important, affecting, as it does, the breaking up of empires and the degeneration of languages. Migration, followed by the weakening of old ties and the loss of inherited culture, as well as by the kindling of new hope and the restoration of vigour, has been a most potent force in human history. Might not much of the loss, for us in the United States of America, have been averted, and may it not be checked?

One hundred and sixty-two years ago the representatives of some of the forefathers of some of us declared that the thirteen American colonies were and of right ought to be independent of the Mother Country. Their reasons for taking this momentous step were as much economic as political, and their chief political grievance, the want of representation, was in large part due to difficulties of communication. When it took weeks and even months to reach the centre of government, the demands of these far-distant communities were slow to arrive there, not easily explained, and hence not readily granted. Even before the distance became almost magically shortened by steam transport, the political grievances might have been satisfied and ultimately the economic problem solved by a measure of representation. A few years of forbearance on the part of the mercantile element in Massachusetts, a change of ministry in London, a period of patient negotiation—these three factors in combination would probably have given the colonies a reasonable and eventually a very large number of seats in Parliament. But the colonists, particularly in Massachusetts, were sensitive and impatient, and the government then in power at the centre was one of the least intelligent in modern English history.

The social causes of the revolt were not nearly as important as the economic and political. Our early historians, being apologists bent on defending the change, laid too much stress upon the differences between English

and American social life in those early days. It is true, of course, that feudal privileges and titles were uncommon in America and that here, as is generally the case in newly settled countries, the boundaries of class, based on inherited property or power, were more easily transcended than in England. But we may remark three things: first, that in certain parts of the colonies, notably in Virginia, there was a landed aristocracy; secondly, that in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other large towns a new 'upper class' was already arrogating to itself a superiority based on wealth; and thirdly, that in the British Isles democracy was beginning its triumphant march. Americans were therefore not socially as different from the British as our early historians in their patriotic zeal were at great pains to demonstrate. We were two countries separated by a vast distance, but not necessarily two peoples or two nations. We shared a common civilisation, comprising many of the same political principles, the same moral atmosphere, the same language and literature, and, broadly speaking, the same religion. If, through patience on the one part and intelligent understanding on the other, the break had been averted, the rise of democracy in England might have been hastened by American co-operation, the Napoleonic wars might have been prevented or greatly shortened, the expansion of America would probably have been slower and healthier, slavery would undoubtedly have been abolished many years sooner than it was, since Britain and Canada and the Northern States would not so long have tolerated economic competition with a slave-holding region; our population to-day would be more homogeneous and more steady; one great Anglo-American democracy might now be maintaining peace throughout the world.

I have no intention of denying that America has done great service to humanity by providing an outlet for the over-populated regions of Continental Europe and been immensely successful as a melting-pot. The loyalty, the worthy ambition, the readiness to combine in one grand unity which have characterised the non-British elements of our people are matters for well-grounded pride. Yet, before the separation from Britain, immigration from Continental Europe was as free as it has always been until the recent restrictions were imposed. Perhaps, therefore,

the racial composition of our people would not have differed much from what it is if we had remained united with Britain.

These dreams of what might have been are perhaps not a healthy kind of thinking. Perhaps they have the air of an impious assumption that we could have done better than Providence. Perhaps they merit only the contemptuous term 'retrospective foresight'; though surely a fair means of reformation is to study one's past mistakes, and I regard the severance of the American colonies from the Mother Country as one of the most lamentable mistakes in human history. It is, indeed, about the future that I am concerned, the future of our intellectual and moral culture; and though we cannot change the past, we may learn from it what to desire and strive for. My theme is, first, that culture is interdependent, usually not helped but often hindered by nationalism; and secondly, that, things being as they are and human endeavour being finite and foreign languages being a strong natural barrier, the immediate circumference of cultural influence in America, especially of literary culture, should include the entire English-speaking world.

Culture of all kinds, religious, moral, scientific, artistic, agricultural, mechanical, is largely an inheritance, fresh advances being made, of course, from time to time and in this or that country, but on the whole it is a fund of experience, ancient, derivative, and common to the civilised world, or some vast portion of it, such as China. If any one has never thought of this, let him watch a carpenter at work on some intricate job and reflect on the age-long accumulation of tools and devices he employs. Culture is kept alive by tradition, by continuity of institutions, customs, laws, and ritual, and chiefly by the conservation of language. If a people were to lose contact with its past by ceasing to understand the writing of its ancestors, the disaster would be cataclysmic and as if some tropical country were suddenly blasted by the climate of Siberia.

By the way, what immortal glory would be his or hers who should invent a short, well-sounding, and inclusive name for all members of this great community which I have been obliged, for lack of a better term, to call 'the English-speaking world'! To speak of 'the Anglo-Saxon

race' is absurd, for the Angles and Saxons—with, no doubt, members of other Teutonic tribes—when they had conquered eastern and southern Britain soon settled down peacefully in the midst of the vanquished and intermarried with them, the conquered population being, moreover, already a mixture, partly Celtic and partly a result of cross-breeding during more than three hundred years with Roman soldiery recruited in many parts of the world. And before all these were the Picts, Iberians, and troglodytes, who are unlikely to have perished without issue! Considering also the ocean of blood—German, Italian, Negro, Scandinavian, Jewish, Dutch, French, and many other varieties—that flows in the veins of people whose native language is English and who are of British or American nationality, the term 'Anglo-Saxon race' is seen to be even more inadequate now than ever before.

Many voices are loud to-day in this country on behalf of an independent culture. We must have, they cry, an American school of painting, an American type of architecture, an American kind of music, and, above all, an American literature. Some go so far as to insist, in most unmelodious tones, that we ought to be so independent as to develop an American language, saying, indeed, and in their own idiom going a step towards proving, that it already exists. The history of the arts and sciences and of language and literature teaches us that such efforts would be disastrous were they not futile. The chief masterpieces of Renaissance painting are on subjects connected with Palestine. The field, it is true, became broader, much broader; but through several centuries of very great pictorial art, most of the best paintings were on Biblical subjects. In architecture almost all buildings that can claim to be grandly beautiful in the North Atlantic cultural area, comprising Central and Western Europe, the British Isles, and America north of Mexico, derive either from the Greek temple or from the Gothic church, that is to say, in geographical terms, from a small Balkan state or from a region which is at no point remote from the English channel, the Bay of Biscay, and the Rhine. That important body of literature which derives from myths, legends, and history is as regardless of national boundaries as birds upon the wing. Science recognises no frontiers. Religion, defying all the Hitlers,

breaks sooner or later through ethnological limits. In the memorable words of Matthew Arnold we may regard 'Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation bound to a joint action and working to a common result, and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another.' The United States and Canada may justly be included in this confederation, and, indeed, having regard to the contraction of space effected by rapid transit and the telegraph and the radio, and considering the colonisation by Europeans of Latin America, Australasia, and parts of Africa, even the more inclusive term 'North Atlantic area' has become inadequate. And when I meet an educated Japanese or Chinese, or hear of a friend who has received spiritual benefit from Buddhism, or see such a play as 'Lady Precious Stream,' I realise that culture is not merely interdependent but omnidependent; its resources are world-wide.

Though it is evident that nationalism is an enemy of culture, localism, which is quite a different thing, is often, in the field of literature and the field of music, a friend of culture. Local science is inconceivable. Local religion produces fanatics. Local painting and architecture create monstrosity. Local and individual styles in the construction of humble and insignificant dwellings, such as bungalows and summer cottages, are sometimes pretty enough; but when grandeur, beauty, and repose are aimed at, we have recourse either to the Greek temple or to the Gothic church as our ultimate model, the former being the ancestor of what we term 'colonial,' that dignified, simple, but rather limited style, an example of the far-reaching influence of Greece. Local music, on the other hand, is often excellent, as witness the songs of the Hebrides and our Negro spirituals; for music is more subjective and personal than any other art. Though tradition is very important in music, it is not so supremely important as in the plastic arts. The wind and the waves, birds, and the voices of children teach us to sing. Local literature, by which I mean literature based on close observation of particular places and the life in them, is rich in masterpieces. Leaving out of account such obvious examples as the songs, epistles, and satires of

Robert Burns and the novels of Balzac, Trollope, and Hardy, one must be impressed by the fact that most of the best American writers of fiction have dealt with local settings and local life rather than with that unmanageable and almost incomprehensible thing 'the national scene.'

I wish now to offer for consideration two remarks: first, that culture, especially literary culture, in the United States has suffered and still suffers from excessive and misdirected nationalism; second, that our natural line of supply, through which the most copious streams of thought and the most stimulating examples of literary excellence could have come and still may come to us, is through Britain, and that we should endeavour to keep this line of supply open and see that ideas shall move upon it in both directions. As to the first proposition, a survey of American history between the Revolutionary War and the founding of the Anti-Slavery Society, in 1833, shows that this period of fifty years was remarkably barren in the fields of education and the arts. Literary production was meagre. Though at least a dozen writers who attained eminence were *born* between 1783 and 1833, only three of them published in those years works of outstanding merit, namely James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, and Washington Irving, who, however, was not entirely a native product, since a large part of his life was spent abroad. Thus, except for a few lonely figures, these were five decades of literary sterility, which contrast unfavourably with the period that produced a Jonathan Edwards and a Benjamin Franklin. America was cut off more than ever before or since from the current of British thought. The War of Independence and the War of 1812 had poisoned the relations between the two countries. In America there existed two moods or mental attitudes, to designate which I am inclined to borrow terms from the psychologist, namely 'inferiority complex' and 'defence mechanism.' Americans were painfully conscious of the intellectual backwardness of this country, and instead of acknowledging it and seeking the obvious remedy, they belittled the achievements of others and boasted loudly of their own. This jealous and bumptious attitude was more common in New England than in the Middle States or the South, though it must be said that Harvard College kept her Eastern windows open and

that through them several fine spirits winged their way across the sea, among them Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and Ticknor. Their contact with transatlantic culture strengthened the American renaissance which began with the slightly older group, Cooper, Bryant, and Irving, of whom it may be remarked that the first learned his art from Sir Walter Scott, the second was a disciple of Wordsworth, and the third derived his style from Oliver Goldsmith.

The anti-slavery agitation and the shudder of political and social unrest that shook the whole Western world in the eighteen-thirties roused America from her confident slumber, and facing the future she lost to some extent her comfortable self-satisfaction. Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Lowell, all of whom were stimulated and nourished by English thought, represent a genuine awakening. On Poe and Whitman the influence was less direct, but is nevertheless perceptible.

The situation to-day is not as bad as it was between 1783 and 1833. Nevertheless, if one keeps an eye on the periodicals that contain criticism of current books and on the lists of best-sellers, one becomes aware that a disproportionate amount of attention is paid to products of native talent. Another obstacle to free cross-fertilisation is the tariff on books published abroad. This is not really protection for American authors, for they would gain in quality, if not in money, by open competition. It certainly is not protection for the reading public, but quite the contrary. It is protection for commercial interests only. A tariff on knowledge, on culture, is a monstrous injustice to our people. The arguments of writers who plead for an isolationist policy in literature refute themselves by their own narrowness. I have examined lists of required reading for children in our schools, and find that books by American authors predominate out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth. In many colleges a distinction is made which does not exist in fact, courses being offered in what is called American literature, as if literature were distinguishable by geographical or political marks. The term is misleading and the distinction harmful. Let us rather speak of English literature in America. Language, not nationality, is the determining

factor. Who speaks of Belgian, Swiss, or Austrian literature? A book of literary value written in French belongs to French literature; if in German, to German literature. The 'Confessions' of St. Augustine, the 'Colloquies' of Erasmus, Milton's epistle 'Ad Patrem' are Latin literature, not African or Dutch or English.

The second proposition is that our natural line of supply, the channel through which the most copious streams of thought and the most stimulating examples of literary excellence could have come and still may come to us, lies between us and Britain. There are other channels, of course, and other fertilising streams—from France, from Italy, from Germany, from Russia, from Scandinavia, and indeed from every part of the world. Confining our survey to recent times, let us say to the last hundred years, and to literature, we must perceive the strong influence of France in the years when everybody was reading Balzac and Dumas and Victor Hugo, and subsequently when our would-be bohemian writers adored Baudelaire and Verlaine. German literature, though less widely read, has perhaps been no less influential. More recently an influence less popular, but probably destined to be in the long run very potent and vivifying, has come from Russia, through Turgeniev, Dostoievsky, Tchekov, Gorki, and, above all, Tolstoi, whom many regard, not without reason, as the greatest man of our time. Important as these contributions to our culture have been, they none of them, nor indeed all of them together, equal the contribution of the British Isles. In the first place, it is necessary and pleasant to remember, Britain and America possess an immense common heritage, to which each has an equal and indivisible right: Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Defoe, Johnson, Fielding, and Goldsmith are ours in a sense in which Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe are not ours. In literature whatever is English is also American, especially if it was written before the separation. And even since then the relation remains substantially unchanged, except that, owing to the development of this country, it has become reciprocal. It would be superfluous to mention the great nineteenth-century authors who, though they lived in England, Scotland, or Ireland, under a different flag from ours, have been read and enjoyed no less in America than in their

own country. Where should we be without them? They come easily into our minds and hearts, not only because their language is our language, but because their ways of thinking and feeling are also ours. They confront us with no uncongenial ethics, no incomprehensible processes of reasoning. They are not foreign. In similar manner the works of American writers have been appreciated by the other English-speaking peoples. Mark Twain, for example, is at least as popular in England as he is in the United States, and Walt Whitman's vogue has been greater there than here. There is something symbolic in the brotherly relation between Emerson, our most representative philosopher, perhaps our greatest man of letters, and Thomas Carlyle. They needed no interpreter and were as much at home with one another as if both had been born in Massachusetts or in Scotland. In essentials we are still one people.

Furthermore, certain qualities peculiar to English thought and English modes of expression, or at least more abundant in Britain than here, are salutary for America. We need, for the building of our national character, to acquire something of English moderation, tolerance, and persistence. The English are ahead of us in social experimentation, though, to be sure, we are catching up with them rather fast. We should observe closely where they have succeeded and where they have failed. They have succeeded better than most other people in combining extreme personal independence with respect for law and public welfare. An Englishman is recognisable by his being different, holding different views, from all other Englishmen. Yet though there is an amazing and bewildering diversity among Englishmen and their favourite occupation is disagreeing with one another, they have had less discord, less chaos, fewer revolutions in their long history than most other nations. We, on the other hand, tend to be like the cloud, 'which moveth all together if it move at all.' And, as Mr Walter Lippman observes, 'Where all think alike, no one thinks very much.'

As a corrective of our narrowness I recommend the reading of English periodicals, though this may sometimes be a painful discipline. It is not likely that English influence will hamper or distort the development of

American thought or injuriously affect the literary style of American writers. The tremendous vitality of America is in no danger from severe but friendly criticism, parallel examples, new though not uncongenial standards. In the not far distant future we may be able to repay with interest the benefits we are now receiving. The currents already flow in both directions. I cannot say that many peculiarities of literary style originating in America have been useful in England, except that the free and powerful versification of Walt Whitman has no doubt served as a model for some contemporary English poets. The American scene, however, so diversified, so vast, as portrayed in detail by our novelists and story-writers, has enlarged the vision and enriched the sympathies of English readers.

Isolation is fatal to moral no less than to intellectual culture. In a sermon which grew out of a profound and helpful study of individual cases, Dean Wicks, of Princeton, makes the wise observation that young men who imprison themselves within themselves become abnormal. Sterility, futility, and often madness result from walling one's self within one's self. An old proverb of George Herbert's says, 'The best mirror is an old friend.' Love is the prime motive power of life ; it is, as Dante declared in the last line of the '*Divina Commedia*' :

L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.

Another college preacher who understands young men, Dean Sperry, of Harvard, has said that love between two persons arises from a common love for some third person or thing or ideal. Through devotion to a common culture accessible to both great Commonwealths, the English-speaking, English-writing, English-reading world may be held together in the bonds of love, discovering in one another from day to day new sources of amendment, health, beauty, strength, and happiness.

How can we individually contribute to this great end ? How can we help to defeat disruptive measures, national narrowness, vindictive jealousy, ignorant self-satisfaction ? For one thing, we can cultivate good personal relations with our British acquaintances, avoiding boastfulness and arguments about petty differences between their ways and ours. Also we should not permit national

prejudice to affect our literary judgments ; for example in book-reviewing, book-buying, and selecting books for schools and public libraries. Above all, we should fight hard against the rise of an 'American language.' The story of the tower of Babel is an instructive fable, the moral of which is that the multiplication of languages is a curse. One of the richest blessings an English-speaking person enjoys is communion with two hundred million of our fellow-men through a common language. Let us keep it free from words and idioms which tend to reduce its common utility. It is the leading language of the world to-day. Think what the Dutch, the Norwegians and Danes, the Swedes, the Portuguese, the Hungarians, and the Czechs lose because of the limited spread of their languages, and what limitations the Southern Irish are imposing upon themselves by substituting Celtic for English in their schools. But we need not let the pessimistic prognostications of Mr Mencken or the petty differences accumulated by Mr Horwill alarm us unduly. So long as the English-speaking world continues to read the Bible and our great poets, novelists, and historians, and so long as we can meet our British friends face to face and recognise in them the traits of brotherhood, we shall speak one tongue as our hearts move us. We are members one of another. The dependence is mutual.

GEORGE M'LEAN HARPER.

Art. 4.—SOME MODERNS AND THE BIBLE.

THE four-hundredth anniversary of the English Bible's printing and popularisation brings considerations that were not exhausted in recent comment. By a remarkable overruling, the author of the English Terror, as Green calls it—Thomas Cromwell—was the instrument. It was a political gesture on his part, not religious; yet the gift utterly transcended the giver. Again, only parts of the Old Testament came as a novelty to our forefathers, who had already been familiarised with the New and portions of the Old by the living voice, by picture and window, the old English Jesus Psalter, the 'Poor Man's Bible,' and the translations of Alfred and Bede. Chaucer's good parson quoted it largely on pilgrimage—his homily is a tissue of texts, and even the broad Wife of Bath bandied texts with the Clerk of Oxenforde and the Host. The common people knew their Our Father, the De Profundis, and other Psalms, some parables and proverbs, besides their Creed, the Te Deum, and their Ave. The literalist was not unknown even then, and the most learned savants four centuries ago learned Hebrew under the belief that it was the language in which God created the world!

Emerson, listening a hundred years ago at evensong in York Minster to the story of Rebecca, thought, as he looked at a congregation fresh from 'The Times' and their dinner, 'This is binding the old and the new to some purpose.' It based English life on a rich traditionalism. There have been, on the other hand, zealots who seem to have insisted more upon the Word made print than upon the Word made Flesh. But that, as we see, was to misuse a great gift: it is ever easy to worship means in partial forgetfulness of the end. Mankind is as prone also to spoil with controversy what should be enjoyed in peace, and needless battles (as we, wise after the event, perceive them to be) have been waged over the 'days' of Creation, the Ark, the whale in which Jonah abode, and similar circumstances. We tend to hurt what we love; and we to-day, who often deface nature—sinning indeed against the light—can hardly throw stones at our predecessors for thumbing and disenchanting some of the great written heritage. Time and error, not innate wisdom, have helped

us to outgrow most of the former aberrations. It is not the argumentative scientist or theologian who have assisted to the modern intelligent and sympathetic perusal of the book, so much as the person of quiet devotion, the humane student, and the literary man. None can now employ it as a bludgeon of authority; whereas once it was used as a counter-authority to that of the Church and tradition and the consensus of generations. Indeed, the risk in our time is rather the appeal from it—from the genuine spiritual authenticity of the Gospels and Epistles even—to 'private experience,' which may make self and its moods the measure of truth, an attitude only slightly caricatured perhaps by the reported saying of a downright plebeian housewife, 'That's where Paul and me don't agree.' Obviously, the wise reading of the chief of all books asks special qualities of modesty, measure, and taste in the reader; and these are often, but not universally, available. This book judges its reader rather than is judged by him.

Of modern literary reactions, here are several of particular interest. George Moore, in 'Ave, Salve, Vale,' tells us how at midnight he read the Gospels, and, exclaiming, 'What a divine Artist!' was impelled to go forth and rouse a friend with whom to share the delight. Some lovers of the Gospels may consider that his gratitude later took an odd form in his revisal of the supreme narrative, in 'The Brook Kerith.' A similar rediscovery was that by Wilde, who in 'De Profundis' derives from Christ the whole of chivalry, romance, much of the best of modern European music, the reverence for child life, and tenderness for the unfortunate. Swinburne and Kipling deliberately reproduced Old Testament idioms with literary and rhetorical effect. Further back in time, Byron when he struck his deeper chords, as in the Hebrew Melodies, in 'Cain,' and 'Heaven and Earth,' did not conceal the sources of his inspiration. To it Milton owed more even than he did to Greek, Roman, and Italian influences. He says: 'Those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets (beyond all the Greeks), not in their divine argument alone but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear, over all the kinds of lyric poesy, to be incomparable. . . . The scripture also affords us a fine pastoral drama in the Song

of Solomon, and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.' At the other extreme of the English compass, we have D. H. Lawrence remembering in adult years the words and phrases of the book, 'apart from the didacticism and sentimentalism' with which teachers and parents surrounded it; 'I am eternally grateful for the wonder with which it filled my childhood. I should have missed bitterly a direct knowledge of the Bible, and a direct relation to Galilee and Canaan, Moab and Kedron. . . . I never cared greatly about the Crucifixion, but the wonder of it penetrated very deeply into me.' Burke, of whose mind and style we know something, records: "Under my father's eye I read the Bible morning, noon, and night, and I have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading.' It was, in youth, almost the complete mental sustenance of the plainest English prose writer, Bunyan, and the most ornate, Ruskin.

These instances are cited because the book has, also, been sometimes unfortunate in its readers, from the day when in St Paul's Cathedral all sorts and conditions of men and women collected to hear any of their number spell it out aloud, often tendenciously; the time when Roundhead and Puritan wrung a fearful joy from its berserker incidents, and smote Ammon hip and thigh, put a city to the edge of the sword, or hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord; the time when queer people brooded over the horns of the Beast, timed the Second Coming exactly (and repeatedly), identified the Scarlet Woman with the Papacy, or the English people with the Lost Tribes of Israel; to the days when clerics hurled chapter and verse at Darwin and Huxley. As Mr John Bailey in our days says:

'Corruptio optimi pessima. And not only do the best, when depraved, become the worst, but it is the best whom the worst choose as their victims. It is only books like the Bible and Shakespeare which attract madmen to be their commentators. That is the penalty of genius: its power is so overwhelming, close contact with it an experience so tremendous, that men are often found to go mad under it. But it remains, for all that, an ornament and pride of humanity.'

While impressions of a complete re-reading of this literature are fresh, they may have a certain interest for contemporaries. Fortunately, such a perusal nowadays carries with it no baits, pietist or other. Gone are the days when to 'wale a portion wi' judicious care' atoned for many shortcomings in practical life; and one may make a fireside companion of the patriarchs, of Job or the Psalmist, and of the Evangelists, without exciting more remark (or incurring an ethical reputation) than if Virgil or Dante were that companion. The fact is refreshing and liberating. Bibliolatry obscured not only the church and spiritual life but actually appreciation of the book's unique spirit. Time was when it would have frozen, if it could, further manifestations of the spirit by denying inspiration to the best works of the Fathers and Saints and the peaks of the Liturgy. So true is it that the letter killeth and the spirit is the life.

Not everyone perhaps is aware, though experiment proves, that it requires five weeks of evenings by the fireside to read our Bible through (exclusive of the Apocrypha) at a rational pace. It is best done with pencil in hand to mark the high lights and significant passages, at least in one's own library copy; to take it in its entirety, flats and repetitions along with the great oases and pastures, is better than to be put off with edifying extracts or with the deplorable 'modernisations' which miss the æsthetic and associational values.

Recent speakers at the celebrations, as well as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and his collaborators in their book of essays, have no difficulty in showing the enormous influence which our translation has exercised upon English style and upon English character. It was so fortunately timed, like Shakespeare's productive life, when the language was malleable and rich. There have been epicures in diction, including the late Professor Phillimore, who felt that it had made the development of English style perhaps rather trimmer and more sober than it need have been; the adventurous quality and rugged vigour of the Elizabethans, for them, pointed the way which we did not take. Yet we still possess Browne, Taylor, and Urquhart; the prose music is there, with echoes in a later day in De Quincey and Ruskin: and now it is almost impossible to imagine the book in any other

verbal vesture than the grave, plain, rhythmic one which it has. It has grown into us—like the bourdon hum of of traffic into the Londoner, or birdsong into the countryman.

The reverence with which it is read need not be of the kind which lulls the faculties to sleep. The most orthodox may read it as—besides edification—a library of story, idyll, drama, song, homily, war correspondence, hygienic and sumptuary edicts, law, parable, and vision: treating as though they had never existed those who once urged themselves to the book as a ritual or pious duty, or for signs and clues as in the *sortes*, or as a quarry for doctrine, or worse for a coxcomb's list of 'errors.' Be it said respectfully, there are unequal pages, even dull pages: moreover, there are many surprises—for example, certain of the images, incidents, and allusions which have bitten deep into our literature and speech occupy only several paragraphs, perhaps one sentence; and on the other hand the story of Joseph and his brethren is not a single chapter, but a compressed novel (and what an epic novel!) of nearly 13,000 words. When the soul and artistic intellect of the cinema overtakes its wealth and mechanical technique, a genius may arise who is able adequately to stage certain of the grand, old-world scenes which in Genesis, Kings, and Samuel are touched off in a few hundred words. They have a statuesque nobility whose poetry and pathos is the more moving because unemphatic, almost it would seem unconscious. The most cunning art scarcely equals nature speaking in them perfectly. An ether of the infinite surrounds these figures of bondmen, desert nomads, kings in the tented field, gleaners, wanderers with the Ark in the wilderness, Ruth and Boaz, David and Jonathan, Joseph showing himself to his aged father in Egypt, Rebecca at the well, and the rest. It is as poetry, seizing the priceless essence behind matter of fact—poetry as broad and high as the heavens—that it should be read, we find anew as we read; read with a deliberate innocence of mind, with direct emotional contact with chronicler and occurrence and vision. Thus not all the ill-tempered altercations that have taken place concerning the first chapters of Genesis obscure its convincing beauty as fine statement—'And God called the firmament heaven. . . . Let there be lights in the

firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night. . . . And God made the two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night : he made the stars also.' And there follows the naming by Adam of all living creatures, and his wife ' Eve, because she was the mother of all living ' ; and the expulsion from Paradise : ' He placed at the east of the garden of Eden the Cherubim and the flame of a sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.' The same æsthetic sense which appreciates Sophocles or Virgil reacts to the spare dignity of such poetry, which is not something decorative or superadded, but inherent in idea and statement. Nor is arresting energy of diction wanting : to Cain the Æschylan words are addressed, ' why is thy countenance fallen ? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted ? And if thou doest not well ; sin coucheth at the door.' And soon, the differentiation of human beings—' Jabal, and he was the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle. His brother's name was Jubal : he was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe. And Zillah bare also Tubal Cain, the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron '—agriculture, the arts, and industry. Even where the old records depart, or are alleged to depart, somewhat from facts as these are at present interpreted by historical theory, it is in the direction of a wider poetic truth. Merely as chronicle, it will broaden and tone even the imagination of those who read alternative sources of ancient history. Again, it has other uses than to remedy mental vulgarity or cynicism ; yet it has this use also. Humour, in our modern sense, it has not ; but great thought and speech can exist without that over-insisted-on quality. Can any other book soar, or mourn, or warn in so rich and moving a timbre ? It is the fashion, or was, to cry up certain other sacred or semi-sacred scriptures ; but, despite their occasional felicities, chiefly of nature-magic or pantheism, they have neither the authenticity nor the sustained quality of the Old Testament, while of course the Gospels are *sui generis*, and the greatest of the Epistles, compared with most human compositions, even Plato or Plotinus, are candidly as the Himalayas to the South Downs. From the time when, as Newman tells, the monks turned to ' the book of books, where supernatural truths stand forth as the trees

and flowers of Eden in a divine disorder, as some awful intricate garden or paradise,' down to Prothero's study of the Psalms in Human Life, it has been a culture no less than a rule.

The storm of printed matter extant to-day must not depose it from its central place. If claims on our time are as pressing as we make them out to be, and if a choice really has to be made, then the Gospels and Epistles doubtless should take precedence; but it remains a stubborn fact that neglect of many books of the older Testament means irreplaceable loss. It has spaciousness, perspective, and atmosphere in a degree not found by scholars even in Homer, Herodotus, Xenophon, and the ancient annalists and epic artists. Impartially it sets down episodes of heroism and treachery, lost and celestial love, purity and perversion; with this to distinguish it from any rival literature, that the basest happenings, no less than the honourable, are felt to be watched and in the long run requited by an unseen, superintending Power. Norse and Germanic folk-lore and racial myths (which in one European country are being State-galvanised into an unreal, uneasy life) are poor indeed in comparison; they have not even the pagan though superannuated charm of the Grecian mythology, nor the Roman, which superseded it. The ancient Hebrew tribalism and superstition (never concealed) were perpetually transcended by the consciousness of a world around and a Deity Who was over all races. To this day the records of that early monotheistic race have a vitality and largeness which make the latter day attempts to popularise other old-world scriptures strenuous but unsuccessful.

The concrete, personal, and local note, joined with a certain universality, are part of the secret of its hold. Early in the first book the mind's eye—the visualising faculty—is taken by a pictorial passage like this: 'When the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him. . . . And it came to pass, that, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a flaming torch that passed between these pieces.' Such is the setting by which we better remember the covenant made with him. The vital importance of leaving issue is expressed with vivid familiarity in the next page, when

God appears to him ' by the oaks of Mamre as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day ; and he lifted up his eyes, and looked, and lo, three men stood over against him ; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the earth.' The apparitions promise him progeny by Sarah :

' And Sarah heard in the tent door. Now Abram and Sarah were old, and well stricken in age ; it had ceased to be with Sarah after the manner of women. And Sarah laughed within herself, saying, " After I am waxed old, shall I have pleasure, my lord being old also ? " And the Lord said to Abram, " Wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying, Shall I of a surety bear a child, who am old ? Is anything too hard for the Lord ? " Then Sarah denied, saying, " I laughed not " : for she was afraid. And he said, " Nay ; but thou didst laugh. " '

A characteristic piece of intrepid narrative is the one immediately following of the messengers' encounter with the foulness of Sodom ; and the driving forth of Hagar and her child in the wilderness of Beer-Sheba.

' And the water in her bottle was spent, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs : and she went and sat down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot : for she said, " Let me not look upon the death of the child. " And she sat and lifted up her voice and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad, . . . and was with him and he grew ; and he dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer.'

It is simplicities like that which have daguerrotyped themselves on the minds of generations. The trenchant economy of detail, the liberation of the essential only, seem a lost literary secret. This power transpiring through few words reaches one of its peaks in Genesis xxiv, when Abram said to his head servant : ' Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and swear by the Lord that thou shalt not take for my son of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell, but thou shalt go to my country and to my kindred and take a wife for my son Isaac.' Then follows that perfect evocation of a romantic quest in the dawn of the world—a story of which I do not know what Dr Freud will make, who is now busy psycho-analysing the people of the Bible ; this, however, we know, that many an historian and artist would give

his right hand to be able to tell, so simply, of that procession of camels and gifts into Mesopotamia.

'And the servant made the camels to kneel down without the city by the well of water at the time of evening, the time that women go out to draw water.'

He prays for a sign, and before he had done speaking, Rebekah came out with her pitcher :

'And the man looked stedfastly upon her ; holding his peace to know whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not. . . . And the man bowed his head and worshipped God and said, " Blessed be the Lord, the God of my master Abraham, who hath not forsaken his mercy and truth toward my master. As for me, the Lord hath led me in the way to the house of my master's brethren.'

It does not need a professional literary eye to discern the exquisite quality of such narration. It is romance, long before such a word was known ; and idyll centuries before that form was cultivated. Painter and poet look on such beautifully stationed figures with the satisfied mood of reverie which held Keats before the Grecian urn. Effortlessly our attention is transferred then to Isaac, who

'went out to meditate in the field at eventide : and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold, there were camels coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she lighted off the camel, saying to the servant, " What man is this who walketh in the field to meet us ? " The servant said, " It is my master " : and she took her veil, and covered herself.'

These quiet pools of magic are, however, but wayside halts in the grandiose sweep of the main epic, which contrives to follow each patriarch from infancy to great age and their children in like manner. The modern taste for 'family tree' chronicles and sagas is here ante-dated by some four thousand years. All moving art—of the brush or the pen—of Murillo, Tintoretto, Raphael, Rembrandt, of Dante, Milton, Bunyan, Scott, Wordsworth, Hardy—looks fondly back to these archetypal tales with their simple majestic grouping. Wider appreciation indeed of these compositions is likely to come by the æsthetic route ; beauty of phrase, of idea, and incident will attract when perhaps the motives of duty or self-

improvement are not active. Men of the schools, of the world, of the arts, and of affairs have each a distinctive hesitation about handling and enjoying this wonderful if unequal literature. One is too easily put off by the black binding so usual, with its dim suggestion of Sabbath propriety or mourning; another by the verse numbers; a third is tried by the close print necessary in most complete yet portable bibles. Some again blame strict early life for a faint aversion to some tracts of it—and here we have to allow that the enforced memorising of Scott or of Milton's 'L'Allegro,' or other jewel of literature, has seriously prejudiced such works in the eyes of many in adult years, unfair as this is both to themselves and to genius. All such objections exist to be surmounted by a liberal yet reverent curiosity. A grown-up mind should be able to transcend memories of a grandfather or a chapel mainly interested in solving Daniel's 'time, time, and a time and a half' and cognate mysteries. As for the more wooden theories of inspiration, good sense is no recent attitude: one hundred and thirty years ago Coleridge was able to write:

'In the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; and the words find me at greater depths of my being. (Then, adverting to the theory of verbatim, imposed inspiration :) This doctrine petrifies at once the whole body of Holy Writ with all its harmonies and symmetrical gradations—the flexile and the rigid—the blood which is the life, the intelligencing nerves, and the rudely woven but soft and springy cellular substance in which all are imbedded and lightly bound together. This breathing organism, this glorious *panharmonicon* which I had seen stand on its feet as a man, and with a man's voice given to it, the doctrine in question turns at once into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice, a voice that mocks the voices of many men and speaks in their names.'

Of course, a more spiritual and scientific conception of divine inspiration in human terms now reigns in every educated Christian circle. Within the last century we have managed to temper our reverence with a certain naturalism which in no way need subtract from the uniqueness of the book and its message. Ethnology and travel have shed light on a thousand incidents and habits which before were regarded as exclusively biblical:

to take one out of many such typical elucidations, Professor Julian Huxley in his 'Africa View' remarks (as do other explorers among primitive peoples) :

' Seeing the trailing herds—mixed herds, like those of Job, cattle, goats and donkeys—being driven across the plain, I felt suddenly that I realised more fully the life of the Hebrew patriarchs. What was Abraham but a whiter and more religious Masai ? A good deal more, no doubt, but still these African pastoralists do help biblical realisation.'

So found the author of 'The Land and the Book' and many another popular volume has shown us what Asiatic civilisations to-day—Indian and other—have in common with that of Palestine two and three thousand years ago. It is claimed that each single petition in the Lord's Prayer occurs somewhere in Rabbinical writings, scattered specks amid dross ; but in the same way every particle of our human brain and body existed once as vegetable, animal or mineral in exterior and humble guise. In the one case as in the other, the originality and the transfiguring life are not impugned.

Keats discovered in Milton not grandeur only, 'but more, Miltonian tenderness.' This quality of pathos is much more evident in both Testaments. Consider several out of many touching examples : Esau, hearing of his mischance, 'cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry to his father, "Bless me, even me also, O my father" ' ; or that swift uprising of love, 'And Leah's eyes were tender, but Rachel was beautiful and well-favoured' ; or Jehovah's intimation to Moses : 'There is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon the rock ; and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock and will cover thee with my hand until I have passed by ; and I will take away my hand and thou shalt see my back ; but my face shall not be seen.'

Moses vanishes on Pisgah : Joshua takes command. His spies enter Jericho, are concealed by Rahab the harlot in her house on the Wall, under the stalks of flax on the roof, while she sends the pursuers astray 'the way to Jordan unto the fords,' and wrings from them an oath that the invaders shall 'deal kindly with my father's house, and give me a true token. . . . Then she let them

down by a cord through the window. And the men said, "When we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window." "

Such stories, the envy of any novelist, are abundant in this unique national log as it carries us, through strange dealings with rival tribes, to Joshua's old age. 'They took no gain of money; they fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' The lover of language has to put the book at the head of his classics: 'At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead . . . why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?' Or Ruth's plea: 'Intreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, there will I be buried.'

The constant elements in human nature, over four millenia, appear in the intimate touch about the child Samuel, whom we should call an altar boy: 'His mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice.' At that time, says the chronicler, 'the lamp of God was not yet gone out.' But it was wavering: the Ark was captured, and at the news 'Eli fell from off his seat backward and his neck brake and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy.' Another notable scene later is when some of Israel 'were reaping their wheat harvest in the valley, and they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark, and rejoiced to see it.' The exploits of Saul, which follow, are alone as interesting as anything in Tacitus and his capricious tyrants; for with them are inwoven the adventures of David, one of the most attractive figures in literature, the ruddy shepherd 'stripling' for whom the king's son Jonathan felt at first sight one of the great friendships of history, a love that was cunning and took unselfish risks: 'as my soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death.'

Humour has been mentioned. It is rare in this grave, passionate, pastoral world; but it does occur when David, a fugitive in Gath, feigns madness 'and scabbled on the doors and let his spittle fall upon his beard.' It is then that the King of Gath cries out, 'Why have ye brought

him to me? Do I lack madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence?'

No book is less tied to conventional moralising. We cannot be too grateful, on literary and humanist grounds, that it is not incessantly 'improving the occasion' or having designs upon us. Many of its stories are hard to classify ethically, and are not meant to be so classified: they are 'beyond good or evil,' and withal their net effect is moving and moral in the large, poetic way. What new novelist or old folk lore is more daring than the narrator of the freebooter's answer of David the fugitive to the rich churlish grazier Nabal, whose wife Abigail hastened with gifts and bowed herself before David? There is assuredly no aim here to give examples, merely to tell a great story with a freedom and airiness not seen outside Homer and in a later day Froissart and possibly Boccaccio. Often in these pages we feel an impartiality we have learned since to call Shakespearean. In his full-length picture, we see David's gradual development in response to swift change of circumstance. It is of a man built in the big mould. He could generously lament the fallen enemy—a rare thing in the old world; and tenderness invests his requiem over his nearest friend: 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!' Gratitude was the new saving trait in this man. 'Is there yet,' he asks later, 'any left of the house of Saul that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' They find Jonathan's young lame son, whom David generously provides for. More: over the border a king dies who once befriended him in his hunted days, and David resolves to show kindness to the king's son 'as his father showed kindness to me.' Always he remembers that he 'was taken from the sheepcote to be prince over Israel,' and 'who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me thus far?' He had a big heart, and it shaped his life in the grand style, despite incidents such as putting Uriah in the front line of battle to be killed and then taking his wife. Still, David had his own domestic strains: his wife, Mical, who never forgot she was Saul the king's daughter and that David was in a way plebeian, 'looked

out of the window and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord, and she despised him in her heart.' Going out to meet him, this lady snob of the antique world—did we not see tokens of class feeling in the exhibits from Ur of the Chaldees?—becomes satirical: 'How glorious was the King of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!' He answers her with spirit, that it was before the Lord Who had chosen him, 'and I will be yet more vile. . . . As for the handmaids you speak of, of *them* I shall be had in honour!' The chronicler adds significantly that she was childless to the day of her death. As a father too he had his griefs: there was Absalom, without blemish in appearance, who 'stole the hearts of the men of Israel . . . and the conspiracy was strong.'

Patience on occasion was another characteristic—with the candid suppliant woman of Tekar, with the curses of Shimei as he flung dust and shouted 'man of blood, man of Belial,' to which David, tired and disillusioned, says, 'If my son seeks my life, how much more may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone, let him curse—for the Lord hath bidden him, and may he will requite me good for his cursing.' 'For the king and all that were with him were weary'—what a profound touch! It has a sequel, when he sat at the gates awaiting news of battle: the watchman announces the runners, but David's question to each is 'Is it well with the young man Absalom?' which gets its tragic answer. His own people misunderstood his lament over a traitor. So the eventful life goes on, till (1 Kings i. 1) he was so old that 'they covered him with clothes, but he gat no heat' and at others' suggestion he nominates his successor. Age and weakness, and final sleep—everything comes to that: health, victory, glory, love, devotion, all come to that. Like a deep-toned passing-bell, like a solemn roll-call after battle, this ancient book chants the toll of evensong, the close of day, the end of deeds. Of each saint or hero the word is, 'he was gathered to his fathers.' For the days of David drew nigh that he should die, and he charged Solomon his son, 'I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man.' King and priest,

warrior and maiden tread that last pass alone ; but life behind them springs anew. Solomon begins afresh : ' And now, O Lord, thou hast made thy servant king : and I am but a little child ; I know not how to go out or come in. Give me an understanding heart.' This he certainly had in matters of administration and temple building, but not in another matter :

' he loved many strange women, the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites and Hittites, nations of which God said, Ye shall not go among them for they will turn your heart after their gods : Solomon clave unto these in love. And he had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines : and his wives turned away his heart, when he was old, after other gods '

and even built shrines for Ashtoreth and other eastern abominations—with consequent political trouble. His sons were decadent.

Here enters Elijah, ' troubler of Israel ' according to them : ' Hast thou found me, O mine enemy ? ' Among the unexpectedly impressive pages is that describing the younger Elisha's following of him across country, till he ascended in a whirlwind ; at which Elisha calls : ' My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof ! ' Strangely fragmentary and appealing is the child born late to the prophet's hostess : ' It fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said to his father, " My head, my head ! " The father said to the servants, " Carry him to his mother." And the lad sat on her knees till noon, and then died.' Elisha is called for on Carmel, and strives to raise the boy to life : then—another of those amazing circumstantial touches—' he walked in the house once to and fro ; and went up again and stretched himself upon the lad, and the child sneezed seven times and opened his eyes.' For imaginative terseness it would be hard to excel a page later the penalty on the prophet's deceptive servant : ' And he went out from his presence a leper white as snow.'

Much the same ground is covered by Chronicles as by Kings, a story of treasons, backslidings, and purges, and it is a minority who observe the old religion, until times come of an odd dualism : ' they feared the Lord but served their own gods.' Was nation ever so torn and

troubled before or since? Sennacherib is able to extort an indemnity without a fight, and reproach Israel's God—till the inevitable champion arises, in this case Isaiah. A hundred times they relapse into the cult of Baal, and sun-images, wizardry, and augury, with the result that evil arrives, 'that whoever hears of it, both his ears shall tingle': 'I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.' They even lost the book of the Law, till it was accidentally found by the woman Hilkiah and read afresh to the people by Josiah, with sensational effect: the sequel was still another of the tremendous destructions and new regimes. In vain: for his successor was a throw-back, whom Nebuchadnezzar besieged, disgraced, and despoiled—with as little mercy as the Hebrews had shown in the days of their power; he broke the walls and burnt the house of the Lord. How rare is such a pool of silence as this: 'they found fat pasture and good, and the land was wide, and quiet, and peaceable.'

Suddenly, the wider world opens its horizons in Ezra, who tells of the interest of the kings of Persia in the building of the temple: Cyrus, Artaxerxes, and Darius all knew 'Zionism' in their day. Nehemiah, cupbearer to the Persian king, continues this phase: those kings were undoubtedly large-hearted, giving their Jewish captives facilities and escort; and Nehemiah's first view—by night—of the dismal shell of Jerusalem is unforgettable. So are the comments of bystanders: 'What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice out of these heaps of rubbish? Even what they build, if a fox go up, it will break down their wall!' The little company, armed and with look-out men, worked 'from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared,' while gossip and plots went on around them. An heroic interlude; but alas! the old weaknesses trip them up, and there was such miscegenation that 'their children spoke half in the speech of Ashdod and could not speak in the Jews' language.' Note the racy freedoms which either translators or original allow themselves.

The same wider world confronts us in Esther; the court of Ahasuerus 'who reigned from India even to Ethiopia, over 127 provinces.' His Queen, the beautiful Vashti, refuses to show herself before all at the feast, and

he is wroth—in the grim manner of the Arabian Nights. Counsellors tell him her example will ‘make all husbands contemptible’; therefore she is put away. As in some superior fairy-story, the Hebrew maid and orphan Esther becomes favourite. Her guardian, Mordecai, ‘walked every day before the court of the women’s house, to know how Esther did and what should become of her,’ and was a good listener, for he heard of a conspiracy and (to do Esther good) let her tell the king of it, now that she is consort. That she is a Jewess, none knows. Anti-semitism is embodied in decrees, and the grieving Mordecai sends her an entreaty to intercede: ‘who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?’ She agrees: ‘I will go in to the king, and if I perish I perish.’

Then this masterpiece—it is nothing less—tells how Haman the proud courtier and persecutor falls by his own snares—tells it with nuances and detail which prefigure Dumas and Scott. Esther saves her people: ‘the city of Shushan shouted and was glad. The Jews had light and gladness, a feast and a good day.’ Here the story ought to end. Unfortunately, it does not. ‘The fear of the Jews fell upon all, for Mordecai waxed greater and greater. And the Jews smote all their enemies with the stroke of the sword.’ Hence the feast of Purim.

Not a Hebrew book, but one of the most original in the Bible, is that of Job. It faces the riddles of existence as few writings do. This daring poetry has a shadowy power over us:

‘In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling; then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my head stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the appearance thereof; a form was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, “Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? . . . who maketh the Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.”’

With marvellous imagery he compares human life in its transience to a vision in the night, to mist, to vanishing waters, to lost caravans, to a weaver’s shuttle, to the wind. As for the Almighty, ‘lo, these are but the out-

skirts of his ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of him ?'

A generation that chose 'Omar Khayyam' and the 'Shropshire Lad' might well prize Job printed singly as a book, run on without verse numbers, as superb literature. The same is true of the Psalms, in which devotion is as natural as laughter, tears, feasting or sleep, rising often to Orphic strains. The sententious Proverbs have nothing like the lift and life of these other two books, nor have they the exquisite *sostenuto* charm of the Wisdom of Solomon in the Apocrypha. Ecclesiastes is Il Penseroso; the Song of Songs L'Allegro. It is hard to read the supernatural into either natural expression of a mood—the despondent and the erotic. But a south wind blows spices and rapture through the Song.

Lastly, the prophets, headed by Isaiah. Can English rise higher than this ?—

'The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy trouble, and from the hard service wherein thou wast made to serve, and thou shalt say to the King of Babylon, How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! . . . Hell from beneath is moved for thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth: it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall answer and say, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down unto hell, and the noise of thy viols. How art thou fallen from heaven, O day-star, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst lay low the nations. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, they shall consider thee, saying, Is this the man who made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms? All the kings of the nations, all of them, sleep in glory, everyone in his own house. Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of the gods are broken unto the ground.'

Jeremiah, in his own words, stands 'in a hot wind from the bare heights,' and alone: once he was put in the stocks, and once the prophet's bar was taken from his neck and broken. Ezekiel comes 'with a strong wind from the north, cloud, and fire' and sees an abomination—the women weeping for Tammuz and worshipping the sun: 'the rod has blossomed, pride has budded.' Daniel is different, Chaldean: 'master of the magicians because

the spirit of the holy gods is in him . . . one of the watchers and the holy ones.'

A service which the book has done is to impress on men the moral bases of all community life. Here are biology and sociology in a plain, assimilable form. It is a handbook to life and politics, and probably acquaintance with it matured the British faculty for self-government, for democracy is only safe with numerous inner safeguards and inhibitions. Our ancestors had in it a sort of simple yet noble Statesman's Year Book, which traces those wide arcs and perspectives of laws which execute themselves in the world over a period of years. Truth in word, faith between men, family solidarity, spiritual obedience before earthly, hygiene—these are outworks to something more vital still, communion with That which is more than human or transient. Man is seen, realistically and biologically, as part of nature and of super-nature. This has been a corrective always to the merely topical and materialist outlook, and is to-day a corrective to partial abstractions and strident ideologies.

In the New Testament, indeed, the emphasis on Life is startling and constant; how dynamic Christianity is, is shown by the continual use of words like born, renewed, begotten again, seed, generation, quickening, life, spirit, leaven, power, regenerate, a new creature, and many other kindred phrases. The searching and original morality of the Gospels keeps them always more modern than modernity itself. Consider, too, how this literature has coloured our idioms. From the Old Testament we have phrases like: snare of the fowler, day of small things, years the locust has eaten, sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, law of the Medes and Persians, land flowing with milk and honey, bow at a venture, faint but pursuing, bruised reed, spoil the Egyptians, gathered to his fathers, stranger within the gates, tables of the law, fountains of the deep, scapegoat, a Daniel come to judgment, a Saul among the prophets, a Jonah, an Ishmael. From the New Testament we have: signs of the times, blind guides, turn the other cheek, sun on the just and unjust, built on the sand, tares of the enemy, strait gate, axe laid to the root, salt of the earth, serve two masters, toil not neither spin, millstone round the neck, render to Cæsar, first shall be last, seeking after a sign, labourer worthy of his hire,

wolves in sheep's clothing, shake the dust off his feet, a cubit to the stature, strain at a gnat, beam in his own eye, hiding the talent, betrayed with a kiss, last state worse than the first, where moths corrupt, the widow's mite, the Sabbath made for man, the fatted calf, account of his stewardship, loins girded, and a hundred similar phrases which have added ideas as well as colour to generations of minds.

If the Gospels are more than Greek in their crystal simplicity, what shall we say of St Paul? He is a beacon at which a thousand other torches have been lighted; it seems hardly possible that utterance could go beyond, for instance, the first part of Ephesians. St John has a 'white music' more profound than Plotinus or the Hellenic mystics. Dante, Milton, Crashaw, and others have been indebted to the Apocalypse—with its angel from the sunrising, the opening of the seals and pouring of the vials, the voice as of many waters, the Four Horsemen, the lamps before the Throne, the silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, the procession of the Woes, the mark of the Beast, the Supper of the Lamb, and so forth.

Without preconceptions, and free alike of secularist or denominational *arrière pensée*, the Bible should be read afresh by each of us, as unselfconsciously as we would peruse Clarendon, Froissart, or Hesiod. It makes its own impression.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art. 5.—WHEN DICTATORS DIE.

1. *Britain and the Dictators.* By R. W. Seton-Watson. Cambridge University Press, 1938.
2. *Peace with the Dictators?* By Sir Norman Angell. Hamish Hamilton, 1938.

THE distinguished authors of both these books have looked upon the dictatorships of to-day and have decided, for a variety of reasons, that they are not good. Through the two volumes there runs an undercurrent of suspicion, and the conclusion is reached that a dictator cannot be trusted : from this it follows that it would be suicidal for a British Government to make any concessions either to Herr Hitler or to Signor Mussolini. In both works there is, it must be admitted, a good deal of special pleading, and to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problems raised by the two authors the question of dictatorship must be studied at once more deeply and more objectively. In particular, allowance must be made for the fact that the dictators are not immortal, and that their deaths cannot but have an important bearing upon the international situation.

What is to-day somewhat loosely described as dictatorship is, of course, really monarchy in the etymological sense of the term, and approximates very closely to tyranny as known to the Greeks : it also has considerable affinity with the régime established in more than one Italian state towards the close of the Middle Ages. These facts are worth noting, for they mean that dictatorship, far from being a mere product of the economic and social changes of the last two decades, has a long history behind it, and by this its prospects and difficulties can be judged. The late Sir Henry Maine, in his 'Popular Government,' pointed out that one of the chief obstacles in the way of estimating the future of the democratic system was its very brief history, and that in consequence there was not enough evidence on which to hazard even a prophecy. This is not the case with dictatorship. As Disraeli wrote in another connection : 'By what man has done, we learn what man can do ; and gauge the power and prospects of our race.'

From the earliest times down to the present day the

skeleton at the dictator's feast has been the question of what is to happen when he dies. The Greek autocrats had one and all to take this problem into account. Mr Wade-Gery, in the 'Cambridge Ancient History,' points out that 'the tyrant rested on the will of the immature demos, not on established law. . . . When circumstances, or the will, changed, his commission was ended ; and he never had the bed-rock of a loyal nobility, nor the social and religious sanction which that can give.' In short, the tyranny was essentially a temporary form of government, which was only tolerated because it established security during a period of rapid social and economic change, and enabled the transition from one condition of society to another to take place without the whole fabric of the State being brought down in the process. In a good number of cases the tyrant was able to hand on his power to his son, in a few to his grandson, but longer than that, in Greece itself, the tyranny never endured.

In Rome the position was the same. Dictators such as Marius and Sulla had only a momentary influence upon the progress of events, and the constitutional history of the Empire is one long record of the attempt to find some other sanction than force upon which to base the principate. This in no small measure explains the conversion of Constantine to Christianity. Earlier, the Emperor had indeed become a god during his lifetime, but however much this may have impressed the provincials in distant provinces, it contributed little to the monarch's safety in his capital or among his soldiers. The problem of the succession was the preoccupation of all the Emperors, and it is to be noted that the principate was seen at its best during the age of the Antonines, when it rested upon heredity tempered by adoption. Nevertheless, the Roman Empire is the only polity that has ever been governed by a succession of dictators, and that one exception was only made possible by a combination of circumstances which is never likely to recur, for it is difficult to imagine a city-state ever again ruling the civilised world.

The mediæval period was singularly free from dictatorships, possibly because the rights and duties of all sections of the community were so clearly defined in the Feudal System that there was no scope for the intervention of a

force unknown to the established hierarchy. The only exception was in the case of Italy, and it is to be noted that Feudalism was weaker there than in any part of Europe. The Italian despots, who for the most part attained power as a result of the convulsions attendant upon the struggle between the Empire and the Papacy, endeavoured as soon as possible to base their rule on the hereditary principle, and they were often successful in this, not least because the Italians have always taken kindly to the idea of dictatorship. So it came about that such families as the Medici and the Estensi married into the royal houses of France and England, and by connecting themselves with the ruling dynasties of Europe they surrounded their power with a glamour which the dictatorial authority by itself would never have enjoyed. Their survival was largely due to this policy.

When one comes to modern times it is to find the same forces at work. Napoleon I was under no illusions as to the limitations of his power: he was always saying that his dynasty was not old enough and that he was powerless to counteract that disability. Italian as he was in all save nationality, he followed the example of the Italian dictators by marrying into a reigning family, and his wife duly presented him with a son. Yet, during the few hours that General Malet's conspiracy lasted, when the rumour went round Paris that the Emperor had died amid the Russian snows, no one thought of Napoleon II. This proved that the Corsican had not founded a dynasty, though no dictator ever made greater efforts to render his power operative beyond the grave, that 'inexorable bourne of all dictatorships,' as Jacques Bainville so aptly put it. All the same he very nearly succeeded, and had victory inclined to France in 1870 or had the Prince Imperial not been killed, there might well have been a Bonaparte reigning in Paris to-day.

The dictatorship of Napoleon III, it may not be out of place to observe, has a very topical interest, for not only did it draw its support from those who saw in it their sole bulwark against anarchy (which is the common origin of most dictatorships), but it had its own philosophy, the '*Idées Napoléoniennes*,' which may be described as the '*Mein Kampf*' of the Second Empire. The political testament of the Emperor's mother, Queen Hortense, has

also a decidedly modern ring : ' If you say a thing often enough, people come to believe it. In France you can always get the best of an argument by appealing to history. No one reads it and everyone believes in it. . . . The world can easily be caught twice with the same bait.'

The traditional method by which dictators seek to perpetuate their power after their own death is by means of the armed force to which they have owed their rise, and in this connection there is no difference between the clubmen with whose aid Pisistratus seized the Acropolis, the New Model army of Cromwell, the Blackshirts of Mussolini, and the Brownshirts of Hitler. Yet in the past these forces have proved unable or unwilling to maintain the dictatorial régime once its founder was removed, and Richard Cromwell owed his downfall to that very army which had been his father's mainstay. Only Richelieu and Mazarin bequeathed their power to a successor, and that was because, in the person of Louis XIV, it became incarnated in the traditional institutions of their country.

The difficulties encountered by the dictators of the past in their attempt to rule from the tomb can serve as a useful background against which to examine, from the same standpoint, the position of their successors to-day. If history is but past politics and politics are merely present history, a definition which will hardly be questioned, then Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler are facing the same problems as those which confronted Pisistratus, Cromwell, and Napoleon, and the achievements of the earlier dictators constitute a lesson and a warning for their spiritual descendants of the present age.

Stalin is, for a dictator, in a peculiar position. He is the successor of Lenin, it is true, but he is in no sense his heir : indeed, all the evidence goes to show that of all the Bolshevik leaders he was the one upon whom Lenin was least desirous that his mantle should fall. It would, in consequence, perhaps be not too much to say that he owes much of his success to the fact that as the second dictator of Russia he has to no inconsiderable extent reversed the policy of the first : under his rule the old national landmarks, which had been submerged by the flood of international Communism, have been gradually reappearing,

if somewhat altered, above the receding waters, and as this was what the Russians wanted it has tended to consolidate Stalin's position. Whether he has ever studied the history of the dictators of old may be doubted, but he has certainly behaved as if he had done so. When the tyrant of Corinth asked the tyrant of Miletus to give him some advice in the matter of government, the other vouchsafed no answer, but proceeded to strike off the ears of corn which had out-topped their fellows. Whether Stalin was converted to this policy by study or intuition is beside the point, for he has certainly pursued it most faithfully.

The result is that there are in Russia to-day, as in the time of the last Czar, three effective forces, that is to say the ruler, the army, and the police: Stalin has proved strong enough to play the latter bodies off against one another, and they have not united against him, nor is there any immediate indication that they are likely to do so. He has succeeded where Nicholas II failed, partly because he has been infinitely more ruthless, and partly because he has kept in close touch with such public opinion as exists in Russia. For example, it is said that the recent 'purges' were due to the information which the Red dictator obtained from a careful perusal of 'I was a Soviet Worker.' Fear has always been one of the most valuable weapons in the armoury of dictatorship, and Stalin has never hesitated to use it, though whether the Trotskyite opposition of Communist incorruptibles is killed or only scotched remains to be seen. The old Jacobins died hard under the Consulate and Empire, and the Levellers never ceased to trouble the Protectorate.

The most serious threat to Stalin has so far come from the army, and this may be prophetic of what will happen after his death. The mist in which events in Russia are enveloped makes it difficult to discover what happens in that country, but it seems clear that the execution of Marshal Tucharevsky last year was the culminating-point in a crisis which gravely imperilled the Stalin régime. Exactly what the dead soldier's plans were is uncertain, but some light is surely thrown upon them by the fact that an exiled Russian general, who has been living in England for the past twenty years, had actually made his preparations to leave for Finland, where he was to act as

the connecting-link between the Marshal and the Grand Duke Cyril, when the conspiracy was nipped in the bud. All would appear to have depended upon the attitude of Marshal Voroshiloff, and he, like Bonaparte on the 13th Vendémiaire, finally decided to throw in his lot with the Government. Stalin, very wisely from his own point of view, suppressed all mention of monarchist activities, for had it become known to the world at large that after twenty years Soviet Russia had had to face a conspiracy with Romanoff affiliations, his position abroad, which was none too strong already, would have been shaken to its foundations.

Revolution in Russia to-day is an article manufactured for export only. It can best be avoided at home by a continuance of the present extensive system of espionage and by preventing any large concentration of people, who would thus be provided with an opportunity of exchanging grievances. For this reason mobilisation would be dangerous in the extreme, and still more so a war. If Russia were defeated, then Stalin would, like Napoleon III, be overthrown; if she were victorious, then another Cæsar or Cromwell would make his appearance. This is what the Russian dictator fears, and it is what may easily happen once he is removed. He stands to-day in a peculiarly dangerous isolation, for he has killed or banished all who might have succeeded him. The army remains as the one organised force capable of seizing the reins of power, though whether the military ruler of Russia will be Voroshiloff, Blücher, or some still unknown second-lieutenant is as yet on the knees of the gods.

In Italy, to take the dictatorships in their order of seniority, the situation is very different, for Mussolini attained power as the saviour of society against anarchy, and the structure of the State has been preserved, even if parts of it have become a mere façade. According to the Constitution, in the event of Mussolini's death the Fascist Grand Council would draw up a list of names of possible successors and present it to the King, who would then make his selection. In this way the monarchy would serve to effect the transition with the minimum of disturbance, but there would obviously be widespread intrigue before the Royal decision was finally made.

The views of Mussolini in the matter are unknown,

though of late conjecture has been very busy with them. In many ways he seems to have changed if not his policy at any rate his attitude towards the problems by which he is confronted, during the past two or three years, and it is by no means impossible that among them is the question of his successor. Before the complications caused by the Abyssinian War he was generally believed to hold the view that the next Prime Minister of Italy would not require the exceptional powers that he himself exercises, and that his heir would be not one individual but rather the Corporate State. Much water has flowed under the bridges since then, and recently there has been a definite tendency to revert to the strenuous methods which characterised the earlier days of the Fascist régime. If the leaders of Italy, in imitation of those of Germany, forgetful of the old saying, 'qui mange du Pape, en meurt,' are going to throw down the gauntlet to the Church, then Mussolini's successor will certainly need to be endowed with dictatorial authority if he is to ride the storm. No one is to-day threatening Fascism from within or without, and the inheritance that he will leave behind him rests with the Duce himself.

Mussolini has studied the history of the Roman Empire very carefully, and there are indications that he is attracted by the principle of adoption which worked so well in the days of the Antonines. He seems to have, unlike Cromwell, no particular political ambitions where his sons are concerned, and this is causing speculation whether he is not preparing that his place should be taken by his son-in-law, Count Ciano. This prospect is regarded with mixed feelings in Italy. Ciano is an energetic young man of considerable ability, but he is not conciliatory in manner and he lacks that personal charm of his father-in-law which attracts even those who most disagree with him. Nevertheless, he is typical of the new Italy, and if there is much in the latter which antagonises many Englishmen and Frenchmen, they must remember that their nations, too, were young once. Of Ciano's views it will, perhaps, always be premature or needless to speak while Mussolini is alive: his friends declare that he is far from being Anglophobe, but his behaviour on more than one occasion has hardly borne this out, and he is at great pains to cultivate German friendship. However, it is

unfair to condemn any statesman until he has responsibility as well as office.

Even if Mussolini does designate Ciano as his heir to carry on his policy after his death, this is not to say that his wishes will necessarily be fulfilled. We have already seen how many dictators have failed in the attempt to govern their countries from the grave. The Prince of Piedmont is able, popular, and ambitious, and he may not choose to be overshadowed by Ciano. Then there are men like Grandi and Balbo, of wide experience, who are second to Mussolini alone in the work they have accomplished in the revival of Italy. If the Duce lives for another twenty years—he is fifty-three now and very fit—it is impossible to say what may happen, but if he were to be removed within the next twelve months it is more than doubtful whether his son-in-law would succeed to his power, or would be able to retain it if he did so succeed. More likely, in that event, would be the selection of Grandi as Prime Minister, with the House of Savoy, in the person of Prince Umberto, playing a more prominent part in the national life than it has done since the reign of King Victor Emmanuel II. Such a development would certainly be received with approval by all good Europeans and true friends of Italy, for it would imply the conservation of all that is best in Fascism as well as the abandonment of its more objectionable features.

In spite of the growing resemblance of Fascism to National Socialism and of the latter to Bolshevism, there is a marked difference between the position of Hitler and that of Mussolini and Stalin. He has neither a hereditary king above him, like the one, nor is he the second dictator his régime has produced, like the other. He has been elected head of the German nation for life, so that the world is now witnessing the spectacle of the most unpolitical people in Europe endeavouring to work the most difficult form of government, namely an elective monarchy. There seem to be two reasons why events have taken this course. One is the reluctance, on grounds of personal vanity, of Hitler to give himself a superior by restoring the Hohenzollerns or by putting any other dynasty in their place; and the other is the mystical conception of leadership entertained by even the most prosaic Nazis. They see in Hitler the successor of Henry

the Fowler and Otto the Great, though they are not prepared to pursue the analogy to the extent of seeking Papal approval for the national choice. The Holy Roman Empire was elective, and so shall be the Third Reich. That this is the line of reasoning of many of Hitler's supporters will hardly be disputed by any who are acquainted with the outlook of Germany to-day.

In more ways than one the Führer is comparable with Mohammed. Even if personal factors be left on one side, there is a similarity of outlook between the two men, while the comparison between National Socialism and Islam cannot be ignored. Not the least of Mohammed's troubles was the question of the succession, and this has affected the history of Islam to the present day. In the case of Hitler the situation is complicated by the presence of an army far more highly organised than was that of the Crescent, but with chiefs equally impatient of control. How far the army dictates to Hitler and how far it is dictated to by him is a query which must remain unanswered until more evidence is available: all that can be said at present with any certainty is that in some moments of crisis, such as the reoccupation of the Rhineland and the invasion of Austria, it has been the Führer who has had the last word, but that is not to say that this would be the case after his death. The wills of autocrats have a habit of being set aside as soon as the breath is out of their bodies, and the fate of Hindenburg's testament is eloquent of what can happen in this respect in modern Germany.

Hitler will doubtless appoint, if he has not already appointed, his successor, and in present circumstances this will probably be Göring, who would be acceptable to the army without question. On the other hand, while the vast majority of Germans still regard Hitler as little, if at all, short of a deity, very few of them are prepared to accept the other Nazi leaders, including Göring, even as demi-gods. Therefore the succession of Göring would involve a weakening of the régime, and, if he had military backing, to an increased interference of the army in politics. However one looks at it, in the light of two thousand five hundred years of precedents it is difficult to resist the conclusion that with the disappearance of Hitler one of two things will happen in Germany: either

there will be a pull-devil, pull-baker struggle between the army and the Nazi party, or, if the army has by then become completely Nazified, it will play the part of the legions during the later Roman Empire. In neither case would the outlook be reassuring for the rest of the world, for the temptation to bring about a united front at home by engaging in foreign adventures might prove irresistible.

The lesser dictatorships also repay study. In two countries, Albania and Iran, the example of Napoleon has been followed and the dictator has attempted to solve the succession problem by founding a dynasty. In the case of King Zog, it is as yet too early to speak either of success or failure; in any event, he is largely dependent for support upon Italian bayonets, and he rules over a people among whom clan feeling is as strong as it was in the Highlands of Scotland in the seventeenth century. The existing régime in Iran is more interesting. The present Shah rose from the humblest of origins to be dictator, and then proceeded to seat himself on the Peacock Throne in place of the effete dynasty of the Kajars. It may be that such a step is only possible in the East, where there exists a different sense of political values and where the religious sanction is attached rather to the office than to the man or to the dynasty. When the Pahlevi supplanted the Kajars all the tradition and majesty that attach to the throne of Darius was at once transferred to them, and it has not required, as it certainly would require in the West, the lapse of several generations before they could acquire the divinity that hedges Kings. The new monarch is accepted by his subjects as if he had succeeded in the normal course, and there would not appear to be any regret for the dethroned family. It looks as if the Shah may succeed where Napoleon failed.

Portugal presents another form of dictatorship, and one that has conferred inestimable benefits upon the country, but there the future will be quite uncertain when the dictator, Senhor Salazar, is removed from the scene. At the moment he alone stands between Portugal and a relapse into the chaos which has marked so much of her recent history. From Aug. 21, 1911, the day when the Republican Constitution was proclaimed, to May 28, 1926, when the Nationalist revolution took place, there

were eight Presidents of the Republic, of whom one was assassinated, and forty-four Governments. During these fifteen years there were more than twenty revolutions and coups d'état, and there were 158 strikes. Terrorism was rampant, and from 1920 to 1925 no less than 325 bombs exploded in Lisbon alone, killing 38 people and injuring 137 others. On the constructive side all that was done was to pursue a policy of the most violent anti-clericalism and to send some very indifferent troops to co-operate with the Allies in France. From this abyss of degradation Salazar has raised his country to a position in which she is the envy of every Continental Power. He has balanced her budget; he has endowed her with a constitution in which geographical and occupational representation are admirably blended; he has reorganised her armed forces; and, last but by no means least, he has revived the national consciousness of her people. Nevertheless, as has been said, in present circumstances it is more than doubtful whether his work would survive if the regenerator of Portugal were suddenly struck down by death.

Fortunately there are indications that Salazar is aware of this danger, and that he is moving cautiously in the direction of a restoration of the monarchy as the only method of ensuring the survival of his reforms after his own death. He is, it is true, only fifty-one, but the lives of dictators are precarious, as he is too shrewd not to realise to the full. He has so contrived that the Constitution can be revised every five years, and it would be the simplest matter to insert the words 'King of Portugal and the Algarves' for 'President of the Portuguese Republic' wherever the latter phrase occurs, while the Duke of Braganza, the heir to the throne, would be quite content to return to Lisbon on such terms. As to Salazar's own views on the question of régime they can hardly be in doubt, if one may judge by the tribute he has paid to the memory of King Carlos and King Manuel. A restoration of the monarchy would add to the stability of Salazar's administration the blessing of continuity, and from the point of view of Great Britain, which is so vitally interested in the progress of events in Portugal, this is of the utmost importance, especially when taken in conjunction with the uncertain future of Spain.

Further East, in Turkey, is another dictator who is

also preoccupied with the problem of what will come after him. Kemal Attaturk is not an old man as statesmen go, for he is only fifty-seven, but he has never spared himself either in work or play, and there have recently been disquieting rumours about the state of his health. Like another great autocrat, he has always professed to act as *servus servorum*, and in this he differs from his Iranian contemporary, who, after a not dissimilar career, mounted the throne. It has often been asked why Kemal did not take the same step, and the answer is probably for fear of being misunderstood. The Shah of Iran is a national sovereign ruling over a relatively homogeneous people; the Ottoman Sultan was the ruler of a number of different races. Kemal might well have found it impossible to effect a Nationalist revolution had he personified an institution with cosmopolitan traditions, while to work through a member of the House of Osman had proved impossible, for the dynasty had sunk too low. On the other hand, by the line he took Kemal risked the continuity of his policy after his death. Whether or not he was right in his decision, time alone will show.

During the past sixteen years Kemal has transformed Turkey. Sultanate and Caliphate have been abolished; the sexes have been placed on an equal footing; the law has been revised and the language revolutionised; while a lay State has been created which its critics say is indistinguishable in essentials from the Russian. Men and women have been successfully coerced into abandoning their traditional attire. All this has been effected by means of a subservient Parliament, for Kemal is one of the few soldiers in the world's history who has been able to maintain his power without having recourse to a purely military dictatorship. That he has done this is due to Ismet, who has been with him from the beginning and is obviously marked out as his successor. All the same, the reorganisation of Turkey has been carried out from the top downwards, and it is doubtful if it has much popular backing. Such being the case, Kemal is assured of a capable successor, but it is by no means certain that, even so, his system will endure. There must also be taken into account the physical condition of the Turkish race, which has been gravely affected by syphilis for very many years. In these circumstances it may be said that Kemal

has the ideal heir in Ismet, always provided that the régime and the nation can maintain themselves.

The other modern dictatorships roughly conform to one or other of the foregoing types, and there is consequently no need to discuss them in a study of the present nature. The only exceptions are in the Balkans, where the kings are in the habit of governing through a dictator when the situation appears to demand it: the most notable example of this is to be found in Greece, where Metaxas is very literally the minister of King George II.

Hundreds of millions of people are to-day subject to dictatorial régimes of one sort or another, and the destinies of no inconsiderable proportion of the human race are in the hands of some half-dozen individuals. Thus, what is likely to happen when these individuals disappear is of the first importance to the world at large, and prophecy is rendered the more difficult by the fact that the phenomenon is new. Mankind has been governed by autocrats before (indeed, it has generally been so governed), but they have been autocrats ruling in virtue of a hereditary system; their heirs were known, and on the latter's character were based the hopes and fears of the nations. Never has so large a proportion of the population been subject to dictators as now. Furthermore, however absolute a hereditary monarch might be, he was subject to all sorts of traditional influences which made it possible to forecast his policy to some extent. None of this is true to-day. The dictators are a law unto themselves; their origin in many cases has endowed them with an outlook not usually to be found among the world's rulers in the past; and it is often impossible to do more than hazard a conjecture what will happen when they die. Never were the fortunes of humanity so dependent upon the caprice of a few great men as at the present time.

Nor is this all, for the mere fact that the dictators have neither heirs to follow nor Parliaments to check them is calculated to egg them on to achieve the maximum results in their own lifetime. A hereditary monarch can feel that his son or grandson will accomplish his work, while in a democracy the brake is always handy—perhaps too handy. The perpetual alarms and excursions of the last few years have been in no small measure due to the uncertainty of the dictators as to what will come after

them, and to their determination, often from the most sincerely patriotic motives, to do all they can for their respective countries while they are still alive and active.

Yet, when all is said and done, the dictator, like the mule, suffers from the weakness that he has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. In spite of the firmness of his rule and of the prosperity which he often brings to the country that he governs, there is a latent feeling of uncertainty, and speculation is always rife as to what will happen when he dies. While he is alive men are grateful to him for what he has done, but his heir has little claim on their gratitude and still less upon their respect. All human government rests in the last resort upon force, but dictatorship more so than most, and when the force begins to weaken it falls. To quote the late Jacques Bainville on dictatorships once again : ' Whether they be of the Right or of the Left, and they are usually the latter, they carry with them a large measure of uncertainty. It is desirable to be sparing of them ; desirable, that is, not to have need of them, or not to drift into them unwittingly.'

CHARLES PETRIE.

Art. 6.—LORD ESHER'S 'JOURNALS AND LETTERS.'

1. *Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher.* Edited by Maurice V. Brett and Oliver, Viscount Esher. 4 vols. Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 1934–1938.
2. *The Committee of Imperial Defence: Its Functions and Potentialities.* A Lecture by Viscount Esher. Murray, 1912.
3. *The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener.* By Reginald, Viscount Esher. Murray, 1921.
4. *Report of Royal Commission on the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments.* (Cd. 5979 of 1890.)
5. *Report of the Royal Commission on the War in South Africa.* (Cd. 1789 and 1790 of 1903.)
6. *Report of the War Office (Reconstitution) Committee.* (Cd. 1932 and 1968 of 1904.)
7. *Army Reform and other Addresses.* By Richard B. Haldane. Unwin, 1907.
8. *The Life of King Edward VII.* By Sir Sidney Lee. 2 vols. Macmillan, 1925–1927.

Few are the books, even if written by contemporary authorities, which can strictly be described as indispensable to the study of any particular period of history. Lord Esher's 'Journals and Letters' is one of them. It will assuredly take its place as an 'original authority' for the political history of the reigns of King Edward VII and King George V. The reason is plain. It is not that Lord Esher wrote anything or said anything that can be accepted as the 'last word.' Few if any contemporary authorities can be thus uncritically relied upon. On the contrary, every student will compare the statements of one contemporary with those of another: Clarendon's, for example, with Whitelocke's and May's; Cromwell's letters with the memoirs of Ludlow, and so on. That is the disciplinary value of historical study based upon original authorities. Lord Esher will take his place among contemporary 'sources' because, besides being an exceptionally clever and observant man, he had exceptional opportunities, which he did not neglect. The friend of Queen Victoria, he acted as the confidential adviser of

her son and her grandson, both in the strictest sense 'constitutional' Sovereigns who were bound to act, and did act, on the advice of official Ministers responsible not only to the Crown but to Parliament. That Lord Esher should have played that difficult part in difficult times, when the most delicate questions as to the respective rights of the King and his Ministers, the Crown and the other branches of the Legislature, were inevitably raised, and should have played it apparently without friction between himself and the seven men who acted successively as the chief constitutional advisers of the Sovereign, argues the possession of qualities as rare as they are valuable. Esher's intellectual gifts were certainly not superior to those of a Balfour or an Asquith, but he had a continuity of experience denied to any Prime Minister; he possessed a considerable—though not exceptional—measure of constitutional lore; he had great knowledge of the world; a judicial mind, and consummate tact.

Disinterestedness is a quality in public men (as Macaulay observed of Pitt) which everybody can understand and appreciate. It was common knowledge that Lord Esher, though not without ambition, had no desire for office or for the emoluments and patronage appertaining thereto. 'My career has been, in the ordinary sense of language, personal and obscure. From early days I decided, whether wisely or unwisely, that such poor gifts with which my ancestors, under God's care, had endowed me were better suited to a guarded life. . . . I have never desired and I do not desire publicity of any kind.' Those are the words with which this voluminous work concludes. They furnish the clue to an exceptional if not absolutely unique career. Has any other man ever refused so many great offices as did Lord Esher? He was offered a Secretaryship of State and in the Department most closely connected with his life-work; but though offered to him by his life-long friend Mr Balfour, and though he risked and incurred the deep displeasure of the King by refusing it, refuse it he did. That was in 1903. In December 1905 John Morley, doubtless with authority, asked him if he would accept the same office. His own comment on the matter is characteristic. 'This is ludicrous. To have an offer from one Prime Minister and a feeler from the other side is an adventure almost

unparalleled. And how silly these politicians are.' He refused the Governorship of Cape Colony and the Viceroyalty of India. He refused two important editorships; and he refused to join the Board of Management of 'The Times'; and he refused to write the official 'Life' of Disraeli. He refused (when it was first offered) the G.C.B., lest acceptance might impair his position of complete party independence on the Committee of Imperial Defence, and he refused an earldom. To mention his refusal of minor political offices would after this enumeration be to incur the risk of bathos. But even more clearly indicative of the bent of his ambitions than his refusals were the positions he consented to fill. From 1895 to 1902 he was Secretary to H.M. Office of Works; in 1901 he became Honorary Secretary to the Committee for the Queen Victoria Memorial, as well as Lieutenant and Deputy-Governor of Windsor Castle; in 1906 Royal Trustee to the British Museum; in 1910 Chairman of the Board of Management of the Exhibition of 1851; Trustee of the London Museum, created on his suggestion, in 1911; and Governor of Windsor Castle in 1928. All these positions were congenial to a man whose ambition it was to render personal service to the Sovereign. Had Lord Esher filled no others, men might have said (as indeed some did say) that he was a mere courtier. To the appointments which enabled him to promote the efficiency of the Military Forces of the Crown and to make more secure the defence of the Empire detailed reference must be made later on. But outside politics and the Court he had many other interests. He was a lover of music and the drama: equally enraptured by Handel's oratorios, by Joachim's playing of Beethoven quartets, and Lily Elsie's acting in 'The Merry Widow,' which he witnessed at least twenty times. He was a Director of the Opera, a Trustee of the Wallace Collection, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British School at Rome; and into the duties thus imposed upon him he flung himself with an ardour hardly surpassed by that exhibited in positions of even greater importance and responsibility.

Is the explanation of his catholicity to be found in his blood? William Baliol Brett, Reginald's father, was descended from the Scottish Baliols and crowned a successful career as a lawyer by the Mastership of the Rolls

and a seat in the House of Lords. Reginald's mother was an Alsatian, a beautiful and attractive woman to whom the great lawyer had given his whole heart. Those who would penetrate the secret of Reginald Brett's personality will find it worth while to glance at Mr Dudley Ward's 'A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.' The 'Romance' was the love-match between the ambitious young lawyer and Eugénie Mayer, a Frenchwoman by birth and the step-daughter of an English soldier, Colonel Gurwood, who lives in literary history as the editor of Wellington's dispatches. Passionate love-letters should, as a rule, be carefully guarded from the eyes of all except the principals. But if any exceptions be permitted William Brett's may be among them, if only for the light they throw upon the lovable character of the son of a particularly happy marriage. Equally happy was the home life of Reginald Brett himself. In 1879 he married Eleanor, the youngest daughter of Monsieur Sylvain Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister at the Court of St James. The latter was a friend of Queen Victoria and had in his earlier days played a leading part in placing her uncle Leopold on the Belgian throne. He had also been one of the signatories of the famous Treaty (1839) whose terms Great Britain honoured and Germany repudiated as a mere 'scrap of paper' in August 1914. Sir Eyre Crowe did indeed point out, in a masterly memorandum prepared in 1912 for Sir Edward Grey, that the 'neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed not because it was a Belgian interest, but because it was an interest of the guaranteeing Powers.' But to discuss that interesting point would be beyond the scope of the present paper. Reference to Belgium is permissible only because his Belgian marriage cemented Reginald Brett's Continental connections, already established through his French mother.

Reginald Brett, then, started life with every advantage; and those advantages he improved at Eton and Trinity, where he made many useful friendships which he retained throughout his life. The first Lord Esher had been Solicitor-General in Disraeli's first Ministry (1868). The son, however, attached himself, though loosely, to the Liberal Party, and in 1878 his friends Lord Ripon and Sir William Harcourt recommended him to their leader, Lord Hartington, as Private Secretary. Characteris-

tically he hesitated to accept the post, but was encouraged to do so by his Cambridge friend and contemporary Albert (fourth Earl) Grey, in a letter (Vol. I, p. 44) which an unfriendly critic might describe as superbly priggish. It is less priggish, however, than several of Brett's own comments (confided only, be it said, to his 'Journal'). Thus on Mr Gladstone's reported retirement he wrote: 'It is hardly conceivable that a man of such headstrong passions, uncontrollable temper, and patriotic zeal should relinquish the idea of dying in harness like the Homeric heroes of whom he is so fond.' That was at nineteen. At twenty-two he wrote of Lord Coleridge, then Chief Justice of Common Pleas: 'Upon the whole I should say he is not fitted for his position. He is too critical to be plain, and so is misunderstood; he is too eloquent to be to the point, and so wastes time; and he is too uncertain of the law to be decisive, and these are qualities and deficiencies which will prevent him becoming a great judge.' The truth is that nearly all clever young men are prigs, but if, like Brett, they are able as well as clever, they quickly outgrow a disease of adolescence. Reginald Brett soon lost all trace of it—unless, indeed, his preference for private influence to the public exercise of power be a lingering symptom of his youthful disorder.

He remained in Lord Hartington's service from 1878 until the Liberals resigned in 1885. Brett himself was returned as Liberal M.P. for Penrhyn and Falmouth in 1880, and in that year went with his chief to the India Office. In December 1882 Lord Hartington was transferred to the War Office. Brett accompanied him, and was thus initiated into a study of the problems which thenceforward supplied the absorbing interest of his public life. That life was not, however, passed in the House of Commons. After his defeat in 1885 he never attempted to re-enter it. He was probably wise. On his father's death in 1899 he took his place in the House of Lords—an Assembly to which his talents were evidently better suited. For Lord Esher was (if it is permissible to mix languages) 'senator *φύδει*'—a born senator. That he would have been a success in the House of Commons is probable, but, as Sir Charles Harris truly says, his 'dislike of the dust of the arena outweighed his liking

for power.' Consequently, it was fortunate for him that 'his association with the royal family pointed a way to the power without the dust and justified him in recording, when refusing the Viceroyalty, that, with his opportunity of influencing vital decisions at the centre, India for him "would be (it sounds vain, but it isn't) parochial." This influence (adds Sir Charles) he exercised behind a curtain.'

As regards influence, the curtain was doubtless indispensable: but Lord Esher also did most valuable work in public. That is pre-eminently true of the contribution he made to the solution of the problem of Imperial and National Defence. Lord Esher was no von Roon or von Moltke; he was not like Carnot, a great strategist; but he was deeply interested in organisation and machinery; and if Great Britain was in any degree prepared for a land war in 1914, Lord Esher must share (if unequally) with Lord Haldane the credit for her preparedness.

Lord Esher's attention was first directed to the problem of Army Reform when he was at the War Office under Lord Hartington. But the mind of his chief was naturally preoccupied during the Gladstone administration with other matters of more pressing importance, in particular with Ireland and with Egypt. Egypt had been occupied after the bombardment of Alexandria and the suppression of Arabi's rebellion in 1882. The British occupation, announced as merely temporary, was destined to last for half a century, and in the meantime gave rise to a series of complications: to the Mahdist movement in the Soudan, to Gordon's mission and his heroic death at Khartoum, to the expedition under Lord Wolseley and the abandonment of the Soudan. The immediate responsibility for dealing with these matters was primarily Lord Hartington's, but there are few references to them in his Private Secretary's 'Journals and Letters.' Brett's most interesting correspondence on the Gordon affair was, curiously enough, with W. T. Stead. His reticence may perhaps be explained by the sentence with which he concludes a letter to his chief on Feb. 5, 1885: 'I am very sorry for you, a feeling which will not be universally extended to your colleagues.' Henceforward Brett, whatever else he might become, was never a Gladstonian.

Nor, indeed, was his chief, who in 1886 became leader of the Liberal Unionists in opposition to the Gladstonian Home Rulers. In 1888 Lord Hartington accepted the Chairmanship of a Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments. It was, however, upon the War Office that its attention was concentrated. None too soon. The administration of the Army was hopelessly antiquated. Ever since the Crimean War the Queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, had been Commander-in-Chief, and in his hands the whole administration of Army affairs was concentrated. The Hartington Commission recommended that on the Duke's retirement the system should be reorganised. To that end a number of detailed suggestions were made, but little if anything was done to give effect to them until the Esher Committee, more than ten years later, forced them upon a Government chastened by the painful experiences of the South African war. Writing to King Edward at the time (July 11, 1903) Lord Esher expressed his conviction that if the Report of the Hartington Commission had been seriously considered by the Government, and had been acted upon, thousands of lives and an expenditure of 10,000,000*l.* would have been saved.

As things were, all reforms were held up until the old Duke of Cambridge could be persuaded to resign. Persuasion took effect in 1895, and Lord Wolseley was appointed to succeed him. Queen Victoria had set her heart on the appointment of the Duke of Connaught and was deeply annoyed that Lord Wolseley was preferred to him. Nor was the preference justified by results. Lord Wolseley was dissatisfied with his position, complaining that he was only a vice-chairman of a debating society. Consequently little was done to carry out the reforms recommended by the Hartington Commission, and when in 1899 the South African war broke out the Army was found unready for it. The disasters that ensued were, as the subsequent enquiry proved, largely due to the lack of a directing brain at the War Office. Hardly was the South African war ended by the Treaty of Vereeniging (May 31, 1901) when a Royal Commission was appointed (1902) to enquire into the conduct of it. Of this (Elgin) Commission Esher was an active member. He had, in

the same year, retired with a K.C.B. from the Office of Works, where his administrative ability had been conspicuously shown by his contribution to the brilliant success of the Diamond Jubilee (1897), as well as to the ordering of Queen Victoria's funeral, and to the Coronation of her son.

During the sittings of the South African War Commission, Lord Esher made an almost daily report to King Edward, summarising the evidence of the principal witnesses ('J. and L.' I, 355-419). Lord Kitchener's, he writes (Oct. 14), 'was most valuable and he showed himself to be a man of great penetration, decision, and organising power.' No wonder then that Lord Esher characterised as 'astonishing' the fact that Lord Kitchener had never since his return from Africa been asked by the War Office to formulate his views as to the proper remedies for the palpable defects in the Army system revealed by the recent war. Sir Evelyn Wood 'repudiated all responsibility for preparations for war in South Africa,' and 'like all the officers hitherto examined' put all the blame on the civilians in the War Office. Privately he told the Commission that he was 'whipping boy' between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley (I, 358). General Kelly Kenny's evidence 'led up to the only conclusion possible, that the country will have to choose between an enormous expenditure lavished on an imperfect instrument and some form of compulsory service.' Needless to say that it was the latter alternative which from first to last commended itself to Lord Esher. Nor had he any difficulty in eliciting from Lord Roberts the opinion that 'unless some remedy (for the lack of training betrayed by the militia and volunteers) is forthcoming there will remain no option but compulsory service for home defence.' Both Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts complained of the powerlessness of the Commander-in-Chief, even in matters of purely military organisation. Nothing perhaps so much startled the Commission (and subsequently the public) as the revelation that Sir Redvers Buller had been allowed to go out to South Africa without any instructions as to the plan of campaign or any information about the policy of the Government. He had had no interview either with the Prime Minister or the Colonial Secretary; he never even attended an

'Army Board' at the War Office, and only infrequently saw the Secretary of State for War!

It is interesting to note that of the younger officers called before the Commission it was Colonel Haig who most impressed it. 'A very fine type of officer, practical, firm, and thoughtful, thoroughly experienced not only in war, but in military history.' Such was Esher's estimate, in 1903, of the man with whom from 1905 onwards he kept up a frequent correspondence, and to whose fine character and splendid service to his King and Country he bears, throughout three long volumes, constant testimony. Of many subsequent letters to the King the only one of permanent interest is that which summarises Lord Lansdowne's very frank and decidedly perturbing evidence. Admitting the lack of preparations during the year 1899, Lord Lansdowne insisted that it was deliberate, being due to the anxiety of the Government to avoid taking any step which could be construed by the Boers as a hostile act. None the less Lord Lansdowne's evidence revealed with painful clearness the complete disorganisation of the Office over which he presided. The Report was published with praiseworthy celerity on August 26, 1903, and the words of a contemporary chronicler do not exaggerate the sensation it caused: 'The country was startled and almost horrified.' No wonder. The indictment both of the political and of the military authorities, sustained in every detail by the evidence of the culprits, was, though framed with studious moderation, exceedingly grave. The main Report, indeed, did little more than summarise that evidence; but in a separate Report to which two colleagues assented Lord Esher strongly recommended the creation of an Army Board on the lines of the Board of Admiralty.

The King and Mr Balfour urged Lord Esher to take office as Secretary of State and carry out his own recommendations. But despite the strongly expressed wishes of the King, and to his deep displeasure, Esher refused. He agreed, however, to be chairman of a Committee of three to *carry out* (the italics were his own) the reform of the War Office. With his colleagues Sir John (Lord) Fisher and Sir George Clarke (afterwards Lord Sydenham of Combe) he got quickly to work, and on Jan. 11, 1904, they published their preliminary recommendations: the

appointment of an Army Council or Board on the lines of the Board of Admiralty and the substitution of an Inspector-General of the Forces for the Commander-in-Chief. Not until those recommendations were adopted would the Committee proceed with its work. Adopted they were. On Feb. 6 the new Army Council was formally constituted; on the 18th Lord Roberts retired, and an Inspector-General took over such functions of the Commander-in-Chief as were not entrusted to the military members of the Army Council. Parts II and III of the Report of the Esher Committee followed quickly upon the acceptance of Part I. There was to be a permanent Secretariat, with a small 'Department' attached thereto, for the Committee of Imperial Defence, and a General Staff at the War Office. The Committee dissolved itself, amid general felicitations, on May 12. In the following year (1905) Esher became a permanent member of the Committee of Imperial Defence; he cordially supported Lord Haldane's schemes for army reform, as well as Lord Fisher's proposals for a stronger Navy, and from 1909 to 1921 he himself served as Chairman, and later as President, of the London County Territorial Force Association. In all these positions Lord Esher did admirable work; best of all, perhaps, in the Committee of Imperial Defence. In 1904 Mr Balfour reconstituted that body on the lines suggested by Lord Esher. During the preceding decade the Committee had had an uncertain and nebulous existence as the Defence Committee of the Cabinet. But with the help of Sir George Clarke, who acted as Secretary to the Committee from 1904 to 1907, Mr Balfour gave it an important and regular place in the Imperial economy. Incidentally, when in the Great War the need arose for a Cabinet Secretariat, the Committee supplied the Cabinet with an incomparable Secretary in the person of Sir Maurice Hankey. Meanwhile, Lord Esher never ceased to urge that the Committee should justify its Imperial title by calling into council representatives of the Dominions. In 1912 he even expressed the hope that some day the great Dominions would send annually their representatives to sit upon the Committee—perhaps each July—and that 'thus a long step might be taken towards that federation of the Empire which has been the dream of patriots here and overseas.' That dream faded, but the

Committee of Imperial Defence has ever since sought and obtained the advice of representatives of the Dominions.

That the hopelessly disorganised War Office of 1899 was transformed into the highly efficient machine of 1914 was largely due to Lord Esher and his carefully devised scheme of reform. That was, indeed, his most definite and constructive achievement. Yet it is doubtful whether it is Lord Esher's work for the War Office which will strike readers of his 'Journals and Letters' as most characteristic of the man and as constituting his peculiar contribution to the politics of his day. The part which he played in the political history of the reigns of Edward VII and George V is abundantly illustrated in these volumes. There is no concealment in the matter, yet his actual position is not easily defined. As we have seen, he never held Cabinet office; but undoubtedly he gave 'confidential' advice on political questions to the Sovereign. He was never attached, in an official position, to the Court; yet he was in constant contact with the King. More than one of Lord Esher's constitutional memoranda recall similar lectures from Baron Stockmar, but Lord Esher was never Private Secretary to the Sovereign. Nor, indeed, was Stockmar. If Esher had occupied that difficult position and had written to a master as in fact he did write to a friend, it is certain that his conduct, if known or suspected, would have raised a storm not less violent than that which in 1812 had raged round the appointment of Colonel McMahon as Private Secretary to the Prince Regent.

Not that Esher's memoranda were unsound in substance or indiscreet in form. Quite otherwise; and the student of constitutional history will be well advised to refer to them. They touch a vast variety of topics, some lightly and casually, others elaborately, giving evidence of careful preparation. The relations between the politicians and the soldiers; ministerial responsibility (ought it to be collective or individual?); the position of judges in the House of Lords; the increasing power of the Prince Consort in 1859, and the probability of friction between him and Ministers; the form of King Edward's Coronation Oath; Gladstone's correction of Esher's error about the 'Headship' of the Church; to these and

many like matters the references, though not unimportant, are hardly more than casual. Much more elaborate are the discussion of such questions as the correct relations between the Crown and its constitutional advisers; the extent and limits of the Prerogative; the attitude of the Sovereign towards dissolutions of Parliament; towards changes of Government, and so forth. There were, indeed, in the critical years between 1906 and 1914 two questions that specially engaged the attention of this unofficial adviser of the Crown. One was the position of the House of Lords, the other was the government of Ireland.

From the time when (1906) the House of Lords entered upon its conflict with the House of Commons—rejecting some of the Bills proposed by the Liberal Government and emasculating others—down to the passing of the Parliament Act (1911), Lord Esher kept the King regularly informed of the progress of the quarrel, supplying him not merely with the sort of information he could get from his Ministers and from the newspapers, but with news of much that went on behind the scenes and was known only to the privileged few. Especially illuminating were Lord Esher's comments on the demand made by Ministers that the King should create or promise to create peers in order to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords. In January 1910 he wrote: 'there has not been for years so dangerous a political crisis' bringing England nearer a revolution (than at any time) since 1688. Mr Balfour, it seems, was confident that, if the dilemma in which Mr Asquith had involved the King were publicly exposed, the King would be supported by the country—and even more certainly by the Empire. 'Our people overseas do not care a rush for Asquith or me. They hardly know our names. For them the symbol of the Empire is the King. Hands laid on the Sovereign would mean the disruption of the Empire.' That shrewd judgment was expressed to Lord Esher by Mr Balfour in November 1909 and it projects an interesting light upon the famous passage which was drafted by Balfour, and inserted in the Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926 and was reproduced in the Preamble to the Statute of Westminster. Most tenaciously did Mr Balfour adhere to the view that the only real and effective tie between the units of the British Commonwealth of Nations was the 'golden

link of the Crown.' That view was corroborated in December 1936.

To return to the constitutional crisis. Of many comments on the constitutional relations of the Crown and its Ministers, perhaps the most illuminating are contained in the memoranda submitted to King Edward through Lord Knollys in 1905 (Vol. II, pp. 103-106), and carefully to be compared with these are the memoranda prepared by Lord Esher (many of them for Mr Balfour) in connection with the Constitutional Conference of 1910. The Conference, to the regret of the new King, came to nothing. Had it resulted, as Mr Lloyd George hoped it might, in the formation of a National Government, the events of the next few years might have taken an entirely different course. As it was, the Home Rule Bill was, with the aid of the Parliament Act, passed into law—but not until Ireland had been brought to the verge of rebellion and Europe had been plunged into war. Meanwhile, both parties had tried (in Esher's words) 'to get the King to pull their chestnuts out of the fire' for them: the Liberals by extorting from him a hypothetical promise to swamp (if necessary) the House of Lords; the Tories by persuading him to force a dissolution either by dismissing the Liberal Ministry or by announcing at once that he would not assent to the Home Rule Bill without one. The two greatest constitutional lawyers of the day, Professor Dicey and Sir William Anson, advised that the King in so acting would be strictly within his constitutional rights. Esher, however, believed, as did others, that any such action would endanger the Monarchy, and begged Balfour to apply his 'constitution lore' to avert-
ing that catastrophe.

That catastrophe was averted by another. During the first two years of the Great War Esher did useful work in connection with the French Red Cross and also as an unofficial intermediary between the English War Office and the French generals and politicians; between the English politicians and Lord Kitchener; between Lord Kitchener and Sir John French; and between French and Joffre. The need for such an intermediary throws a lurid light upon the conditions under which the war was fought. It is doubtful, however, whether the importance of the services rendered by this particular intermediary was not

somewhat overrated by himself. That doubt does not, indeed, diminish the value of the sidelights thrown upon persons and events in his 'Journals and Letters.' Nevertheless, by November 1915 Esher himself realised that his opportunities for useful service in France were at an end. 'I strongly suspect,' he wrote to Lord Stamfordham (Nov. 10), 'that any work I have been able to do here is accomplished or finally left undone.' He was right. Lord Esher's work in France was done. In his judgment Lord Kitchener's work for the Empire was also accomplished when in June 1916 the great soldier went down in the 'Hampshire': 'His death, the manner of it though not the season, no one who cared for him could regret. It has sealed his fame.' So Esher wrote to Lord Stamfordham on June 8. In the same letter he wrote: 'you know my real feeling for Kitchener, and I resent the secret satisfaction of those who depreciated and tried to trip him up.'

Lord Kitchener's friends are apt to say that among those who did most to depreciate him was Lord Esher himself. In 1921 the latter published a book 'The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener.' It roused among Kitchener's friends and admirers the bitterest resentment and indignation. The title was a mistake; perhaps the book itself was a mistake. So thought Lord Birkenhead, by whom it was subjected to a merciless analysis. 'Condescending patronage'; 'disparagement conveyed with indulgent regret'; 'a recurrent thread of almost contemptuous depreciation'—such are some of Lord Birkenhead's biting phrases. By those who knew and loved Lord Kitchener, Lord Esher will never be forgiven. Was 'Tragedy,' they asked, the word to associate with the man who, on the author's own showing, had saved the British Empire? Was it fitting, even if it was accurate, to depict Kitchener as an Ajax caught in the toils of a political system which he could not comprehend and which marred his handiwork? That his position in the Cabinet was irksome, indeed hateful, to Kitchener is frankly admitted. That he was utterly inexperienced in the ways of politicians, and that politicians exasperated him, is true. That he was shy and awkward among his Cabinet colleagues, obstinately silent at one moment, confusedly garrulous at another, is admitted. That he was

apt to concentrate all activities in a single hand and brain cannot be denied. Yet if Esher instead of writing 'The Tragedy' had allowed posterity to judge his attitude towards Kitchener solely from the 'Journals and Letters' it may be surmised that there would have been little of which even fervent admirers could complain. 'You have been handicapped and at times foiled by having to adapt your comparatively small military forces to the requirements of France on the one hand and the demands of your colleagues on the other. . . . The supreme direction of the war has never been in your hands.' So Esher wrote to Kitchener on Jan. 23, 1916. 'The real crux now is to erect a barbed-wire entanglement round the fortress held by Kitchener, Robertson, and the Commander-in-Chief (Haig).' That was written to a correspondent on Feb. 5, and two days later Esher wrote to Sir William Robertson himself, 'I am certain that with his weakness and ignorance of much that it is important to know about our people, Kitchener is a purer minded man, a more disinterested Secretary of State, and a more satisfactory head for the War Office, with you as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, than any possible successor' (IV, 11). Could any appreciation be more just or more emphatic?

It is, however, with Lord Esher, not with Lord Kitchener, that this article is concerned. To the vast majority of his countrymen Lord Esher was unknown. His name means nothing to them. By the few who did know him he was very variously estimated. All recognised his outstanding ability; but some held that he used his brilliant gifts in a rather ignoble way; that he was a high-class retailer of gossip; a back-stairs intriguer; ambitious of power, but a shirker of responsibility; a fine critic, but an indifferent executant; an admirer of the arts and artists, but himself essentially a dilettante; prone to bask in the sunshine of royal favour, but too fastidious to allow himself to be involved in the dust and turmoil of parliamentary life and party conflict.

Readers of these volumes will find it easy to understand how such accusations could be made, but will repel them as fundamentally unfair. They will see in Lord Esher the type of man who, though anxious to mingle in great affairs, genuinely shrinks from publicity; who, with a flair for organisation, is impatient of official

routine ; who seeks influence in preference to power, and uses that influence with a single eye to the good of his country and the honour of his Sovereign. No one can read these intimate and self-revealing volumes without coming to the conclusion that here was a man of rare gifts but peculiar temperament, a wise, well-informed, and level-headed counsellor of Kings and statesmen ; a genuine patriot and an ardent Imperialist.

Nor will they forget that gratitude is due to the sons who have admitted them to intimacy with an adored father, and have allowed the many to profit by the wide experience and ripe wisdom whose fruits in his life-time Lord Esher reserved for the few.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Art. 7.—THE CIVIL AIR GUARD.

THE title 'Civil Air Guard' is not altogether a happy one. Our 'air guard' in this country is the Royal Air Force, including, on embodiment, the Auxiliary Air Force and the Reserve of all classes. 'Civil air guard' ought to be a civil counterpart of it, a force behind a force, a *levée-en-masse* of the nation in the air, a twentieth-century, therefore aerial, incarnation of the ancient train-band of citizen defenders of their soil, a shadow of, or possible substitute in the last resort (cf. 'shadow cabinet') for, the professional air guard. Actually, it hardly means that, but it can be called a 'shadow guard' in another sense without an undue straining of analogy.

The 'shadow factories' we had already. They were the nation's war potential mobilised on the mechanical side of aeronautics. The Civil Air Guard is, in a sense, that potential organised on the human side. Mr Punch has welcomed it by portraying John Bull, his wife, and all the little Bulls taking to the air like butterflies—or perhaps flying ants, which sting. As in the shadow factories the motor industry of this country was set to the task of turning out in vast quantities the aeronautical material which will be wanted in a national emergency, so in the new scheme the light aeroplane clubs have been assigned a corresponding task. They have been asked to produce 'a body of men and women physically fit, with a knowledge of flying, and pledged to give their services at once in any state of national emergency arising from war or the threat of war, to the Royal Air Force or in any other direction concerned with aviation for which their services are wanted.'

Neither the motor firms nor the clubs had been entrusted by the State with this particular kind of work before. Both were called in to increase the output of the ordinary contractors to the Air Ministry—the regular airframe and engine constructors and the civil flying schools (who now train the Volunteer Reserve pilots as well as entrants on short service commissions). A new source of supply was tapped in each case. In each a sort of mass production—not true mass production, for that is possible neither with machines nor pilots—was improvised. In both schemes, apart from the ostensible purpose, one

cannot doubt that the underlying motive has largely been—and very properly—to impress the world with Britain's determination to be strong in the air. In the sober official pronouncements about each scheme one seems to catch an echo of that old slogan of our grandfathers about our having the ships, the men, and the money for all emergencies. There is nothing, however, of lyrical jingoism in our preparations to-day. They are the natural and necessary rejoinder to goose-stepping in the air elsewhere.

The analogy between the two kinds of 'shadows' would be more exact if the Civil Air Guard were a war reserve. Actually, the members of the Guard are not to be in the reserve. 'Membership of the Civil Air Guard,' it is stated in the official announcement, 'will be open to any person between 18 and 50 years of age, irrespective of sex, provided that the member has no reserve liability.' This particular provision has been, indeed, a grievance to some ex-airmen already in the Reserve; their fathers and mothers, they point out, will be able to learn to fly cheaply, whereas they are themselves barred. Nevertheless, it is a fair assumption that individual members of the Guard who are suitable and physically fit for the Air Force will be accepted for it when war comes.

If the title were a true description, if the Civil Air Guard were indeed a force behind a force and were to be used as such in war, what a boon it would be to the authors of film scenarios! The story might be either heroic-romantic or patriotic-tragic. The subject might be the Civil Guard throwing itself into the fray at a moment when the Royal Air Force was hard pressed by the invading bombers and long-range fighters. The heroine—for there would be women in the Guard—would shoot down the enemy airman who had got on the tail of the hero—her fiancé—and was pouring lead into his machine. Here, at any rate, would be a ready means of providing the love interest for a tale of war in the air; and if the whole story was full of absurdities and improbabilities, would that be anything new in a sensational film?

Or the story might be tragedy with a core of propaganda. It would tell of a gallant fight against odds by the Civil Air Guard and of the capture of the hero—or

perhaps heroine ; of his (or her) being summarily tried for taking part, though a civilian, in hostilities ; and of an execution in the grey dawn. The lesson would be that of 'An Englishman's Home,' the play which became an enormous success a few years before the Great War and in which the civilian hero is shot on capture for defending his home. The British cinema fan is as strange a creature as the theatre-goer, and the film might be as great a box-office triumph as the play was then. Actually, the circumstances in which any such harrowing event could occur are not in the least likely to exist. It is inconceivable that a member of the Civil Air Guard, as such, would be detailed for warlike duties. Only a military aircraft, so marked and in charge of a commissioned or enlisted pilot, may be so employed.

In the announcement by the Air Ministry it was stated that the authorities would be under no obligation to employ members of the Guard exclusively for piloting in a national emergency, and if any are employed in an actively military rôle they will first have been transferred, it can probably be assumed, to the Royal Air Force. Their combatant status will then be fully assured. The position of those who are employed on ground duties only will not be open to challenge. It seems, however, that some members of the Guard may possibly be employed, still in their civilian capacity, on flying duties that will not involve warlike encounter—for instance, on communication services. If they are, one must confess to entertaining some doubts about the wisdom of this particular element of the scheme.

In an article on 'Private Flying' in 'Flight' for Aug. 4, 1938, the writer, 'Indicator,' said : 'Regretfully I plead guilty to a feeling of cynicism about the ultimate value of these Guardsmen and Guardswomen.' One wonders, indeed, whether their presence will be altogether welcome at the Royal Air Force stations at which, it is to be presumed, they will be employed on communication work. The amateur flyer is apt to be mistrusted in the air by the professional. It is not so much on that score, however, or because, as some correspondents have suggested in 'The Times,' the air may become congested and the noise unbearable when the scheme is in full operation, that the present writer ventures to criticise it. His

doubts relate to one feature only of the scheme, and that is the association which it establishes between civil and military flying.

We have had of late a reminder of the perils to which civil aircraft are subject in a country where warlike operations are in progress. An air liner of the China National Aviation Corporation was forced down by Japanese military aircraft on Aug. 24, 1938, and fourteen lives were lost. Incidents of this kind are likely to be the more common the more indistinct the line of demarcation becomes between military and civil aviation. They will be excused the more easily if it can be alleged that civil aircraft are notoriously engaged on duties which are of a *quasi*-military kind, or, at any rate, bring them into close relation with Service aircraft.

Any blurring of the distinction between the two categories of aviation may have an adverse reaction, too, upon the development of air communication in peace. Civil air transport can never flourish until the air frontiers of Europe, indeed, of all States, are more open than they are to-day. We in this country know to our cost the difficulties which may be encountered when a State wishes to establish an air service through other States' dominions. The freedom of the air is still far from a reality. The principle of national sovereignty over the air was affirmed in the Air Navigation Convention of 1919, but a right of innocent passage was granted to the private aircraft of the contracting States. That right is subject, however, to the necessity for obtaining the subjacent States' consent to the establishing of a regular air service. The consent may be refused, and has been refused, at the unfettered discretion of any subjacent State.

The reason why international air transport is thus subjected to harassing restrictions is, partly at least, that commercial aviation is regarded, not without reason, as a *semi*-State undertaking and, indeed, in some instances as a kind of auxiliary of military aviation. Air transport is generally subsidised, and the aircraft engaged in it are sometimes so constructed as to be readily convertible into military aircraft. Douglas air liners have been used as bombers in Spain. The German bombers sent to that country have been largely Junkers 52's, only slightly modified from the type used by the Lufthansa. Further,

the pilots who fly the air liners may be officers of the air reserve of their country. The wireless operators and mechanics may be reservists. Naturally, civil air transport tends to be suspected in foreign States.

The development of international air transport, and, indeed, of all civil flying outside national frontiers, depends on the loosening of the link between civil and military aviation. Apart from the political reasons, commercial performance and efficiency cannot reach the optimum so long as transport machines are built with an eye to possible use in war. That the separation was particularly necessary in the sphere of administration was recognised before our air expansion began in 1935. Lord Gorell's Committee on Control of Private Flying, which reported in April 1934, expressed misgiving about the association of the two great branches of aviation and made certain recommendations 'for the purpose of removing . . . the cause of criticism that the administration of civil flying suffers from preponderating military influence and methods.' The Committee looked forward to the ultimate divorce of civil and military administration as 'inevitable.'

Since the report appeared the international situation has changed. Defence needs have become paramount. The question is whether the development which the Committee contemplated—and their report was accepted by the Government in 1934—need in fact be interrupted because of defence reasons. It is something more than a check to that development—it is rather a definite regression—when within the Civil Aviation Directorate there is established a section administering a body whose *raison d'être* is primarily to be useful to the Royal Air Force in war or apprehended war.

The connection thus established between civil and military aviation is accentuated when the assistance is given in the air—for instance, in taking over the communication work normally done by the Air Force. If and in so far as the scheme contemplates the employment of members of the Guard, still as civilians, upon flying duties which will be of direct assistance to the Royal Air Force, it introduces a new and more direct relation between the two great branches of aviation than any that has hitherto existed in this country. In strict logic it might be held, no doubt, that that relation is established by the employ-

ment of the Guard on non-flying duties of an auxiliary nature also. There is, however, a practical distinction between ground and flying work; it is, from another angle, the distinction already recognised between munition making, in which civilians are employed, and combatant work, which is the reserved domain of the uniformed personnel of the naval, military, and air services.

'*Salus reipublicae suprema lex.*' For the present we must think solely in terms of the nation's safety in war. When our present troubles are past, however, we should be well advised to return to the policy of separation which the Government approved in 1934. Meanwhile something could be done to remove what may be a future embarrassment from the scheme by making it clear that there is no intention to use the Civil Air Guard, as such, in war for flying duties that have any relation to the work of the Royal Air Force, and that if individual members are to be so employed they will first be enlisted or commissioned in the Royal Air Force. It will then be less possible for the suggestion to be made at a later date that there has been anything in the nature of the 'militarisation' of civil aviation in this country. The fact that special care had been taken to avoid taking any action 'which might have the effect of "militarising" the subsidised light aeroplane clubs' was emphasised in the Secretary of State's memorandum of July 15, 1934, on the Gorell Committee's Report (Cmd. 4654). That sound principle should be maintained.

The scheme for the Civil Air Guard is most cordially to be welcomed in so far as its effect will be to make the country 'air-minded.' Its becoming 'air-minded,' however, is important because of the resulting popularisation of air travel and transport. That is the long-term aim. It ought not to be wholly lost sight of in our preoccupation with the short-term aim, which is to make this country particularly strong in the air for the next few years; after which, it is to be hoped, Europe may become sane and agree to some limitation of air armaments. The short-term aim is an absolutely essential one. All that is suggested here is that the long-term aim should be given such attention as is practicable without detriment to the attainment of the other.

J. M. SPAIGHT.

Art. 8.—ALBANIA AND THE BRITISH MISSION.

WITH the return to England in September of the small band of British ex-Army officers, who have, some of them for the past twelve years, been acting as advisers to the Albanian gendarmerie, there ends an adventurous and little-known chapter in the development of one of Europe's young nations. When, in 1926, Major-General Sir Jocelyn Percy was asked by Zogu, then President of the Albanian Republic, to undertake the complete reorganisation of the police force, he was faced by a formidable and arduous task. He leaves the country with the knowledge that he has attained success against great odds ; that he, and the British officers who helped him, have gained the respect and warm friendship of Albanians, from the King down ; that British prestige, largely as a result of their work and personal qualities, has reached a high level.

When Sir Jocelyn decided to undertake this venture his was already a long and distinguished career. Active service in the Waziristan and Chitral campaigns of the 'nineties and in the South African War was a prelude to work on the General Staff. During the Great War he was Chief of Staff of General Plumer's Second Army, and later he served on the General Staff of the Army of the Rhine. After Commanding the British Mission to General Wrangel in South Russia, Sir Jocelyn retired in 1920. There followed a sojourn in British Columbia, where he ran his own apple ranch. Then came the opportunity of going to Albania. It was a prospect which might have given pause to the most energetic. A little-known country, wild, comfortless, isolated ; its existence as a nation dating from 1912 ; its law in many parts still that of the rifle ; its political situation, internal and external, often during the post-War years precarious ; its gendarmerie ill-disciplined, ill-armed, corrupt.

General Percy was later joined by seven British ex-officers. Most of them had had experience in the arid, testing wars of the Indian North-West Frontier. They knew how to deal with the men of the mountains, who have, in all parts of the world, something of the same virtues and failings. Experience with Pathan and Wazir raiders was good grounding when it came to policing the rocky ways of high Albania. Four of the original band

of British officers have left Albania since 1929. The remaining three returned home with their chief last month. Before taking up the story of their work, we will examine briefly the present condition and recent history of the country.

Albania is still poor and primitive. Foreigners who pause in the bazaars of Tirana to photograph picturesque groups of gypsies or men from the interior in their attractive tribal costumes are apt to find themselves 'moved on,' none too ceremoniously, by the police. Street photography is not forbidden, they will explain, but the authorities favour certain subjects more than others. There is, for example, every encouragement to take pictures of the newly constructed Boulevard Zog or Boulevard Mussolini, the two main thoroughfares of the town, unlovely and banal streets which are thought to represent Western progress. The painfully undistinguished Government buildings, too, are favourite police subjects for camera study. But the real warp and woof of the Tirana streets, peasants, gypsies, swaggering, skirted fellows from the hills, are taboo. The official reason is that it 'gives a wrong idea of Albania to the outside world.'

There are over 1,600 miles of roads in the country, planned by Italian engineers. These are badly maintained and are for the most part in execrable condition. The metal, where it exists, lies in casual heaps on the surface and there are deep holes and ruts. Telegraph wires run across country on roughly trimmed tree-trunks, which stick from the ground in a rakish and haphazard way. Sometimes the wire swoops nearly to the ground, from which it is kept by a cleft stick a few inches long. Then it jumps upwards once more to a full-sized telegraph pole.

The hotels are not attractive. There are two relatively good ones in Tirana, clean and with proper sanitation. But at such times as the royal wedding the accommodation is enough only for the more exalted guests. The two better hotels were commandeered, and other visitors had to make what shift they could in the remainder. These were bug-infested, nearly waterless, and dirty. The streets of the towns vary between disconcerting extremes. In wet weather they become a morass. In dry, a hot sun disintegrates the mud into fine dust. The sweltering

heat of summer brings swarms of flies and mosquitoes. There are no railways, and Albania is one of the few countries remaining outside the international telephone system. In a few years, however, much progress has been made. Tirana is still largely a Turkish town, but I bought a perfectly good dress shirt and white tie there. An internationally famous beauty specialist opens a small branch on occasion. There are excellent pastry-cooks and more than one cinema—although their posters have to be protected from souvenir-hunters by heavy iron grilles. There are hairdressers and gramophone shops; safety-razors and American cigarettes for sale.

Until 1912 Albania had been for five hundred years under Turkish suzerainty. The Albanians revolted on the eve of the Balkan wars, and declared their independence on Nov. 28, 1912. Early in the Great War Italy occupied Valona, the port of main strategic value, and the island of Saseno. By the Treaty of London, signed in May 1915, Italy was promised full sovereignty over Valona and sufficient hinterland for its defence; also that, should other parts of Albania fall to Montenegro, Serbia, and Greece, the coast from the south boundary of the Italian territory of Valona to Cape Stylos would be neutralised, and that Italy would be entrusted with the foreign relations of any Albanian state that might be formed. For a time after the end of the war it looked as though Albania was to be carved up and disappear. But in 1920 a National Assembly proclaimed a new government under a council of regency. The Albanians launched an attack on the Italian troops in Valona, and Italy withdrew her forces. In December 1920 Albania was admitted to the League of Nations, to the chagrin of Yugoslavia and Greece. The next year, while Albania's boundaries were still vague, Yugoslavia tried to seize the Drin district in the north.

In 1922 there was a revolt. Order was restored by Zogu, then Minister of the Interior. In the new cabinet that was formed he became Prime Minister. After his resignation two years later a revolution broke out, and in June 1924 Zogu took refuge in Yugoslavia. Helped by the Yugoslavs, Zogu was back in Tirana on Christmas Eve, 1924, and next month the National Assembly elected him President for a seven-year term. Less than

four years later, in September 1928, he was proclaimed Zog I, King of the Albanians. In the decade of his reign Zog has grappled with two main problems: to foster the difficult beginnings of his own infant country and to deal with Italy. Either of these was a testing task, and Zog has done well in both. His record, in face of appalling difficulties, is one of which he need not feel ashamed. He is no Italian puppet, nor, appearances to the contrary, has he 'sold out' to the Italians. At forty-three he has a worn and harassed air. Once he was shot in the Parliament house in Tirana. Once he saw his chamberlain killed at his side. His look of wariness may be understood. Bravery is essential in anyone who becomes King of the Albanians, and Zog's courage is not in question. But he has to take precautions. Until recently a handkerchief lay on his desk in the Palace whenever he received anyone. Beneath the handkerchief lay a revolver, and at any unexpected or sudden movement by a visitor the King's hand would stray towards it. In a country, however, where most people have been wont to carry arms, the King has every right to the same privilege as his subjects. Most of the Cabinet Ministers carry revolvers, and most of them are quick on the draw. The King has desperate enemies in Albania. At one time several hundred feuds were said to rest on his head. Special guards vigilantly watch over him night and day, and elaborate precautions are taken to outwit would-be assassins. This care in safeguarding the King is a matter for satisfaction to all peace-lovers, for Zog's death at any time in the past ten years would have been not only a deadly blow for his country, but a distinct threat to the peace of Europe.

Since 1920 there has been an uneasy triangle in the Adriatic—Italy, Yugoslavia, and Albania. The smallest and weakest of the three has been assiduously courted by the others, but Italy, with superior financial power, has so far been the more successful. Yugoslavia could not hope to match the tremendous money outlay with which Italy bought Albanian favours. At intervals it has seemed that the jealous rivals might become friends, but each time the rapprochement has quickly been followed by a return to aloofness and worse. Rather shadowy and remote behind this triangle has been Britain. Italian influence was greatly increased in 1921, when the Con-

ference of Ambassadors declared that should Albanian integrity be threatened the matter would be brought before the Council of the League of Nations, where the representatives of the signatory powers, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, would recommend that intervention measures be entrusted to Italy. The reason given was that 'any modification in the frontiers of Albania constitutes a danger for the strategic safety of Italy.'

In the next few years several attempts were made by Albania to obtain economic help from the League of Nations. They were in vain. Faced with the necessity of obtaining money to develop their country, the Albanians in 1925, despairing of help from any other source, concluded a financial agreement with Italy. A group recommended by the Italian government started a National Bank of Albania, with its seat in Tirana, but directed from Rome. The bank also formed a company for the economic development of Albania, which was to obtain a 10,000,000% loan for the country. Since then Albania has borrowed about 280,000,000 gold francs from Italy. This sum is remarkable for a country whose budget expenditure and receipts each total about 18,000,000 gold francs a year.

Among the mineral concessions which she holds in Albania, none is watched by Italy with greater eagerness than the oil wells. So far these have not shown very important yields, and the oil is of poor quality. By 1940 300,000 tons a year of Albanian oil are hoped for by Italy. Beside oil, there are potentially important deposits of other minerals, including copper, lignite, and bitumen. In 1931 the Italian government, by a new agreement, arranged to advance 10,000,000 gold francs yearly, as between government and government. These loans were to bear no interest. How and when they were to be repaid was to depend on Albania's financial situation later on. The loans were to be devoted mainly to public works, and Albania agreed to accept advisers, approved by the Italian government, in several of the government departments, including the Ministry of Finance and the Ministry of National Economy. The continuation of the payments, it was stated, would depend on 'continuation of full and sincere technical and political collaboration between the two governments.'

These financial agreements had been preceded by significant developments in the political and diplomatic fields. In 1926 the Pact of Tirana was signed, the two countries agreeing to aid each other in maintaining the Albanian status quo. A year later, a defensive alliance was concluded, to run for twenty years, and renewable for a further twenty. By it Italy was assured of free passage through the Straits of Otranto. The spectacle of a nation of forty millions forming a 'defensive alliance' with one of just over a million caused the utmost fury in Yugoslavia, particularly as a Treaty of Friendship between Yugoslavia and Italy had been signed not long before. Zog declared that he had concluded the pact because he was 'convinced that it is and will be a guarantee of peace in the Balkans.' A letter was afterwards sent to Great Britain assuring her that no Italian troops would be landed in Albania except at the direct request of the Albanian government. By the end of 1927, as a result of the pact, Albania and Yugoslavia were on the verge of war.

In this crisis Sir Jocelyn Percy played a not unimportant part. The Jugoslavs had strengthened their troops along the frontier and taken other war measures. The reason given was that Albanian bands were collecting. In April 1927 Sir Jocelyn was appointed to the command of Albanian troops in the north-eastern frontier districts. Albanian opinion warmly applauded this step, and the tribesmen in the region were delighted. The fact that Sir Jocelyn accepted the command was a guarantee that no provocative 'gathering of Albanian bands' was taking place, for he would not have accepted the post if aggressive action had been contemplated. The presence of this unbiassed officer was the best insurance against hot-headedness, an unassailable gesture by the Albanians in display of their own pacific intentions, and, by inference, a handsome tribute to British disinterestedness. The peace was not broken, and after spending some time in command of the northern army, Sir Jocelyn resumed his duties in Tirana.

The second Treaty of Tirana, by which the Italo-Albanian defensive alliance was affirmed, was signed on Nov. 22, 1927. This was only eleven days after the signature of a Treaty of Friendship between France and

Jugoslavia, to which the Tirana treaty was intended as a riposte. The Italians claimed that the second treaty was simply the 'logical outcome' of the first. Signor Mussolini stated: 'Italy finds in the Treaty of Tirana the conditions necessary for the liberty of her commerce and the safety of her shores, that is to say, conditions necessary to establish her equilibrium, liberty, and security in other seas.' In the early 1930's Italy continued to consolidate her position. Roads were built and splendid concreted bridges, which rear themselves most unexpectedly in wild and isolated valleys, spanning rushing torrents, their smooth surfaces a welcome break in the jolting of the roads. A military mission, under the command of a general, was brought in to reorganise and instruct the army. About eighty Italian officers—the number was later increased—were attached to various units of the Albanian Army. Italian instructors were placed in charge of machine-gun and bombing schools, established at Tirana, and Italy supplied Albania with rifles, artillery, machine-guns, and other war material.

In addition to the army officers, a considerable number, probably between 250 and 300, of engineers, agricultural advisers, doctors, technicians, physical training experts, and surveyors entered the country. An Italian geodetic mission was given a long-term contract to survey the country. This survey, together with the road construction, busily pushed forward under the supervision of General Maglietta, director-general of the Italian military engineers, caused the greatest uneasiness in Jugoslavia, which saw in the new roads preparations for swift invasion of her frontiers. The vigour with which Italian bridge-builders have worked is shown by the fact that whereas in 1921 there were only 360 bridges in the whole of Albania, by 1928 there were 800, and at the beginning of 1933 more than 2,600. Many more are being built.

When Zog came to the throne Albania was almost completely illiterate. During his reign over 600 schools have been built. Again the Italians rendered considerable help. Many of the schools are Italian-run, and Italian teachers were sent to the larger towns. In 1933 Italy asked increased rights for the Italian schools. The Albanian government refused, and closed some of them. The Italians retorted by withdrawing their teachers and

instructors. Albania showed signs of becoming friendly with Yugoslavia. On June 23, 1934, the eve of a visit by M. Barthou to Belgrade, the 1st Squadron of the Italian Adriatic Fleet put into Durazzo harbour without warning. A wave of indignation swept Albania at the news. The government protested, and Rome issued explanations which involved a 'delayed telegram.' In spite of protest and counter-protestation the Italian ships did not leave until July 2.

Political and commercial relations between Albania and Yugoslavia improved, and a commercial treaty came into force in 1934. But the coolness with Italy was quickly forgotten. In February 1935, after Albanian complaisance over the Sanctions vote at Geneva, it was announced that the Italian government had placed 3,000,000 gold francs at the disposal of Albanian 'spontaneously and as a token of the sincere friendship existing between the two states.' King Zog, in thanking Signor Mussolini, referred to the 'indissoluble friendship which through such strong bonds and common interests binds the two countries.' The following month the Italian air line Ala Littoria obtained a ten-year monopoly of all Albanian air services. Previously these had been German-operated. Ala Littoria runs an efficient service, linking most of the main towns of Albania, and bringing Tirana within a couple of hours of Rome. It is a reminder of Albania's recent arrival among the nations that she has skipped the railway age entirely and arrived direct in the air age. Thousands of her people who accept the aeroplane as a matter of course have never seen a train. In March 1936, while the Abyssinian war was still going on, Italy secured yet another agreement of great importance. Mount Karaborn on the Bay of Valona, dominating the island of Saseno, was fortified, and there was a loan for further improving Durazzo harbour.

So much for the background against which the British Mission has played its part. A first mission had been sent in 1923. Lieut.-Col. W. F. Stirling was asked by the Albanian government to accept the post of adviser to the Minister of the Interior. Colonel Stirling had been formerly the Governor of Jaffa, and served with Colonel Lawrence in Arabia. He was in Albania during the period of Zog's exile in Yugoslavia. One of Zog's first acts after

returning was to appoint Colonel Stirling, who was still official adviser to the Minister of the Interior, as Inspector-General of Albanian gendarmerie. Colonel Stirling was further authorised to appoint nine British Army officers to serve with him as assistant inspectors. Soon after their arrival in Albania the attitude of some of these officers towards the Inspector-General became unsatisfactory. Several were dismissed and returned to England. In spite of this incident, which might have had the most unfortunate consequences for British prestige, and have led perhaps to the abrupt ending of the Mission itself, Zog's confidence was unimpaired, and the Mission went on to prove its worth.

Reorganisation of the gendarmerie, whose condition was unsatisfactory to the last degree, was proving a hard task. Colonel Stirling found it impossible to carry out his duties at the Ministry of the Interior and simultaneously tackle the gendarmerie. He resigned his police post and was succeeded, in August 1926, by Sir Jocelyn Percy. Colonel Stirling remained in Albania for several more years as adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, and after Cabinet changes in 1927, he added to this post Inspector of Government Offices. Nowhere was corruption so barefaced and its evils so apparent as in the gendarmerie. Since Sir Jocelyn, his chief of staff Colonel Marten, and the assistant inspectors were acting in a purely advisory capacity, they could do little directly to check corruption. Further evidence of the esteem in which General Percy was held by Zog was provided in 1928, when the Albanian officer who was commander-in-chief of the gendarmerie was arrested on charges of malpractice and corruption. General Percy was recalled from the north in order to preside over the court which was constituted to try the officer and others.

Repeatedly during the sojourn of General Percy in Albania the Italians brought the strongest pressure to bear in attempts to secure the dismissal of his mission. When it had first been formed it is probable that the Italians had been not unfavourable to its appearance, since the presence of a British Mission suggested that Albania could not be regarded as completely under Italian control. But they soon changed this attitude. Each time they protested it was suggested that Zog

should substitute Italian officers for the British. Zog remained adamant. There is little doubt that the selection of British in preference to Italian officers went a long way towards mollifying Yugoslav opinion, and subsequently the fact that the gendarmerie was British-instructed prevented relations with Yugoslavia during the various crises from degenerating further than they did. The British Mission was faced with this situation: to reorganise a corrupt police, in a country which was still ridden by the blood-feud tradition, and with the constant antagonism of the Italians to boot. The first thing was to inculcate an *esprit de corps*, a sense of responsibility, and the feeling that graft was dishonourable. Courage and fighting qualities the men possessed in abundance—although the blood-feud itself, far from being a manly form of duel, was for the most part a furtive matter of tediously prepared ambush behind a boulder, and then the well-placed shot in the back when the unsuspecting victim had walked past.

Originally the gendarmerie were dressed in the khaki uniforms of British cavalymen, with bandoliers of a British type. But if Italian influence was not strong enough to obtain the dismissal of the British advisers, it could at least ensure that British uniforms were banished. Accordingly some years ago the gendarmerie were reclothed in smart Italianate uniforms of olive green. The uniforms of the army and gendarmerie are in essentials the same, shoulder tabs of black or scarlet being the distinguishing mark. Once a week General Percy, accompanied by one of his officers, visited the King in the Royal palace at Tirana and gave him a detailed account of the state of the police, reports from the districts, and discussed any changes in appointments. Zog showed deep interest, and revealed at these interviews an extraordinary grasp of detail and an exact memory. His is a small kingdom—the population is only 1,005,000—and he has a knowledge of his men that comes near to including the name, character, and record of every man in the gendarmerie.

A system of police posts, telephonically linked, was built throughout the country. In the remote valleys of the north General Percy found a mixture of mediæval Europe and the Wild West of America. Every tribesman

carried his rifle—and was prepared to use it. There were as many as 2,000 deaths in some years as the result of feuds. The only law was that of Lek, who five hundred years ago founded the Albanian code of honour. One of the hardest struggles that General Percy had to face was in persuading his genuinely baffled gendarmerie, 3,000 strong, that the killing of man, even in blood-feud, was murder, and should be followed by an arrest. The blood-feud system meant that the nearest relative of the man originally killed was bound in honour to kill either the aggressor or another member of the family. As soon as revenge had been taken, the nearest relative of the original assassin had to take up his gun and kill the avenger. Thus the feuds continued and spread interminably. Foreigners, however, were—and are—able to walk through the most bloodthirsty and remote parts of the country and be sure that no harm will befall them.

Otherwise an honest man, the Albanian when he obtains an official post is apt to be hopelessly corrupt. As an individual he refuses payment for valuable services rendered; hidden behind a uniform he will pursue graft wholeheartedly. The gendarmerie was in an appalling state of corruption. Since the pay of about 2*l.* 10*s.* a month was often nearly a year in arrear, the men often lived 'on the country.' Bands of them often remained in mountain posts for months at a time, unsupervised. A large proportion worked openly with criminals. The officers were little better than the men. A commission in the gendarmerie merely meant that they were getting an admirable chance to make money by peculation. Vacancies were allotted to the candidates having the biggest political pull. Nepotism was rife in the selection of these pleasant posts. Present simply as advisers, the British Mission found its advice on reorganisation disregarded and often not even accepted. Frequently its members were almost in despair, when, after protesting against a particularly gross malpractice, they found that nothing could be done because the offender had too much influence in the right places. One of the King's outstanding characteristics is loyalty to those who have helped him. As a reward for their services, he distributed many of the highest posts in the gendarmerie to young Albanians who had accompanied him into exile.

Not only in direct organisation of the police have the British officers done fine work. Their influence has been felt in many indirect ways. Thus Colonel Oakley-Hill has been responsible for two typically British movements. The first was the formation of a kind of Albanian version of the S.P.C.A., in an attempt to ensure that the horses which pull the many fiacres of Tirana shall get some kind of humane attention. Another of Colonel Oakley-Hill's achievements has been to render the Albanians sport-conscious. He has built up a very creditable football club and imbued it with the proper spirit of sportsmanship. Vindication came during the royal wedding festivities of last April, when Albania played its first international match against a formidable Bari team.

Even in the period before the Abyssinian campaign the Italians betrayed great restiveness that British officers should be in charge of the police. Nor were their misgivings calmed when it was seen what great popularity the Mission was gaining. With the advent of the Ethiopian war, sanctions, and the long period of strained Anglo-Italian relations, Italian concern and protests grew. That throughout the past decade, including this intensely difficult period, a British Mission should have continued to discharge its duties in a country where Italian influence and 'special interests' are paramount, and that a British general should have had the private ear of the King once a week during that time, is an anomalous situation the contemplation of which may bring a smile to the face of the future historian. One can imagine the feeling in London if the King of Egypt brought in a group of Italian officers to reorganise the Egyptian gendarmerie. Zog, a sincere patriot, doing the best he can for his country in a position of great delicacy and difficulty, was ready enough to accept Italian aid, but was unable to see why this should entail dispensing with British. While the Mission remained, it has proved—simply by its presence—an invaluable check to Italian ambition. Zog is jealous of his country's independence, but it is abundantly clear that Britain has no territorial or political ambitions in the Adriatic. Indeed, on several occasions since the war her diplomatic policy in Albania has apparently been marked by a wish to smooth the path of the Italians. To remonstrances from Italy that the

British Mission must be exercising a subtle but undesirable influence, dictated probably by the British Foreign Office, the King was able to point out with justice that, while the Italian officers in Albania were seconded for service from the Italian Army and continued to draw their pay from Rome, General Percy and the other British officers were officials of the Albanian government, and thus could not respond to suggestions from the home Foreign Office, had it felt tempted to make them.

The Italians in Albania are not self-effacing. When Count Ciano arrived in Tirana for the wedding festivities, the detachment of Albanian troops drawn up on the airfield was almost outnumbered by an exuberant gathering of local Blackshirts, who attended with their banners and took their station in line with the Albanian soldiers. A distinction was also to be observed in the speeches made by representatives of the Italian and foreign press at a banquet tendered to the visiting newspaper representatives by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs in Tirana. Whereas all the other foreign representatives ended their speeches of thanks by gracefully toasting the future of Albania and her King, the Italian spokesman called on the company to drink to the 'sacred cause of Italo-Albanian friendship'—a toast to which some of those present seemed a little reluctant to respond.

What will happen now that the British Mission has returned home? The suggestion is that Albania is competent to run her own gendarmerie without outside help, and that she firmly intends to do so. Whatever her intentions may quite honestly be, it would not be surprising to find that the departure of the British will be followed after a short interval by the introduction of Italian officers. In any event the disappearance of this unostentatious but effective counter-balance to Italy will mean a heightening of Italian influence. Some years ago the King stated that when the gendarmerie was properly organised and capable of preserving order, it would be found possible to reduce the army. This was never taken very seriously, and indeed the possibility is that the reverse may happen and the gendarmerie be superseded by the army. Conscript soldiers cost nothing except their board. A gendarme has to be paid.

It is difficult to see how Italian policy *vis-à-vis* Albania

could be other than it has. The rumour of heavy German guns placed on the Spanish side of the Straits of Gibraltar is enough to cause alarm in England. Italy cannot afford to be indifferent to Albania's policy and internal condition while a powerful and uneasy Yugoslavia waits in the north. The coastline, only forty-five miles from the heel of the Italian boot, and its hinterland, must be inhabited by friends—or at least by a people who cannot or dare not be unfriendly. Albania, with its towering mountains, is strategically of vital importance. There must be not even a remote danger that the powerful Italian Adriatic fleet shall be bottled up in time of war at Pola, Trieste, Venice, and Brindisi. The power controlling Southern Albania controls the entrance to the Adriatic and the Adriatic itself. The harbour at Durazzo has been transformed, as a result of the Italian loans, into a magnificent deep-water anchorage, far larger than present Albanian needs, but sufficient to accommodate most of the Italian Adriatic fleet, and convenient for possible operations against Yugoslavian ports in the north.

Throughout Albania British prestige stands high. There is evidence of great friendliness towards Britain among the people, and firm sympathy for her. British warships calling at Valona receive a fine welcome. English is widely spoken, and as soon as the traveller is heard speaking English, even in small towns, someone sooner or later will come up and say that he would like to keep in practice by talking to him—'opportunities are so few.' Many Albanians have lived for years in the United States, and returned to their native land, there to wear a bow tie, a belt, and air an American accent, a little wistfully, in the restaurant or café that they establish with their savings. A considerable number of the younger generation learned English at the American Technical College in Tirana, now under Albanian control, or at American mission schools. Anglo-Saxon influences, thus implanted, are followed up with great avidity. British goods enjoy popularity. It may be remarked that this country often has a favourable balance of trade with Albania, one of the few instances of the kind. In 1933, a typical year, Britain exported to Albania 1,400,000 gold francs' worth of goods, and imported from her only 58,000 gold francs' worth. In the same year Italy's

visible trade balance was slightly unfavourable. She sold to Albania goods valued at 4,186,656 gold francs and bought from her 4,954,164 gold francs' worth.

Fiercely independent, the Albanians are resentful of any foreign tutelage. It must be galling for this proud and rather stubborn race to see Italy playing the rôle she does. It is not easy to find an Albanian who likes the Italians. The feeling ranges from dull antipathy to a wholehearted detestation. For their part the Italians do not seem greatly to care for the Albanians. Never does one hear any gratitude voiced by Albanians for what Rome has done. As one man put it in Argyrocastro, 'Believe me, we would rather take the money from Britain or France, if they would let us have it. But they don't. We have to get the money from somewhere, and Italy provides it. But that does not mean that we like her any the better.' The King's feelings towards the Italians may well be that of the majority of his countrymen. But he has to make the best of what might be a very bad job. He is often denounced in Yugoslavia as a 'miserable vassal of Rome.' Perhaps some Albanians think the same. The simple clansmen are vaguely aware of the foreign influence, but they have little or no conception of the causes lying behind the situation.

The agreement signed by Italy and Albania in March 1936, while Italian armies were advancing to their final victories in Abyssinia, has greatly strengthened Signor Mussolini's position in the Adriatic. Moves by the Balkan Entente to influence Albanian foreign policy were nipped in the bud. If Italy were to find herself at war with Britain or Yugoslavia, she could close the Adriatic to their ships in two hours. Last year Count Ciano paid a visit to Tirana, where he discussed with King Zog the question of Italian contribution to defence works which had been built on the Yugoslavian frontier. To no country can any increase in the already extraordinary Italian influence in Albania cause more acute misgiving than to Yugoslavia. But the withdrawal of the British Mission may well mark the beginning of a new era of intense Italian expansion. The future course of events will be closely watched, from near and far.

RENÉ MACCOLL.

Art. 9.—MR GLADSTONE.

MY purpose in this article is to record some sayings of a great man which throw light on his personality in four aspects: first, his ordinary conversation; secondly, his sense of humour; thirdly, his intellect; lastly, his character. Nearly all the sayings I heard myself, or from first-hand report. Of course, I cannot always be positive about the *ipsissima verba*, but the gist of them I can guarantee; and they all throw light on certain questions concerning the statesman's public or private life. If here and there I indicate what seem to be limitations to his mental horizon or his intellectual grasp, I would defend myself from a charge of presumption by giving assurance on two counts: (1) After an interval of forty years one may be allowed to point out certain limitations, if they are plainly facts, without in any way derogating from the claims to greatness which have been and still are advanced by friends, colleagues, and historians and even by some of the bitterest of contemporary critics. (2) Also, I wish to make it plain that I approach the subject in full sympathy with the estimate uttered by a very eminent contemporary, Joseph Chamberlain: to the effect that Mr Gladstone was the only man he had ever met for whom he felt real reverence.

To begin with, then, his conversation was generally a monologue, not because he wished it to be so, but because he was so deeply interested in a vast variety of subjects that he could not imagine that his audience were not interested too, and nearly always they were. He was an excellent listener when anything like information was forthcoming. Failing this, he would be ready to start an argument; but the one thing he was incapable of was small-talk. On one occasion, though I had only just left school, I ventured to remonstrate with him for having made a speech to the boys of Marlborough School in which he congratulated them on being free from what he called a plutocratic spirit, which he was afraid was at that time, about 1875, invading Eton. This was too much for a loyal Etonian, and with some trepidation I embarked on the topic and gave as a reason for disputing his indictment of his old school that no boy at Eton was thought highly of merely because he was rich; and I added

that money was held in no esteem in schools because there was so little opportunity of spending it. This gave him the opening he required. He asked if the boys were not allowed to buy ornaments for their private rooms, and on being told it was so, enumerated all possible additions to the skimp furniture of an Eton boarding-house that his fancy conjured up. On completing the catalogue he began again at the beginning and gave the exact price of every article, supporting his assessment with a wealth of evidence gathered from his unrivalled financial experience. I took the earliest opportunity of suggesting that we should join the ladies.

In saying that his conversation was mainly monologue I should qualify it by adding that there was nothing he enjoyed more than being questioned on almost any subject ; and his answers, owing to his wide knowledge, were likely to be copious ; but he was an excellent listener and eager for interesting information. I once came into the room of his house in Carlton Terrace late in the afternoon fresh from some rather unsuccessful cricket at Lord's. He was lying on the sofa in the attitude, unusual to him, of one resting—he was not even reading—and on hearing what I had been doing, he asked where I had been playing. 'At Lord's,' I said. Immediately came the question, 'What is the acreage of Lord's?' I had no notion, and took a wild shot at twelve acres. He thought this excessive, as it probably was, but finding I had no facts to give him he said no more. Nearly forty years ago I was told by the Vicar of Tewkesbury Abbey that he had once been conducting Mr Gladstone round the beautiful building when the organist happened to descend from the loft and joining the two men was introduced to the illustrious visitor, but failed to catch his name. For some ten minutes they talked, and on the following morning the Vicar met the organist again and, suspecting the truth, asked him if he knew who the stranger was. 'I have no idea,' was the answer, 'but he must be an organist.' On one occasion Mr Gladstone accepted an invitation to a select dinner-party consisting of four or five political friends. My brother Alfred was the host, while Asquith and, I think, John Morley were among the guests who arrived early and agreed together that they would confine their own contribution to the talk to ques-

tions or remarks designed solely to draw the great man out. It was a complete success of a rare kind. Even if they had heard some of the talk before, it was all delivered with unfailing zest and vitality, so as to give even to familiar themes the impression of novelty and freshness.

Enough perhaps has been said to suggest a tentative answer to certain questions. First: Was he ever talked down? I do not mean by such a titanic conversationalist as Macaulay, but by one of the 'lesser breed'; far less interesting, but almost as irresistible; one gifted with a faculty of continuous exposition; in short a bore. Many in search of guidance have asked, How did Mr Gladstone deal with a bore? I cannot remember any particular occasion which would give the answer, but there is no doubt as to the method employed. No one bored Mr Gladstone who had information to give; and it is a common characteristic of a bore to be profoundly interested in one subject only, which to his listener is a dull one. Mr Gladstone would ascertain beforehand what in each case the subject was; then extract by eager questioning whatever the other could tell him which he did not know; this might take a casual ten minutes; then suddenly when the tap ceased to flow he would quit the room. None the less, the garrulous person would say afterwards that he was the most agreeable man to be met with anywhere.

In close connection with this last picture we may be reminded of the liability of such a copious talker to descant upon a subject which was out of the range of any of his listeners. Most men with minds well stored with knowledge are saved from this trouble by an instinct which tells them of what their audience is thinking. In the case of a man immersed in huge and urgent problems of national and international importance, besides a mass of scholastic and historical learning, such an intuition would be impossible. He was saved from wearying his audience by the intensity of his own interest in the subject which was uppermost; the unfailing vitality with which he handled it; and the deep conviction within himself that his audience felt the same spell. Nevertheless, it did happen, though rarely; and on one occasion it provoked a comment too characteristic of the speaker to be omitted here. It was Mrs Gladstone who broke in

upon a too lengthy exposition with the unexpected remark : ' Oh, Willie dear, if you weren't such a genius you'd be such a bore ! '

We pass on now to the further question, Had Mr Gladstone a sense of humour ? We must first define as well as we can what the word humour means. The best definition I have met with is that ' Humour is a sense of incongruous emotions.' If that is fairly accurate there is nothing surprising in the fact that one person has a stronger sense of humour than another, because the emotions in every individual differ in strength and liveliness. Thus Mr Gladstone saw the fun of many an anecdote if he was sure it was true and knew the person of whom it was told. He had a horror of inaccuracy and cared little for whimsical fantasies or clever inventions. One instance of an illuminative kind I venture to tell, though it has been printed before, which goes far to answer our question. I was once with him and Mary Drew at Hawarden and had lately been reading the autobiography of Archdeacon Denison, the gallant High Churchman, who had been at an old-fashioned preparatory school in Somerset early in the last century. In telling the following quaint incident I gave the figures from memory. In that school the custom was observed that when any young urchin was caught in some offence against discipline and punished, every boy in the school on the following morning had to pen a dictated letter to his own parents detailing the tragedy ' without mitigation or remorse ' of words. On one evening the young fry were proceeding from the play-room to the dormitory, two and two, headed by an unpopular usher named Jones. On the way the two leading boys conferred together on the situation. Says Smith to Brown, ' This usher's a beast : let us spit on his back.' Brown agreed ; the outrage was perpetrated and discovered ; a castigation ensued, and forthwith some two score little varlets committed the following intelligence to paper : ' Dear Father : Yesterday evening Smith and Brown spat upon the usher's back as we were going to bed. I hope you are quite well. Your affectionate and dutiful son, so and so.' Now, it so happened that a country squire living in Westmorland had at the time four young hopefuls in this school and found on his breakfast-table four epistles in large childish handwriting

containing precisely the same edifying detail in the training of the young Anglo-Saxons a hundred and thirty years ago; and on each letter had to pay thirteen-pence postage. Mr Gladstone on hearing the story laughed, but constrainedly, and after about two seconds objected: 'But in those years the postage from Somerset to Westmorland was not 13*d.* but a shilling.' I was not in a position to contest the point and nothing more was said. Hence we learn that in Mr Gladstone's case the emotion of humour was not proof against the counter-emotion of a detected inaccuracy. It was not that the sense of the comic was wanting, but that a not uncommon form of inhibition was in Mr Gladstone peculiarly strong.

Sometimes he was amusing without meaning to be so, from the unconscious gravity with which he treated trivialities. It was recorded of him that sitting at a table—not in his own Temple of Peace—writing letters on matters of Church and State he overheard a debate between two or three individuals on the best method of packing up a sponge for a train journey. The general verdict was 'Wrap it up in a towel and squeeze.' Mr Gladstone interposed in a tone of deliberate solemnity and explained how the damp article of toilet should be not only squeezed but trodden with both feet till it was nearly dry. No detail was omitted; and the impression was conveyed to his auditors that if anyone present had disputed one point in his statement the orator would have called up all the resources of his eloquence and vast experience to prove that his method was the best hitherto discovered by man.

A more vivid instance still I can give at first hand. On an afternoon about five o'clock he was walking up and down the terrace under the drawing-room windows when his daughter suggested that I should join him, as he always preferred companionship to solitude. He was walking with a rug round his shoulders, being, if I remember right, somewhat less vivacious than usual. I questioned him on a remark he had made at luncheon to the effect that he had always suffered from a weak digestion, adding that he was generally credited with the opposite. He answered, 'That is because I have always been a very careful man. I haven't eaten a walnut since I was sixteen; nor, indeed, a nut of any kind.' The musical

voice betrayed a slight melancholy in the long retrospect of sixty-five years of a privation which evidently had been rather costly ; for he had a liking for good food and wine, and seemed to be recalling occasions when in the turmoil of Parliamentary strife with the burdens of vast responsibilities of Empire heavily upon him he had been tempted to fall back on the solace of the fruit of the hazel tree, but with fine resignation had refused—' nor, indeed, a nut of any kind.'

To revert to the complex question of humour. It is easy to explain why on certain occasions he did not laugh when ordinary people could not help doing so ; but once and once only he was almost boisterous with merriment when everyone round him was grave. In the library at Hagley nearly seventy years ago a mild form of round game was started one winter evening. A list of some twenty names, to which each person present contributed one, was drawn up in pencil, and the paper was so folded that opposite each name an adjective could be written, contributed by each of those present, no one knowing to which of the names drawn up the single epithets would be applied : the juxtaposition was frequently quite comic, but, of course, the effect depended on the incongruity of the adjectives as applied to well-known personalities selected at random. Now it so happened that Mr Gladstone chose an epithet—'subterranean'—which could not possibly have sounded funny no matter what individual was saddled with it. He, however, laughed almost boisterously at his own joke, while surrounded by nephews and nieces sitting in respectful wonder but wholly unable to laugh at all.

It must, however, be emphatically stated that whenever there was anything amusing about him it was simply due to the impact of life's trivialities on a mind which moved habitually amid conceptions and matters of eternal import : so that however we may have been amused now and then at the incongruity, no one detected or could imagine in him anything like a loss of dignity. He often provoked a smile, but never ridicule.

As to his mind, it is not always easy to discriminate between the gifts of intellect which a man has and the sustained energy wherewith his powers are brought to bear on problems. Abundant testimony has been sup-

plied since 1898 as to the tirelessness of his brain and how the only kind of rest he required was a change from one difficult subject to another. He once remarked that the grasping of the details of the Succession Duty in the 'fifties was the hardest task that he had ever encountered. It meant for two hours after luncheon day after day absorbing intricate legal details, then going straight to the House of Commons prepared to be heckled from any quarter without intermission till dinner-time, and then on again till 2 a.m. Lord Wolverton has told how in 1874, when divisions in the Cabinet caused him deep anxiety, after a prolonged discussion on the situation with his faithful adjutant Mr Gladstone was urged to go home and get early to bed; he promptly rejected the notion and said he must make a speech to clear his brain. They went into the House, found that some thorny subject of ecclesiastical interest was being discussed, and without five minutes' preparation he made a fine speech three-quarters of an hour long and packed with knowledge; after which he was restored to cheerfulness and went home to fall asleep like a child. On this subject I was told, but cannot remember by whom, that on returning from the House well after midnight he would drink a large cup of fairly strong tea, which might have kept him awake had it not been balanced by half-an-hour's reading of German theology. In old age the one menace to his health which he feared was insomnia, and the beginning of it was more than once the cause of an interruption to his work by requiring a visit to Cannes.

It was noteworthy, however, that he attributed his mature power of sustained brain-work to the prodigious effort put forth at Oxford when he was reading for his degree. On being asked for details he said he worked during his last year for Greats twelve to sixteen hours a day, and added, 'I don't believe the young men of to-day do as much.' I saw no reason to dissent from this proposition. But he went on to say that in the sixteen hours he included a walk with a colleague talking philosophy the whole time. 'Did you take no holiday during that year?' 'Only a fortnight,' he replied, 'and that was spent listening to debates on the Reform Bill in the House of Lords till four o'clock in the morning.' It is unnecessary, however, to dwell on the theme of Mr Gladstone's

power of sustained brain-energy. Many have testified to it, besides his biographer : notably Lord Kilbracken. But what is not so generally known is that not only was this faculty of continuous absorption in and grasp of large and intricate subjects vigorous to an astonishing degree when he was well over eighty, but it showed itself before the time of his adolescence. I think he was eleven when he wrote from school a description of a fight between two small contemporaries so copious in detail, so rich and eager in excitement as to explain his later passion for the 'Iliad' of Homer. Another letter, written a year later, was equally precocious in its grasp, but devoted entirely to politics. Schoolmasters know, or ought to, how often precocity means an early cessation of growth. In Mr Gladstone's case the development began at eleven and went on untrammelled till eighty-three.

When he was well over eighty I visited Hawarden and was alone with him except for his daughter, Mary Drew, and found him without any secretarial help whatever—he was then in opposition—and dealing with an average of 140 letters every morning. I did what I could to help. The letters were poured out on the floor in a circular heap about a yard and a quarter in diameter. He sat on one side and I on the other, taking letters out of the envelopes as rapidly as we could. Of a sudden he would pause, holding in his left hand a square envelope neatly packed and addressed in an educated handwriting. He fingered it and said, 'If I mistake not, this contains extracts from newspapers wholly abusive.' I opened it and another like it a few minutes later, his diagnosis being correct in both instances. At luncheon he could talk of nothing else but the heroism shown by the American Brainard in the famous Arctic expedition under Greely. In the afternoon he was engaged in stacking with his own hands books into the shelves of the St David's library.

At about the same time my brother Alfred gave a vivid description of a colloquy between Mr Gladstone and a hard-headed elderly lawyer on some intricate business, connected, I think, with the Hawarden property, which took the lawyer a whole hour to expound. The aged statesman sat opposite him, both hands up to his ears not to miss a word, and the dark eyes fixed intently and

immovably on the speaker's face. Then at the end of the long and difficult exposition he put his finger on the crucial point of the subject, the only one which required further elucidation ; showing that at one hearing he had grasped the whole matter in true perspective.

The next question concerns not only the vigour of his mental activity and grasp of facts but the depth and spaciousness of his interpretation of those facts. His memory was astonishing in power and accuracy, but, unlike Macaulay, he was able to forget where he was not interested. He once confused two very dissimilar men, F. W. Robertson, the noted young preacher of Brighton, and Canon Robertson, of Canterbury, a learned Church historian. Such lapses were rare and may be explained by the mind being so full of facts that every now and then it made use of a kind of safety-valve, requiring a spell of relief from its burden of precise accuracy.

In estimating the intellect of a great man we must be prepared to find that where the memory is extraordinarily strong the power of deep thought is proportionately limited ; or else the mind would be superhuman. Some fifty years ago Miss Frances Power Cobbe commented upon Mr Gladstone's characteristics as a talker to the effect that he showed a wealth of knowledge and unfailing power of expression, but no great depth of thought such as she had for years observed in her great teacher, Martineau. Mr Gladstone recognised this limitation himself when it was borne in upon him forcibly by a comparison he could not help making between his own written reflections and those of one of the finest prose writers of the last century, J. B. Mozley. The subject was a study of an interesting but somewhat morbid-minded man, Blanco White, whose religious faith was gradually corroded by much excessive introspection and self-analysis, the disintegrating process being faithfully and autobiographically recorded. Mr Gladstone wrote a short article on Blanco White which was published among his 'Gleanings.' Soon afterwards he came upon Mozley's essay on the same subject—a monument of insight summarised in a passage of extraordinary beauty—and on reading it put it down and remarked to his daughter how humiliated he felt when he found how far more rich and penetrating the great thinker's study was than his

own. It is of course inconceivable that such evidence as is afforded by the numerous essays published under the title 'Gleanings' could give ground for appreciating the depth of Mr Gladstone's thought. They were the output of a mind increasingly absorbed in practical, urgent problems of vast dimensions: political, historical, economic, and theological. They must have been written quickly in the busiest years of his life; and the marvel of them is that they were written at all. Belonging to this part of our subject is the question whether Mr Gladstone was a good judge of men. It is difficult to answer, inasmuch as he rarely commented on people's character and never in disparagement; but I should say that his eye for serviceable qualities was keen enough. He more than once affirmed that in all the Cabinets in which he served the lawyers were the least useful members.

On the subject of intellect we have to notice a peculiarity in Mr Gladstone's controversial ways. Often in conversation, and still oftener in the House of Commons, when asked for a reason for an opinion he had expressed, he would reply with an argument too subtle to be convincing—such as provoked interest because it was sure to be unexpected, and gave the impression of an extempore utterance far too ingenious to be recognised as the real foundation of his belief, and stigmatised by his critics as sophistical. It is interesting to recall that when asked if he intended to write a criticism on Cardinal Newman after his death, he answered, No—because there was the element of sophistry in Newman's mind which had always repelled him. Now among his dialectical opponents in the House Arthur Balfour was perhaps the most brilliant, and was heard to remark that of all speakers he had ever listened to Mr Gladstone stirred in him the strongest impulse to reply and refute. Here a sharp contrast with another eminent man is noticeable. Lord Hartington, though no orator, I have heard spoken of as the most persuasive speaker in the House because he showed candidly wherein his opponent's case seemed to him sound and then gave the exact reason why after long deliberation he had been led to dissent from it.

Now we English have an instinctive distrust of logical acumen in our statesmen and men of action. This I heard remarked by the eminent Dr Salmon, of Trinity

College, Dublin—"My young friend," he said, "the older you grow the feebler you will find to be the force exercised by logic in human affairs"—and Salmon was perhaps the most powerful logician of his generation. We are faced then with a striking paradox in Mr Gladstone's case. In spite of the fact that he invariably had recourse to the kind of argumentation that the British public dislike, yet there has never been a statesman so able to change the views of a multitude of his fellow-countrymen. The supreme instance of this power was the transmutation of the temper of the whole country towards what Carlyle called the 'unspeakable Turk' in 1877. In a fury of righteous indignation against the Bulgarian atrocities he inspired pretty well all England and Scotland with a resolve to obliterate the Palmerston tradition of alliance with the cruel Oriental government of Abdul Hamid. I cannot omit here to record the witticism of the eminent writer of that date, F. W. Maitland. Someone remarked—I think in 1880—that the 'Grand Old Man' was going to publish an edition of his Midlothian speeches, the climax of his stupendous triumph over the Conservative Near-Eastern policy. 'Oh yes,' said Maitland on the instant, 'he has been boiling them down into an encyclopædia, and it begins with "Aaron: see Lord Beaconsfield."'

Of all his public work the department which has received general applause and no detraction was his finance. The Duke of Argyle testified to the thrilling interest that was invariably stirred by his exposition of his policy to the Cabinet before the Budget speech in the House. On one occasion the exposition took two hours, but the speech itself three. There was something more than brain-power in this achievement. He never failed to throw a dramatic glamour over the driest figures to do with money by the power of a rich, almost poetic imagination. He let out one day that for a Budget speech he prepared every paragraph beforehand, but the order of the paragraphs he left till the actual delivery; and gave as his reason that it had to be determined by what he felt was the temper of the audience. In *tête-à-tête* conversation I always felt that he had no perception of what was in the mind of his interlocutor; but for the collective temper of a large audience his intuition was perfect. As to his financial policy, I came upon a lengthy and

exhaustive criticism of it some forty-five years ago, in a house in Ireland, written by that eminent and unbiassed expert Sir Robert Giffen. The verdict he pronounced was of unqualified praise.

It is hardly possible to think of limits to his brain-energy, but in two matters the range of his mind was curiously limited. One has been mentioned. His response to the appeal published in a moving book, 'The Bitter Cry of Outcast London,' was unexpectedly languid from one who had moved half Europe by his sympathy with Greeks, Bulgarians, Italians, and Irish. The second defect of vision, even more important but less difficult to explain, was the joy he expressed at the rapid increase of the wealth of the country; he being apparently oblivious of the perils which never fail to loom in the sky on any country that grows too rapidly rich. He became a more passionate Free-trader than ever on discovering that Free Trade apparently had brought more wealth into the country than railways, and as soon as the idea came into his mind published it in a magazine article.

Two comments that he made on prominent men are worth quoting. The first, given apparently without premeditation, was on Randolph Churchill—'a poor copy of Disraeli; without his insight, his patience, and his tenacity.' The other, also in conversation, was to this effect—'There was something tragic in the fact that Palmerston's judgment was more and more trusted by the country when owing to old age it began to fail.' Soon after pronouncing that verdict, Mr Gladstone's numerous critics detected evidence of his powers' failing long before he retired from public life. But then it may reasonably be suspected that the same critics found fault with his policy just as vehemently when the object of their attack was in the zenith of his powers.

So far these recollections of the daily life and conversation of a great man and of the use he made of his extraordinary powers have brought us to contemplate a paradox. How was it that a man who possessed such power of leadership, and could lift the mind of multitudes to a higher standard of political morality than it had reached before, was yet for most of his public life the target for the slings and arrows of venomous antagonism,

calumny, and misunderstanding? This much at once may be accepted. What many people feared and disliked in the G.O.M. was never his personality but his policy. On one supreme occasion he was accused of changing his mind; that was when he sprung upon his supporters what many had not suspected in him, his conversion to Irish Home Rule. Some years earlier he had broken out of his retirement from politics to denounce the traditional British policy of supporting Turkey against Russia. The two efforts had this in common, they were unexpected; and there is a certain torpidity in most English minds which resents their being brought abruptly against a new programme and a new decision.

But there was a deeper reason than that. There were some whose vested interests were threatened or who were firmly convinced that Russia was a danger to our Indian Empire; and it is not difficult to imagine the helplessness of their antagonism when they found the G.O.M. appealing in support of his proposals to the moral conscience of the nation, and in doing so insisting on principles which transcended all considerations of temporal expediency, British interests, or Imperial aggrandisement. His mind habitually moved among the eternal aspects of great subjects. Hence we can see why it was that his opponents assailed him for changing his policy towards Ireland. They thought they were dealing with a turncoat politician who, as his years advanced into old age, became more and more incalculable as a force in public life. Only a few months before he announced his change of mind the slow-moving Hartington commented on this phenomenon, 'If the G.O.M. were ten years younger, I really should not be surprised to hear he had become a Home Ruler.' Yet these critics must have been blind to the lesson he had taught them in 1876—that it was idle to expect him to tolerate tyranny, wickedness, and cruelty whenever or wherever these horrors were brought to his notice. The Gladstone who bewildered his supporters when he realised that the demand of Ireland for self-government was the utterance of an inextinguishable nationalism, and that to attempt to stifle it by coercion was an injustice certain to perpetuate the wrongs of centuries, was the same statesman as the crusader who was roused to fury by the news of the Bulgarian atrocities, and I hold that his title to greatness

rests not on the success of his policy but on his motive in adopting it.

It was often said of Mr Gladstone that he did not know when he was beaten, and in the turmoil of the 'strife of tongues' his opponents often charged him with being a victim of self-deception. It is true that whenever he had espoused some great cause, evidently in obedience to his love of justice, he was optimistic in the hope that, even when he used arguments which were perhaps too ingenious to be convincing, right-thinking people generally agreed with him. Moreover, in the stress of party warfare and when faced with violent opposition he rarely owned himself to be mistaken. When the same thing is observed in ordinary people it is taken as a sign of conceit. But no one, I venture to believe, ever charged the G.O.M. with the slightest desire to make himself out as better than he was. It may be noted, however, that the habit of apparent tenacity of his own opinion was not fully developed till late in life. In 1869 when dining at Hagley he got into an argument on some subject I was too young to understand—ancient philosophy, possibly—and his opponent was Edward Talbot, then a young man, who to our astonishment held his own against Mr Gladstone, who was heard to remark afterwards that young Oxford had been too much for him. We used to think that his prolonged experience of Parliamentary conflict deprived him of the power to acknowledge what there was of right in his opponent's case. If this was so, may it not have been one of the reasons which prompted him to remark in conversation, 'There is in politics a demoralising influence'?

There remains the question, What was the secret of his spell over others? What was it that caused Matthew Arnold to say of him, 'The personality is fascinating though his policy is all wrong'; or Tennyson, 'I love Gladstone but I hate his policy'? This much of answer can readily be given by one who knew him. I have emphasised his unfailing interest in all sorts of subjects. There was only one subject that would have distressed and bored him if anyone had started its discussion—that was himself. Like nearly all really great men, he was free of egoism. But I never heard anyone put to him a question which if answered would have revealed anything deep in

the character. For many years he could not take up a paper without reading either flattery or abuse of himself. He ignored both as if the writing had been Arabic or Chinese. But if it was anything of an argument against the cause for which he was fighting, even in extreme old age when the vitality at last began to fail, he would be roused to the combat as an aged war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. In this connection we may notice what happened just before he was going to deliver an important speech in some northern town at a time of great political excitement, somewhere near 1879. Just before starting for the Assembly Room or Town Hall, he gave a letter to his daughter to address and post. It was a lengthy and ample letter of advice to an old servant as to the best investment she could make of her small savings.

This aversion from what we call personalities in debate or conversation was so deeply rooted in him that in all the course of his long duels with Disraeli I doubt if anyone could find an instance of anything like an attack or imputation on his opponent's character. A delightful incident in the House gives an illustration. Most public speakers have had the grim experience of the brain's suddenly refusing to work, generally as the speaker wishes to change from one subject to another, and when the more he strives to remember what is to come next the more it evades him. I have heard or read that Mr Gladstone was only once the victim of this form of amnesia, and that was at the end of a paragraph of invective, the last words being 'the policy of the Right Honourable gentleman and his satellites.' A pause ensued and the G.O.M. in helpless embarrassment was searching for some clue in his papers. The House in sympathy cheered ; but in vain till Disraeli with imperturbable composure interposed from the other side of the table, in an interrogative tone, 'And his satellites ?' The effect was instantaneous. The G.O.M. thanked his helper in phrases graceful and obviously sincere, and showed how the most vehement opposition to a statesman's policy was compatible with complete absence of all bitterness and ill-feeling. In about four minutes, the tone gradually changing, the storm of invective was resumed.

In conclusion I must point out with all reserve and caution that among men the secret of power is freedom

from that general infirmity of our fallen nature egoism. That freedom is a supernatural gift ; and at this point my words must be few, as we are treading on holy ground. Macaulay remarked of Lord Chatham that alone among public men he might be charged with showing a theatrical and self-conscious pose. It was the G.O.M.'s utter simplicity that made Tim Healy, the cleverest and most venomous of his Irish assailants then, say that at times Gladstone spoke as if he were full of the Holy Spirit ; or Lord Esher, a shrewd observer from the secular standpoint, to this effect, that alone among all public men of his time or perhaps of any time he could, before any audience and in connection with almost any theme, bring in the name of the Deity naturally and unconstrainedly ; or finally brought one of the greatest of his opponents, the late Lord Salisbury, to utter after the G.O.M.'s death his memorable tribute to ' a great Christian man.'

I will close by transcribing what I have published elsewhere, a brief picture which tells its own tale and sums up much of what I have been saying. My brother Alfred told of a walk he took with the G.O.M. at Hawarden when soon after their start the latter interrupted the talk by stopping outside a cottage in which an old labourer lay dying. From outside Alfred saw the white-haired statesman kneeling by the sick man's bedside with his beautiful face uplifted, while words simple, stately, and sincere were being uttered in the deep, expressive tones that had touched the hearts of listening thousands in every corner of the land. But more impressive, more eloquent still, was the genuine self-forgetfulness with which he presently rose up and resumed their conversation, wholly unconscious that in the meanwhile he had been acting differently from the common run of men.

EDWARD LYTTELTON.

P.S.—This article was written just before the perusal of the illuminating and deeply interesting volume, ' Gladstone,' by Dr Eyrich Eyck (Allen & Unwin).

Art. 10.—THE INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN 1936, according to the census returns of that year, the last available, there were 219,928 Indians in the Union of South Africa, of whom 183,646 were in Natal, 88,000 being domiciled in Durban itself. According to the Official Year Book of the Union for 1937 the estimated mean number of Asiatics in the Union had risen to 224,000, of whom 186,800 were estimated to be in Natal. The total number of Europeans in the Union at the 1936 census were 2,003,512, so that the Indians total roughly one-ninth of the number of Europeans in the country. This constitutes them a considerable portion of our population and renders their grievances at least worth a hearing.

Indians were first introduced into South Africa in 1860 for the purpose of working on the sugar plantations in Natal by Sir James Leige Hulett. In the previous year, 1859, when Sir George Grey, the then Governor of the Cape, was visiting Natal, a loyal address was presented to him by the Durban Corporation in which it was stated that 'We believe Your Excellency will find occasion to sanction the introduction of a limited number of coolies, or other labourers from the East, in aid of the new enterprises in the Coast Lands, to the success of which sufficient and reliable labour is absolutely essential.' So successful was the experiment that in 1908 Sir James Leige Hulett was able to say in a speech he made in the old Legislative Assembly of Natal,

'The condition of the Colony before the importation of Indian labour was one of gloom, it was one that then and there threatened to extinguish the vitality of the country and it was only by the Government assisting the importation of labour that the country began at once to thrive. The Coast has been turned into one of the most prosperous parts of South Africa. They could not find in the whole of the Cape and the Transvaal what could be found in the Coast of Natal, 10,000 acres of land, in one plot and one crop, and that was entirely due to the importation of Indians. Durban was absolutely built up on the Indian population.'

It was arranged that when their period of indenture was over the Indians should be allowed to settle in the country and that all facilities would be given them in order to allow them to become prosperous and useful members of

the community. It has been said that the majority of these imported Indians were of the Untouchable class ; but Mr C. K. Pillay, the Secretary of the Port Elizabeth Branch of the South African Indian Congress, who has kindly supplied me with the majority of the information from which this article has been written, informed me that this was not the case. The majority of those who volunteered to come were of the Sudra or labouring caste, with a sprinkling of adventurously minded men of higher castes and more education. By virtue of thrift and hard work these people have acquired in some instances, notably in Natal, their first home, considerable wealth. Those who have become rich have usually done so through trade, for which they have a natural aptitude. Here and there an Indian has gone home and qualified for the medical or legal profession, but although they make good doctors and lawyers it is not in these fields that they have prospered financially, probably because the Europeans prefer their own white doctors and lawyers and the Indians themselves do not give the support one would expect to their own men. The great majority of Indians to-day are, however, small storekeepers in the poorer parts of the towns and waiters and cooks in the bigger hotels ; they also abound as hawkers of fruit and vegetables. All the South African Indians are, as a whole, sober, thrifty, and inoffensive. Those of the better class are clean and their homes well furnished and well kept. I have been thirty-three years in South Africa and have never seen a drunken Indian in the street.

Many people in England probably conceive of all Indians as being something like those described in Miss Mayo's celebrated book 'Mother India,' which evoked so many spirited denials from both Indians and Britons ; but the South African Indian of to-day is often colonial-born and in many of his customs has altered from those of the parent stock. Purdah or the enclosure of women is utterly unknown in South Africa. In Durban, where the Indians are mostly Mohammedans, the women usually go out veiled and do not work in their husbands' shops or businesses ; but the Hindu women help in the shops in the Cape and walk about freely unveiled. Child-marriage exists amongst the Mohammedan Gujarati shoemakers and butchers. The girls are married at ten or eleven and the

boys at perhaps fourteen years of age ; but these marriages are not consummated until the girl is about fourteen. Amongst the Hindu Tamil Indians the girls are eighteen or twenty before they marry. When Mr Sastri was in South Africa some time ago he said that in India many men were advocating that widows should be allowed to remarry and that they should marry widowers. Indian widows have always remarried at their own discretion in South Africa and are never treated as being in any way inferior through their widowhood.

Suttee, or the burning of a widow on her husband's funeral-pyre, is, and always has been, unknown in South Africa. I questioned many Indians as to whether they would desire, did the law permit it, to see the custom established here. The haste and horror with which the women replied in the negative was almost amusing. The men said that the custom, though now out of date, was spiritually beautiful, but that in any case the widow had always been free to refuse and had been known to do so, although the price of her refusal was social ostracism. The Indians of South Africa are divided into three religious denominations : Hindu, Mohammedan, and Christian. They form on the whole a happy and united race and the Secretary of the Cape Indian Congress assures me that, given the opportunity, they would willingly take their place in the defence of South Africa. Their differences are, of course, primarily religious, but even in the minute details of life they seem to be contrary to each other ; for instance, a Hindu wets his hair before combing it from the forehead backwards, while a Mohammedan wets his from the nape of the neck forwards. The dress of the women is also different ; the Hindu women wear the sari, which appears to the onlooker to be simply yards of material wound about the wearer, but which is actually a very wide skirt attached to an ordinary band, while the top portion of the dress is a straight piece of material thrown over the left shoulder like a Roman toga. The Mohammedan women wear very long silk trousers, with an embroidered tunic over them reaching to the knees.

The greatest Indian who has influenced Indian affairs in South Africa is Mr M. K. Gandhi. In an address delivered in St Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Johannesburg, by Mr Sastri, the then agent of the Government of India in

South Africa, on Jan. 6, 1929, we get the Indian conception of Mr Gandhi. Mr Sastri said that Indians consider him to be an 'avatar,' that is a form assumed by the Deity in the world's crises. Such an one, says the Hindu, was Jesus Christ. Even Christian Indians look on Mr Gandhi as approaching more nearly than anyone else to the life and character of Jesus Christ, both in His teachings and in His sufferings. In the 'Gita,' the sacred book of the Hindus, it is said that whenever vice is triumphing over virtue in the world He comes down amongst men to redress the balance. Such descents of God are continually made and the three greatest examples of them are, says the Hindu, Jesus Christ, Buddha, and Gandhi. Gandhi was originally an Indian barrister who came to South Africa on legal business in 1893 and stayed on there, practising as a barrister, in order to assist his fellow countrymen. In 1907 the new responsible Government in the Transvaal passed Acts to prevent the ingress of Indians not already domiciled there and to compel the registration of all Indian residents. The clause which caused the most trouble was the one insisting that each Indian should have his finger-prints taken. Against this provision, which was considered insulting and unnecessary, Mr Gandhi organised a passive resistance movement which lasted until 1911, when the Transvaal Act was repealed. Mr Gandhi and numbers of other Indians were imprisoned. It is said that General Smuts offered Mr Gandhi many privileges, such as a good bed and better furniture and food, but that the 'avatar' refused every concession on the grounds that he desired nothing that every other Indian in prison could not share. Dr Nadoo, who in 1925 was Secretary of the British Indian Congress in Johannesburg, told my husband that in the passive resistance movement he was imprisoned in Deep Kloof Prison and compelled to wash the prisoners' khaki uniforms on cold winter mornings. One morning he refused to continue as he was so cold and his guard, a Zulu, ordered him to go on with the washing at once, so the Indian doctor picked up some implement and knocked the Zulu down, for which offence he was incarcerated in his wet clothes in a cement-floored cell and put on spare diet. Through this he caught pneumonia. It is said that as the prisoners were released they were asked again as they reached the exit gate to give their finger-prints and

on refusal were again thrown into prison for a further term. In 1912 discussions on the subject took place between Mr Gandhi, Mr Gokhale and General Smuts, and eventually the Smuts-Gandhi agreement was arrived at. In 1913 the Immigration Act practically stopped the immigration of Indians and it was expected by them that as compensation the repeal of the licence-tax in Natal would be included in the Act. When the Indians found this was not so, fresh passive resistance, followed by riots and imprisonment, took place. About this time Gandhi went to India, considering that the field of work in that country was wider and that his efforts there would produce greater results for Indians in general than they could secure in the small South African Indian community.

Indians in South Africa to-day are subject to a number of disabilities, political and social, which gall them deeply, and these difficulties appear to be on the increase. In the Transvaal, for instance, no Indian can own property. Until 1929 he could form a limited liability company with other Indians and in this way become a property owner ; but since 1929 even that right has been abolished. The Indians then began to obtain possession of houses or indeed of any property they wished to own by buying it in the name of a white nominee. This, of course, leaves them absolutely at the mercy of the honesty of the white nominee, as they could not sue him in any court for that which they were not legally entitled to possess. Sometimes the nominee is a white or coloured wife ; but a Commission has been sitting to inquire into this and it is probable that no white or coloured woman married to an Indian will be allowed in future to acquire property.

In the Orange Free State not only may no Indian own anything, but he is only allowed to remain in the Free State for twenty-four hours at a time. Actually one Indian only lives permanently in the Free State, and he was allowed to take up his residence there many years ago. According to an article written for the 'Natal Witness' by Mr Sastri and recopied in the book 'Sastri Speaks,' there were also in his time about one hundred Indian waiters employed in Free State hotels. Doubtless, they had special permits. In Natal, which amongst themselves the Indians call 'Outer India,' owing to their great numbers living there, no actual prohibition of their

purchasing property exists; but in certain areas the Village Boards try to persuade sellers not to let Indians acquire property. In the Cape Province hitherto there have been no property restrictions; but in August 1937 the Executive Committee of the Provincial Council of the Cape Province passed a resolution to enable municipalities and other local authorities to set aside separate residential areas for Europeans and non-Europeans. At the thirty-first session of the Cape Provincial Municipal Association, held in Capetown in April 1938, the Administrator, Mr J. H. Conradie, said that a Draft Ordinance would be submitted to the Association the object of which would be to make it permissible for local authorities to demarcate separate residential areas for Europeans and non-Europeans, and that he felt sure such a measure would be welcomed by most of the councils. This resulted in a meeting of Indians in Port Elizabeth convened by the local branch of the Cape Indian Congress to protest against the proposed segregation.

The deprivation which Indians feel most keenly is that of the vote in the Transvaal and Natal, where they are taxed without representation, which is in conflict with the policy of the Union Government and—indeed, of all democratic government. In those provinces they have neither the municipal, parliamentary, nor the provincial vote. In the Cape Province alone they have all three votes, subject to a very elementary education test. The Indians complain further that they have unnecessary difficulties over trading licences; that these are withheld without reason given, and that to obtain a reason in such cases it is necessary to resort to the Administrator of the Province. This, however, costs money and does not *ipso facto* mean that the licence will be procured.

With regard to public libraries, educated Indians deplore that they are prohibited from becoming subscribers and taking out books. Probably the great majority of them have neither the desire nor the capacity to avail themselves of such a privilege; but that it is hard on the educated, learned, and spotlessly clean Indians who unquestionably exist is certainly true. In the Port Elizabeth Library they may sit where they please, with the exception of the subscribers' private reading-room, and read any book in the library free of charge, but they

cannot pay a subscription and take a volume home. Again, even in the Cape they are not admitted to any bioscope, concert, or dramatic performance that is attended by white people, with the single exception of municipal concerts given on Sunday nights in certain town halls. There are, of course, non-European bioscopes, but these are frequented by Kaffirs and coloured people, and no respectable Indian would enter them. Their use of omnibuses has raised another vexed question. The only accommodation provided for them is in the 'Kaffir buses,' which are run for all non-European persons. An attempt foredoomed to failure was recently made in Port Elizabeth to run one class of omnibus only for whites and non-Europeans mixed. The indignation of the Europeans filled the public press with letters, but amongst those furious letters were some from Indians saying that they also objected to riding with natives in public vehicles.

Very few white women marry Indians and equally few white men marry Indian women. Over the ten years 1926 to 1936 the average number of European males marrying Asiatic females was one such marriage per annum. In 1936 seven white women married Asiatics, but as scarcely any such marriages had taken place at all for the preceding ten years the average again worked out at one per annum. Coloured women frequently marry Indians, and when the husband is a Mohammedan they have to embrace his religion, but if he is a Hindu they usually retain their own form of Christianity.

Since 1913, when the Immigrants' Regulation Act was passed, no new Indians, with the exception of wives and children of those domiciled there, have been permitted to enter the Union and Asiatics are only allowed to move in the Province they reside in. Indians who go to Hindustan on holiday must return within three years, otherwise they are treated as new Indians wishing to enter the Union and refused admission. They can, however, get their three years' permits extended by making an application before the termination of the period.

Eighty per cent. of the Indians in the Union are now South-African born, and as no immigration is allowed their increase is natural. Even so, in 1927, because their numbers were becoming so large in Natal and also because a number of vexed questions relating to them remained

unsettled, a Conference was held at Capetown between an Indian delegation and a Parliamentary deputation to settle various contentious points affecting the Indian population, and one of the measures agreed on was that those Indians who desired to return to India should be assisted to do so by the Union Government and that after three years' absence Union domicile and the right of re-entry would be lost to them. Those desiring to return to the Union within three years could only do so by refunding to the Union Government the amount of the assistance received. India on her side agreed to look after these emigrants on their arrival in India. It was also agreed that the Union of South Africa should request the Government of India to appoint an Agent-General in the Union to secure effective co-operation between the two countries. Syed Sir Raza Ali, the fourth incumbent, was appointed Agent-General in 1935 and has recently completed his period of service. He is succeeded by Mr Rama Rau.

In a country like South Africa, where the colour bar is so strong, Indians have necessarily grievances which it is impossible at present to rectify. These are their exclusion from white cinemas and other forms of entertainments and from purely white forms of conveyance, such as buses and the European portions of long-distance trains. It would be foolish and useless to suggest that they should be admitted to white hotels, boarding-houses, or tea-shops, although it is hard on an Indian who goes to a dorp on business and can obtain neither a cup of tea nor a night's lodging unless a friend puts him up. The main thing that they want, the parliamentary, municipal, and provincial votes in the Transvaal and Natal, could be given to them. They have them in the Cape and no ill results have followed their possession. To be taxed without representation is, as we know, against every principle of democratic government. The chief objection likely to be raised is that the Indian vote in Natal might swamp that of the Europeans. According to the Official Year Book of the Union there were in 1937, 186,000 Asiatics in Natal, as against 193,700 Europeans. It is to be supposed, first, that an education test, similar to that in the Cape, where each coloured (which comprises Indian) Parliamentary voter must be able to write his name, address, and the name of his occupation himself, would be imposed. This would

eliminate a large number of Indians ; and, then, by limiting the Indian vote to adult males, excluding all Indian women, but admitting all adult European females (as is done in the Cape), there would be no fear of a surplus of Indian voters over white ones.

I have often been asked what the position of the Indians is with reference to the South African natives. The Indian trader employs native boys as errand boys, cleaners, etc. The well-to-do Indian woman may have a Kaffir maid or even a coloured one, but the European has no social intercourse with any person who is not fully white. The Government heads various forms under four classes : European, Coloured, Asiatic, and Native. This is on paper. In practical matters an Indian who goes to hospital is put (if non-paying) in a ward with natives, coloured people, and Chinese. He protests loudly against that, but he has to stay there. If he is a paying patient he is put, if possible, in a semi-private ward where there are three beds. His companions are Indians, if it can be arranged, and he pays 9s. per diem. A European patient in a private ward would pay 16s. a day. The Government subsidises a free or part-paying European patient up to 12s. 6d. per diem and an Asiatic (or any non-European) up to 5s. per diem. A European out-patient who cannot pay is subsidised by the Government at 1s. per attendance and a non-European at 6d. There is an Indian hospital in Durban called St Aidan's. An attempt is being made there to train Indian women as nurses, but they are not considered a success. They are said to be lazy and difficult to train to Western standards.

Indian maternity cases may enter the coloured wards of any hospital that is doing maternity work, but they seldom do so and are usually confined at home by untrained midwives or friends and relations. In the Port Elizabeth hospital, as in most others, Mohammedan Indians who cannot eat Christian food are allowed to have their food cooked and brought to them by their friends so long as it conforms to the doctor's instructions. There are no Indian charitable societies, but an absolutely indigent Indian who cannot work through infirmity, and is not a chronic out-of-work, may obtain help from the white benevolent societies. In Port Elizabeth a single Indian or coloured man would get an order on a grocer for 2s.

worth of groceries and 6*d.* worth of meat weekly. A European would get 2*s.* 9*d.* worth of groceries and 9*d.* worth of meat. An Indian married couple would get 2*s.* 9*d.* worth of groceries and 9*d.* worth of meat weekly. A European married pair would receive 3*s.* 9*d.* worth of groceries and 1*s.* worth of meat per week. A family of Indians with six children would get 4*s.* 6*d.* worth of groceries and 2*s.* 3*d.* worth of meat weekly, as compared with a family of Europeans with six children who would get 6*s.* 6*d.* worth of groceries and 2*s.* 6*d.* worth of meat. But yet the Indians help one another and there are only six Indians on the books of the Port Elizabeth Charity Organisation Society. When a well-to-do Indian gives a wedding the reception is held in a tent or in several tents and any poor who like to go there are fed as a matter of course, and better fed than the real guests because it is recognised that they have come to eat from necessity.

The old-age pension is paid to European men at sixty-five and to women at sixty. It is 3*l.* 10*s.* per head per month, and by the new regulations any European with means under a prescribed amount can get it. The same conditions apply to coloured folk, but their rate is 1*l.* 10*s.* per head. The Indian can only get it if he be quite indigent, and then it is 10*s.* a month. Few Indians know their ages and fewer still can prove them, and so they have difficulty in even getting the 10*s.* Natives have no old-age pensions. The Child Welfare Society pays from 15*s.* to 1*l.* per month in Port Elizabeth to destitute non-European widows for every child under sixteen. Until two or three years ago the amount was 7*s.* 6*d.* per child. European children draw from 1*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* per month, according to the degree of the poverty of the mother. The old-age pension is simply disgraceful. Ten shillings per month will perhaps pay the rent of an unfurnished room in a yard. Presumably the unhappy Indian is expected to live on fresh air and water. He could not eat the plaster off his walls, for his 10*s.* would only secure him a corrugated iron room. There is no conceivable reason why a coloured man should get 1*l.* 10*s.*—three times as much as an Indian. The Cape Indian Congress is trying to interest certain ministers in this matter, and I wish it every success.

There are many points where South Africa could treat her Indian subjects far more kindly and lose nothing.

Take the case of the Free State. The Indian trader would lower prices and promote healthy trade competition. In regard to education, the Indian obtains free schooling up to Standard VI in the Coloured Government schools. There are a few purely Indian state-aided schools. Usually the Indians have bought the ground, erected the buildings, and then petitioned the Government for free teachers, who are then provided. There are Tamil schools for the purpose of teaching the vernacular, but they are mostly attended by children after school hours, and Mr Sastri said that he considered that attending these schools after ordinary school hours was an unfair strain on the children. The Tamil schools are, of course, private Indian enterprises. Indian students are admitted to Cape Town University as external students, but they cannot live in the College. The Mission School of Fort Hare used to be their only secondary school, but others are available to-day. There ought to be more purely Indian primary schools. Native and coloured children are verminous. It is true that inspectors examine them for vermin at school, but where the homes are filthy no amount of inspections elsewhere will keep the children clean. Indian girls have beautiful long plaits of hair and are compelled to sit beside often vermin-ridden native and coloured children.

The hospital position also is unsatisfactory. A native is a savage ; his habits are filthy ; his language obscene—and yet a highly educated Indian lawyer or doctor, if he could not pay the hospital fees, would be compelled to lie in a bed next to him. Remember that even if the Indian can pay and there is no semi-private ward available, he still must go in the general coloured ward in every hospital in the country, except in St Aidan's in Durban. In a Christmas article which Mr Sastri wrote to the ' Natal Mercury ' he said : ' You cannot please God by benefiting one set of His creatures at the expense of another set. Injury to a part of humanity is injury to all and a violation of the purpose of God, who is called goodness and love.'

DOROTHEA RUDD.

Art. 11.—IRELAND TO-DAY.

THE last sixteen years of life in Ireland have been years of fateful striving. We who have watched the birth of an infant state and questioned the gods ceaselessly as to its future destiny cannot help calling to mind at intervals the dictum of an Irish writer that 'the state is a physical body prepared for the incarnation of the soul of a race.' Our brooding over the infant must be dual, concerned not only with the body but the soul. But naturally as a people we are prone to discuss self-government passionately, and yet to have but little thought for the type of civilisation we wish to carve out for ourselves. The transformation process that has taken place in Ireland has lasted not five, or ten years, but nearly fifty years. The reason for this lies in the fact that the revolution was dominated by an outside power. And this outside power, though it did not stem the rising revolution, yet managed to check it temporarily. Formerly Ireland was governed by a territorial aristocracy drawn mostly from the members of a Church which was the Church of the minority. Nowadays this has been replaced by a democracy of peasant proprietors. Ireland has got rid of the conceptions as to ownership of land which England for centuries imposed upon her, and to-day the Irish view which sees in the occupier of land its natural owner is accepted by the whole Irish people, Catholic and Protestant. It is, moreover, remarkable to notice how quickly the fusion between the landlord class and Irish people has taken place. The landlords have recognised that, if they are to remain Irishmen, they must remain citizens of the Irish State; so they have tried to cast their lot in with the people.

The Irish mentality is too little understood abroad. Past writers invariably represented the Irishman as a queer, sentimental, tender individual who was a carefree fellow, popular with everyone. It was Mr Bernard Shaw who first directed a fierce onslaught on that stagy creature who had long ceased to bear any resemblance to the Irishman of modern times. The Irish struggle engendered a new type—tenacious, serious, and taciturn, and the Irishman is a stern realist, ready to face facts unflinchingly. Again and again I have had illustrations of that essential quality of our people. When Mr Shaw's plays first began

to draw crowded houses in London, the people roared with laughter at his sallies, looking upon them as the product of the witty Irishman of tradition. It took them a long time to see that Bernard Shaw, belonging as he does to the 10 per cent. of humanity gifted with normal sight, was deadly serious. Only when G. K. Chesterton labelled him a Puritan did they reconsider their judgment.

In many cases prejudices have exercised a baneful influence in Ireland, and some of the people who could have been bulwarks of the new State have preferred to live in exile. In recent years, however, owing to the conciliatory attitude taken up by the successive Irish Governments, there has been a tendency to let bygones be bygones and set about the task of reconstruction. In the last few years, as a result of the European situation, there has been a big trek back of the Irish exiles. Nowadays it is a decided advantage for a country not to be 'front page news,' for then people begin to imagine that it is an abode of peace. For some years past English and American newspapers have paid scant attention to Irish affairs, unless occasionally to report a stray dictum of Mr De Valera. We were allowed to rest safe and sound in the midst of our Celtic twilight. I remember on several occasions hearing a famous wit cry out that we Irishmen live in an everlasting limbo, and are always struggling towards the light which is just beyond our ken. The world's Press has given up considering Ireland from a news point of view ; but, from time to time, it gives the country credit for its horses and its sweepstakes. A modern Swift would insist on rewriting the ancient Dean's version of Gulliver's adventure in the land of the Houyhnhnms and bringing the philosophical horses up to date. Nowadays the horse is considered the true arbiter of Ireland's destiny, and in the recent senatorial election it was a well-known horse-breeder who topped the poll as the representative of culture and education. Ireland, through the revolving drum of the Sweepstakes, has become a dreamland—a mixture of Tir-na-nog and Moy Mell—the plain of pleasures, casting abroad its golden largess.

Every year at the beginning of August the Horse Show is held there under the auspices of the ancient society (founded in 1731). For a week there is an unrivalled carnival spirit throughout the city of Dublin. The Royal

Dublin Society has over 9000 members, drawn from all over Ireland, including even Northern Ireland. Its agricultural and horse shows are famous all over the world, attracting as they do thousands of visitors from England, America, and the Continent of Europe. During this vivid week it is possible to ascertain the feeling of the people, whether North or South, on every subject under the sun. It is an important festival too in showing that Ireland is a mother country who has sent her children, from the earliest times, to all parts of the earth, bearing with them their household gods and everlasting memories. The Irish have always been a missionary people, and wherever they have gone they have preserved in their minds a hallowed vision of the Emerald Isle. This Irish world-spirit explains the hold over the people possessed by great Irish leaders such as O'Connell, Parnell, and De Valera. And strange to relate this Irish feeling of brotherhood, which arises when the Gaels from beyond the seas meet in Dublin, also infects the visitors from foreign countries who enter our festivities. Ireland in these days of European stress is rapidly becoming a paradise for those who wish to forget for a moment the threats of war. 'What a relief it is to arrive in the island of the bards!' said an unkempt English traveller to me at five o'clock in the morning during Horse Show week. We were standing on the deck of the London, Midland, and Scottish mail boat. It was pouring with rain and a mist hid the beautiful coastline. My friend continued:

'Life in London is becoming intolerable. What with A.R.P., smoke-screens, black-outs, fire drills, gas mask tests, a man would prefer to be locked up in an asylum. And as for the newspapers, they have made our flesh creep so often that we have no reactions left. Some of them blare at us in headlines; others snap at us; others again pontificate, telling us that it is wiser to face an unmistakable situation in its whole truth and gravity than to deceive ourselves. I ran away from London with a handbag as sole luggage in order to escape from Czechoslovakia, Spain, and Germany. Give me the most rabid Sinn Féiner in Ireland; his conversation will be sweet as balm after London's small-talk on Hitler and Mussolini.'

In recent months we have had a succession of local excitements. First, there was the election, an election snatched by the Government on a minor issue to secure a

working majority. In the election everything went according to plan. The Anglo-Irish agreement had been made, and so what could be more natural than that Mr De Valera should go to the polls to ask the people to ratify it? A strange election, it is true, for one heard passionate appeals by Government spokesmen to the ex-Unionist class—appeals that some years ago would have seemed exaggeratedly fulsome, even from the Cosgrave Government. On polling day, in the recent election, it was instructive to watch the steady procession of ex-Unionists, landed gentry, die-hards, voting for Mr De Valera. The term ex-Unionist is very unscientific, but it possesses a special connotation in Ireland, where men are for ever considered against the background of their family tradition. The term Unionist and ex-Unionist is applied indiscriminately to all those who were not with the National movement in the years of trouble. Can the leopard change his spots? Of course not, we say in Ireland. Be that as it may, those so-called ex-Unionists have consistently played a patriotic part in Irish affairs since the Treaty. Once they cast their lot in with Ireland they did their best to help the new State to work. From the point of view of many of them Mr De Valera is as good as Mr Cosgrave. Some of them even prefer Mr De Valera. He appeals more to their imaginations, and his speech in the Dail explaining the agreement he had made with England won their heartiest applause.

At the present time Mr De Valera's face looms over Southern Ireland like the face of Dante in mediæval Italy—the face of an ascetic, a dreamer, with more than a touch of grimness about it. Lately in Ireland he has assumed the value of a symbol and he has become the 'leader' in the sense that Parnell and O'Connell were leaders. He is very reserved in manner but courteous. He reminds me sometimes of Dr Salazar, the Dictator of Portugal. Like Dr Salazar, he is professorial, and there is something of the mystic about him. Since the election he has been known to smile. And smile he may, for as a result of the Anglo-Irish agreement the country may look forward to an era of peaceful development. During the long period of negotiation between Dublin and London many rumours were current in Ireland, due, in the main, to the interruptions that

occurred as a result of international crises. The people were becoming impatient, for they wished to end the disastrous economic war which had ruined the farmers. Great Britain, on the other hand, was eager to secure an agreement which would relieve her anxiety on the question of defence. During the negotiations there were even rumours of a split in the ranks of the Irish Cabinet. But those who spread those rumours failed to realise the fact that to-day Mr De Valera is the chief and the only person who counts. He embodies the one-man system. 'If all Ireland cannot rule this man, then let this man rule all Ireland,' said King Henry of the Earl of Kildare. We hear the echo of those words still. Ever since his first appearance on the stage of Irish politics he has been a strange, elusive figure pursuing his own vision with the tenacity of a Savonarola. When he was a leader in the Rebellion of 1916 and in command of Boland's Mills, which was one of the centres of revolt, he is said to have exclaimed bitterly when captured: 'Why did the people not seize their knives and forks and join us?' He is a pale, gaunt figure dressed in black. Many of us in Ireland cannot understand him, for he seems to possess characteristics which are not Irish. To understand his significance as a symbol we must cast our thoughts back, not to Ireland but to America during the Trouble, when his progress through the United States awoke delirious enthusiasm among the millions of Gaelic exiles. He passed through the continent amidst the plaudits of the multitude like a wan, ascetic Savonarola crowned with roses. He was still more a figure of destiny when he returned to Ireland, for it was he who proclaimed the terrible Civil War—a war which devastated the homes of Ireland and set father against son and brother against brother. In recent years, however, since his accession to power, we note a subtle change. People who know him say that he has softened. Though he preserves his aloofness, he shows touches of bonhomie. For this reason he has, of late, acquired a certain degree of popularity among the ancient Unionists who had been hostile to him. They proclaim his sincerity and point to his recent speeches at Geneva and in Ireland which would tend to prove that he will follow a friendly policy to England, at home and abroad.

Our friends from the North of Ireland, however, still continue to look upon Mr De Valera as the dark, sinister bogey-man who is a constant threat, not only to the six counties but to the British Empire. No sooner did the Irish delegation breathe the word 'partition' when they were embarking for London than the North held an election which gave Lord Craigavon the largest majority since 1922. In spite of Mr De Valera's pleas on behalf of the Nationalists in Tyrone and Fermanagh, we do not seem to be nearer to the unification of Ireland. The divisions which sprang from fundamental religious differences have increased, owing to decades of distrust and suspicion. The optimists say that the best method to secure Irish unity would be through a close co-operation between Dublin and London. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of Northern Ireland continue to visit Dublin and take part in the festivities of the South. In Trinity College many of the students come from the North and co-operate with their fellow countrymen from South-east and West in work and play. Then there is the Royal Dublin Society, which through all the years of trouble managed to harmonise the discordant elements in the country.

Nobody can certainly accuse Mr De Valera and his Government of religious harshness. In all his pronouncements he has upheld the policy of tolerance, and this policy was crowned by the significant appointment of Dr Douglas Hyde as President of Eire. Some years ago many would have thought it impossible that one of the Protestant minority would be selected to fill the highest post in the State. But, at the moment, in Southern Ireland the fierce political passions have died down and there is a wish for collaboration between the different parties. The choice of Dr Douglas Hyde as Eire's figure-head has been very popular, not only there but also in Irish America. The Irish nation feels that one of the great old bards has been elected to the supreme position. George Moore, ever alive to the grotesque peculiarities of his fellow countrymen, has described the droop of Dr Hyde's moustache through which his Irish frothed like porter. Douglas Hyde, more than anyone, has struggled ever since his youth to preserve the wealth of Irish poetry and to save Gaelic. It has always been his passionate

belief that a nation without its language was like an army without uniform. Hence in the latter years of the last century, when the political followers and enemies of Parnell were battling against one another, he and his companions founded the League to protect and preserve Gaelic. This year at the Festival of the Abbey Theatre, as a compliment to Dr Hyde, his little play in Irish, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' was included in the programme. It was a reminder of the important influence of the author of the 'Love Songs of Connaught.' In addition to possessing the personality of one of the ancient Shanachies, Dr Hyde has the charming characteristics of the Irish landlord and humanist. Like many other figures in the Gaelic Renaissance, he is by no means a Gael by race. His family appeared during the Elizabethan Conquest and confiscation of Munster.

Up to now I have only considered generally the political effect of the Anglo-Irish agreement. From an economic point of view it was received with great joy in Ireland. The farmers rejoiced at the ending of an economic dispute which had done them incalculable harm. Henceforth Irish goods would be admitted free of customs duty into the United Kingdom. The Irish Government, on its side, agreed to apply the formula of 'equal opportunity,' as laid down at the Ottawa agreements between the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. There are, however, critics among the Opposition who complain that Mr De Valera and his followers are carrying out exactly the same policy as Mr Cosgrave had done in the past. Why, therefore, had the country to suffer six years of economic distress for a shadow? The 'Irish Independent,' which possesses a great influence throughout the country, accused Mr De Valera of having swallowed his own policy, and criticised him for abandoning Ulster and admitting liability for the land annuities which he had always said he would never pay. There are critics, too, among the Labour members who believe that the lowering of the tariffs will be used as an excuse for trying to reduce wages. The most ferocious critics of all are the extreme Republicans, who tax Mr De Valera with having sacrificed Republican doctrine. 'England's difficulty still remains Ireland's opportunity,' they cry.

Mr De Valera seems, however, to be well able to take care of himself for all his critics. On this occasion the Irish people did not call him to account for any contradictions. All they thought of was that at last a peaceful agreement had been implemented, and they heard their leader uttering glowing words in praise of England, instead of words of hatred as on innumerable former occasions. After the elections came the publication of the Irish Banking Commission Report, and its effect was not as impressive as was expected, because the Anglo-Irish agreement had already been made. It has, however, become a best-seller in Ireland, a fine fat volume of 700 pages, at the cost of 5s. And so varied are its contents that many have dined out on it. The majority report gives a healthy fillip to those who are orthodox and wish to make the best of the country's close proximity to Great Britain. 'International trade,' the majority report says, 'should be as untrammelled as possible. Do not let us exaggerate the responsibility of the gold standard for the troubles of the 1920 period. But in the absence of the gold standard it would be suicidal folly for Eire to pursue any other policy than that of keeping the Irish pound at parity with sterling.' Mr Blythe, who was Vice-President of the Executive Council and Minister for Finance under the Cosgrave Government, in a series of articles in the 'Sunday Independent,' bears tribute to the arguments used in the majority report of the Commission. 'The volume of our trade with Great Britain,' he says, 'is so large, and the commercial, financial, and social links between the two countries are so numerous that any disturbance of the existing parity of exchange would cause dangerous and damaging repercussions in so many directions as to make it unthinkable except in some real emergency.' Thus we may expect a conservative monetary policy in the near future, and several members of the Commission quote in the Report the example of Portugal, where Dr Salazar, by adopting a conservative monetary policy, has been able to restore national confidence. The minority reports and appendices, however, have aroused plenty of discussion. One of the appendices devoted to the bearing of the Papal Encyclicals on monetary policy, by the Bishop of Raphoe and Professor George O'Brien, is especially valuable in its relation to Irish thought to-day. Interesting debates are

held as to what will be the future for Ireland supposing Great Britain should ever again adopt a policy of deflation. Another question which is debated is whether the payment of international dividends will continue. What will happen if we have come to an age when new nations no longer wish to borrow and are unlikely to be punctilious about their previous debts? Some of these questions have been raised by a leader-writer in 'The Tablet' * (a paper which is widely read in Ireland) who, in discussing the majority and minority of the Banking Commission, adds significantly: 'The gradual withdrawal during recent years of Irish foreign investments, which the majority report deplores, shows itself to be, not a policy of folly, but rather a wise determination to get out while the getting is still comparatively good.' The writer adds that if such expectation should prove correct, then Mr De Valera's policy will prove to be wiser than that of the Commission. For he foresees an inevitable shrinkage in Irish imports, simply because those imports are largely purchased with the dividends of foreign investments—dividends which in the future will themselves shrink. Under these circumstances Mr De Valera is wise to advocate a policy of steady progress towards greater self-sufficiency—whether that self-sufficiency be obtained by persuading Irishmen to produce an article themselves or by persuading them to do without it. Simple folk who have watched the cost of living mounting higher and higher in Ireland and who refuse to resign themselves placidly to doing without the articles they could purchase at a cheap price in Northern Ireland and in England become purple with rage when they read those words. But the followers of De Valera calmly reply: 'The future will tell who is right.'

There have been many discussions about the position of Ireland, supposing a European war broke out. Most of the people with whom I have talked consider that if war broke out we should be able to remain blissfully neutral, for the enemy would not bother to attack the Emerald Isle. Those, however, who have some knowledge of military affairs raise their hands in protest against the

* 'The Tablet,' London, Aug. 20, 1938.

naïve simplicity of the civilians. They say that Ireland, owing to geography, is a country of primary importance in the military sense, though this character has never been realised by the Irish people themselves. They then go on to say that owing to scientific developments this character of the country has been exploited by foreign nations who consider the possibilities of a war against England. One of the best authorities on Irish military affairs, Colonel J. J. O'Connell, in an article published last March, has studied the whole question.* 'When the World War broke out in 1914, Ireland,' he says, 'had been for 116 years without experience of war. The World War of 1914 took the country completely by surprise.' According to him, the only Irishman who understood the importance of Ireland as a factor in war was Sir Roger Casement. Ireland was indeed a naval factor, and owing to the submarine its coasts were a godsend to enemy fleets. And so during the World War the Irish coasts saw several very important engagements. The 'Audacious' was sunk off the coast of Ireland; the 'Laurentic,' carrying five to nine million sterling from Liverpool to New York, was sunk in the same waters as the 'Audacious'; the 'Lusitania' was sunk off the south coast; the 'Leinster' was torpedoed in Dublin Bay. The 1916 Easter Insurrection was significant when considered in relation to the operation which Admiral Scheer proposed to carry out in the Lowestoft area on April 23 and 24 of that year. The Irish rising was not only to be helped by arms but by strong action by the German High Seas Fleet and airships against the east coast of England. The twenty years since the War have exercised an enormous influence over Ireland's strategic position. 'There are,' says the Colonel, 'two main lines contributing to Ireland's influence, aviation and wireless: wireless is commonly regarded as at least pacific, if not indeed pacifist. In reality, it is an essential weapon in modern war, because it annihilates distance. If one adversary disposes of a notable superiority in this respect he at once wins an enormous advantage.' The Colonel quotes the case of the Ethiopian campaign, wherein the Italians made great use of that arm. Wireless proved extremely

* 'Studies.' 'Irish Quarterly,' Dublin, March 1938.

useful for communicating between commander and troops, between columns separated by hundreds of kilometres, and, finally, to link up the home country with the combatants in Abyssinia. It is, however, especially owing to the advance in aviation that Ireland's former isolation has ceased. Ireland is now easily accessible by the aircraft of every first-class power, with the possible exception of Japan. He concludes by some pointed remarks on the true dangers from air attack, saying that the air target in Ireland is Dublin. 'It is several targets in one, a harbour, a store-house, a rail and road centre, the only link between Northern and Southern halves of the country.'

Among the general public, at any rate, there are few who think of a European war which would touch Ireland. Many talk in irresponsible fashion of a vague war in which Ireland, without engaging in any of the fighting or stopping any of the shells, could comfortably sell her cattle and food products to England. Thoughts of submarine warfare as it presented itself during the last Great War have not yet ruffled the Irish masses. It is true to say that to-day Ireland is the most peaceful country in Europe. The threats of dictators against democracies make good reading in our Press. So, too, does the far-off mammoth conflict between Japan and China, but no one has begun to dig anti-aircraft shelters in his back garden. Ireland to-day is blissfully ignorant of A.R.P., black-outs, and gas masks.

Some of Ireland's sternest critics are the returned exiles. This summer I spent some days rambling about the streets of Dublin with a friend who had lived out of the country since 1928. 'The city has changed,' said he. 'I find the life here more drab than it was in the early days of the Free State. The streets were better kept and there was a greater air of prosperity about the place.' My friend then began to enlarge on the benefits of the former Cosgrave régime. He said :

'The ten years of the Cosgrave Government will in future days be called the golden age. Ireland was then one of the most prosperous small countries in Europe. The strong policy of Cosgrave, O'Higgins, Hogan initiated a movement of progress which immediately restored a country shattered by revolution. Take Hogan alone. Where in the world could

you have found a more capable Minister of Agriculture? He knew his rural Ireland as no one else, and he never let his colleagues' attention wander from the problems of the rural communities. But to-day he is forgotten, except by those devotees who worked with him. I could imagine his ghost turning in the grave when they slaughtered the calves some years ago.'

My friend's enthusiasm for the work accomplished by Cosgrave, O'Higgins, and Hogan touched a responsive chord in me and awoke memories of the years following the terrible holocaust of the Civil War. There had been a wave of optimism throughout the country, in antithesis to the tragic spirit of the troubled years. The very men who had been formerly rebels and fugitives showed themselves first-class men of affairs. There is no doubt that they make excellent organisers and even rulers because they are realists and men of action. O'Higgins was the true type of the progressive modern man. He had been a leader in the revolution, but when peace came none was so tenacious as he to condemn disaffection and restore order in a stricken country. His contribution to the cause of peace and to the re-establishment of concord among the countries which make up the British Commonwealth of Nations will never be forgotten. Noble in his death as he had been in his life, he will always be an example to the Irish nation. His death marked the end of the chapter of revolution. His colleagues, instead of lamenting that Ireland is thus, accepted the reality and looked to the future. 'Ireland,' they cried, 'must look to the future instead of to the past, for the patriotism of the past is sterile and unavailing. Let us give up our dreams of deeds gone by, for that acts upon us like a dull opiate, taking away our powers of action.' The Cosgrave Government followed these precepts in their ten years of office. On all sides there were new ideas, the benefits of which to-day, under another régime, we are only beginning to realise. It was under the Cosgrave régime that the attempt was made to provide the Irish manufacturers with cheap power, and the gigantic Shannon Scheme was undertaken. The task of those men was doubly difficult, because when the Treaty brought peace there was exhaustion on all sides. After the disastrous Civil War it was necessary to save the country from complete bankruptcy.

The Civil War had produced damages estimated at 50,000,000%. It was natural that the Government should incur great unpopularity in their attempts to retrench to meet expenses. From 1923 to 1925 the watchword was 'retrenchment all round,' but after 1925 the Government began to formulate their schemes of progress. And in the ensuing years we watched those schemes advance, bit by bit, towards completion.

I look back with sad longing to those years of reconstruction, because Dublin then simmered with intellectual activity. Those were the days when George Russell (AE), through his weekly paper, 'The Irish Statesman,' gave every one of us a voice. Nobody has ever stated the problem of rural Ireland in more striking form than AE, the thinker and visionary, in his book 'National Being.' Like so many mystics, the visionary side of his nature was balanced by the practical. In describing the growth of the greater civilisation from the seed of co-operation, AE grouped the spiritual things around the material. It was he who urged his fellow countrymen to brighten the life of the rural community with books and music. But AE had that rare quality among Irishmen of gathering individuals around him and inspiring them to give of their best. He was completely devoid of envy and spite, the two eternal vices of the small community of individualists. Nobody could fight with him. His personality radiated peace. No matter how humble the writer, he would always find encouragement and stimulation from the genial AE. His office at the top of Plunkett House in Merrion Square could be called a European rendezvous. In addition, to Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen, I have seen Hindu and Persian mystics rubbing shoulders there with scientists, philosophers, and journalists, from France, Germany, Spain, and the two Americas. A strange room it was, with little of the office about it. Piles of books were heaped in the corners. The walls had been covered with fantastic frescoes by AE himself. Then on Friday afternoons AE would gather all of us who wrote for the 'Irish Statesman' together, and, over cups of tea brewed by the master, we discussed the coming number. He was a man of immense sympathy: one of those personalities who tempted young and old to pour out their difficulties to him. I have only seen him angry on

one occasion and that was when some lady from America insisted that fairies were small beings. He stood up in a rage, raising his arms, and said: 'No! they are great white beings.' He could, however, rise to towering passion when he felt that his country had been wronged, as, for example, when he delivered the tirade against Rudyard Kipling's verses on Ulster. His speech ended with the outburst:

'You had the power of song and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who were frail on earth but mighty in the heavens, at generosity, at truth, at justice, and Heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is but a shallow newspaper article made to rhyme. Truly ought the golden spurs to be hacked from your heels and you be thrown out of the Court.'

The passing of the 'Irish Statesman' was a grievous blow to Dublin. So long as it lasted, Dublin was intellectually alive, for the writers and artists had common ground to meet upon. Alas, we remnants of the past in Dublin must cry out sadly: '*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*'

This summer, however, we had the opportunity of evoking our old memories, owing to the Dramatic Festival at the Abbey Theatre. Each night for a fortnight the cosmopolitan audience saw one of the well-known plays of the Irish national theatre's repertory. Earlier each day the dramatists lectured on Irish plays and, what is far more important in Dublin, faced a full battery of public criticism. Few cities in these islands possess such a keen, vigorous theatre-going public as Dublin, in spite of the fact that it must have more picture houses for its size than any city in Europe. Irishmen, however, not only take a pleasure in dramatising themselves, but in watching the efforts of others. They do not dominate their feelings and stifle their emotions as the Englishman does. In Dublin there is keen rivalry between various dramatic organisations, and nothing excites more interest in the public than slashing attacks in the Press. It was thus an exciting experience to lecture on any controversial subject, for no sooner was the lecture over than the speaker found himself peppered by a volley of sharp questions. There is nothing that the Dublin public like so much as a quarrel between champions of different causes. With the greatest

glee they form the ring and urge on the combatants to belabour one another. Most of the rows connected with the Abbey Theatre have arisen from some chance word or phrase which is caught up and repeated with emphasis until the walls echo and re-echo to its booming. When Synge's masterpiece, 'The Playboy of the Western World' was performed for the first time in 1907 the row started over a single word which shocked the prudery of a female member of the audience. When O'Casey's great chronicle play 'The Plough and the Stars' was performed in 1926 the Republican members of the audience felt insulted because their flag in the play was carried into the squalid premises of a public bar. Pandemonium ensued in the theatre. On the occasion of the Dramatic Festival a torrent of controversy arose as a result of a short one-act play, 'Purgatory,' by W. B. Yeats, which was produced for the first time. The play, a grim little etching, written by the poet to express the despairing tragedy of those noble houses of Ireland which have sunk into ruin, leaving fair ghosts to mourn for evermore, gripped the audience, though they did not catch all its meaning. The poet, in giving thanks from the stage to the applauding audience, said that in writing the play he had tried to express his views on this world and the next. Next day the campaign started when one of the members of the lecture audience, a Jesuit priest from America, asked innocently what Mr Yeats meant by the play. Then the fun began. For days the papers were full of letters from people who gave their version of what the poet meant. The fun continued fast and furious until attention was diverted to Sean O'Casey, whose plays act as a red rag to a bull among some of the more religious sections of Dublin opinion.

Dublin has been fortunate in her theatre and in her dramatists. It is true to say that the theatre has prospered and grown through its quarrels, for it can never be said that it lacks vitality. The Abbey audience is a special community. Whenever I enter the theatre I look out for certain faces. I have seen them in the same places, night after night, year after year. The audience is representative not only of Dublin but of Ireland. You see people from every region and every class. It is a restless and highly strung audience. When the early O'Casey

plays were produced in the years following the Treaty and the Civil War, it was sometimes difficult to catch the words of the actors in the tragic parts, owing to the hysterical laughter which arose at moments of intensity in the play as a reaction against those scenes which many in the pit had witnessed in real life. The great quality of the modern Irish actors appears at its best in plays such as 'The Shadow of a Gunman,' 'Juno and the Paycock,' and 'The Plough and the Stars,' which sound like inspired improvisations. Every one of those actors who keep their individualities in play with each other is in close sympathy with the author, and thus we get moving performances. Such plays, with their combative scenes, their rich flow of language, their fantasy, are full of Irish racial elements. Significant, too, is the background. The Abbey Theatre before it became the home of drama was a morgue. Behind the scenes, in the dim passages, I have heard actors talk uneasily of ghosts who haunt the building when the audience have departed.

The Abbey Theatre has been for thirty-five years the meeting-place of the writers and artists of Dublin. In the early days of the theatre the young revolutionaries thought of it as a pulpit from which they could declaim their aspirations. In 'Kathleen ni Houlihan' W. B. Yeats made his heroine rouse the audience by her famous speech :

'Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked ; many that have been free to walk the hills, the bogs, and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets and far countries ; many a good plan will be broken. Many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it ; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that will have red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake, and for all that will think themselves well paid.'

On the stage of the Abbey Theatre we witnessed the rehearsal of Ireland's revolutionary movement. A procession of dramatists, gifted with strong individuality, passes before my eyes as I look back over the years. First of all, W. B. Yeats, the poet-dramatist. Then Lady Gregory, that kind old lady with the indomitable spirit, whom Bernard Shaw had described as 'the charwoman of the theatre'—an allusion to her infinite sympathy and practical helpfulness towards actors, stage

hands, and everybody connected with the theatre. Then Synge, a silent, modest figure, completely absorbed in his own dream. Then after Synge's death a galaxy of dramatists, telling on the stage the story of rural Ireland : Lennox Robinson, Padraic Colum, T. C. Murray, Brinsley McNamara, Shiels, and many others, until we come to O'Casey, who gave a new directive to the theatre by his drama of the city-worker. In O'Casey's plays we get the response to the famous words of Kathleen ni Houlihan. The mother in 'Juno and the Paycock' says to her boy who had lost his arm fighting for Kathleen ni Houlihan : 'You lost your best principles when you lost your arm ; them's the only sort of principles that's any good to a workin' man.' O'Casey's genius revealed to the world the terrible squalor of the Dublin tenements, those eighteenth-century palaces of the ascendancy, nowadays inhabited by swarms of poor, whose astonishing stoicism, good humour, and self-sacrifice O'Casey the worker-dramatist described in inspiring scenes. He is the great pacifist man of the theatre. His observant eye showed him that in war it was always the poor who suffered, while those who manipulated the war escaped scot-free. And after the O'Casey era the Abbey Theatre produced the strong personality of Denis Johnston, whose 'Moon in the Yellow River' with its modernist technique was a fine dramatisation of the Cosgrave period of reconstruction.

Anyone who follows the full cycle of the Abbey Theatre's plays may see for himself the evolution of Ireland during the last thirty-five years. But no sooner has the curtain fallen than we hear the harsh tongues of the critics. Some write indignant letters to the newspapers to say that the Abbey drama movement is not strictly Irish, 'at least not in spirit.' And again, 'that it is contemptuous of Irish opinion.' 'To be national,' the critic says, 'it must put itself solely at the service of the Irish people and co-operate with the Irish people in their efforts to make Ireland a nation, Irish, free, one, and united.' Many of those patriots would like to exercise a dictatorship over the Irish national theatre, for then they could use its stage solely for propaganda. The directors of the Abbey reply to such critics : 'The wind of genius bloweth where it listeth.' The Abbey Theatre has owed its fame and power to the dramatic talent of its authors. At every

moment of the theatre's history it has found dramatists whose work influenced the time. Fortunately, the blight of State censorship has not fallen upon it, and we may say with pride that our theatre has been fearless in holding the mirror up to nature. From the beginning it has been one of the most potent influences for stimulating Irish thought and reviving Irish national spirit. It killed the rough, old-fashioned melodrama and the maudlin stage Irishman : it has shown Irishmen the picture of their society, whether among rich or poor, in country or in city. To-day there are some who would like to build a wall of brass around Ireland to keep out the influences from beyond the water. Some there are who would even make us cast away the Renaissance mind and the English tradition of literary individualism and steep ourselves in the ancient Irish tradition, which was impersonal, national, mediæval, and European. Another question which was fired from the back of the hall during our Festival at more than one lecturer was Why have the Irish writers been wild geese ? Why have they left their native country and written their works for foreign audiences ? Such a question, it seems to me, might have been asked of any of the great Irish saints who enriched the Christianity of the European Continent. Irishmen have always been clansmen. In their politics they adopt the clan point of view and their struggles are clan struggles and struggles between one region and another. This tendency explains their past history, when they called in foreigners such as the Spaniards and the French against England. Even the recent history of the country, with its struggle between Fine Gael and Fianna Fail, might be called clan fights. But in the Irishman, in opposition to the narrow national spirit, there is the vague but none the less insistent longing for the land beyond the seas. The spirit that urged St Brendan to set out on his magic voyages still lives in our people and impels the Irishman to become a missionary in other lands. Instead of sailing away as a monk he may prefer to follow his adventures as a soldier in India, a sailor on the High Seas, a politician in America, or an Irish author in London ; but no matter where he goes he will preserve intact the ancient clan memories of the Emerald Isle.

WALTER STARKIE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

- Whippingham to Westminster.** Lord Ernle.
- The Dominions as Sovereign States.** Arthur Berriedale Keith.
- This Realm of England.** Sir J. Marriott.
- Islam in the World.** Zaki Ali.
- The Jew in the Mediæval Community.** James Parkes.
- Letters to Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry.** Benjamin Disraeli.
- Symbolism and Belief.** Edwyn Bevan.
- Liberality and Civilisation.** Gilbert Murray.
- The Necessity of Freedom.** Douglas Jerrold.
- World-Birth.** Shaw Desmond.
- The Passions of Life.** William Romaine Paterson.
- Modern Indignation and Middle Class Psychology.** Svend Ranulf.
- History of the English Novel—IX.** Ernest Baker.
- The Ferrar Papers.** B. Blackstone.
- Shakespeare's Influence on the Drama of his Age.** Donald Joseph McGinn.
- In Defence of Letters.** Georges Duhamel.
- The World of Words.** Eric Partridge.
- The Polite Marriage.** J. M. S. Tompkins.
- The Old Theatre, Worthing.** Mary Theresa Odell.
- Quest for the Griffon.** Robert Atkinson.

It is with a natural sense of warm affection to its subject that we hail the publication of Lord Ernle's autobiography, '**Whippingham to Westminster**' (Murray). For six years Rowland Prothero was the Editor of the '**Quarterly Review**' and although in conversation he was apt to deprecate his efficiency in that office, it was impossible for him not to do any job that was entrusted to him in any but the most excellent way. He was a fortunate man. He had opportunities and took them and used them well; so that whether as Author, Editor, Land Agent—the pampered pet of a noble Duke—Member of Parliament, Minister of Agriculture in war-time, or in his many other occupations, which included the pleasant pastime of cricket, he proved of the first class. Not many who casually met that quiet man would have believed him to be as widely active and influential as he was. Indeed, his natural quiet was a sincere deception; while his varied and often unseen usefulness is disclosed in his active sympathy with the Empress Frederick and his care of the private papers she entrusted to him in years that were critical to her and her chivalrous husband. With such services as arose through his long-lived family friendship with Queen Victoria and her

children, it is delicious to learn that in his irresponsible boyhood he once caught the Prince Consort nicely with a shot from his catapult. This book throws interesting sidelights on young and old Victorian days ; but its best revelations are of the man himself. Lord Ernle had the charm that endears and the considerate kindness in thought and act which is the cause and justification of personal charm.

The conditions of the British Empire have been altered and have shifted so much in this century and especially since the War, that Dr Arthur Berriedale Keith faced a necessary task when he began his study and descriptions of the constitutions and governments of **'The Dominions as Sovereign States'** (Macmillan). He approached the work rightly as a convinced loyal upholder of the Empire and the ideals it represents ; and clearly regrets some of the diffusive conditions that have crept into its constitution as a whole. But in history facts must be studied as facts, and mere sentiment is worse than unhelpful when it interferes with the reality of their consideration. He has not blinked a recognition of much that has seemed undesirable to loyalists, to whom the British Commonwealth of Nations with the Monarch at its head is something worth living and dying for—in brief, he proves himself in these labours a spirited as well as truthful historian. When we see the new Eire of its own accord revising its constitution and relations with the rest of the Empire in utter disregard for its accepted obligations ; and South Africa modifying its practices over Speeches from the Throne and its national and other anthems, with Canada profoundly concerned over the casting-over by our Prime Minister of Mr Eden's policy in regard to Ethiopia, we recognise possibilities of crucial developments at any time possible in the relations of the Dominions with the Mother Country. Dr Keith has studied at length the many questions involved in the cheerfully granted sovereignty of the Dominions as concerns international law, the Statute of Westminster, British nationality, the position of the King and the Judiciary, foreign relations, imperial defence and co-operation. The work draws attention to deep constitutional issues, and until the Dominions again, of their separate wills for their own particular purposes,

make further essential constitutional changes, it will be the standard authority on its subject.

To his long and distinguished list of historical works Sir John Marriott has added a notable volume in '**This Realm of England**' (Blackie) which, written with his usual lucidity, conciseness and comprehensiveness, will be a most useful occupant of the bookshelf of intelligent historical readers, as well as, incidentally, a very real boon to those facing examination in History at the Universities. In Sir John's hands constitutional history (which in the learned works of many eminent writers is so burdensome) becomes almost as fascinating as a jigsaw puzzle, as the various events are picked up, examined and fitted into their proper places in the scheme of constitutional development. Sometimes an event, which seems at first to mark a real step, is temporarily rejected because its proper surroundings are not yet fitted in; sometimes an event which has at first no apparent connection drops at once into its place and carries the general pattern further towards completion. Sir John has studied deeply his predecessors in this branch of history and his readers have the benefit of much erudition and well-balanced summarisation and judgment.

Islam is awake. The East is marching and no thoughtful person can but rejoice in the quickening of peoples and powers that for centuries were sluggish and are now advancing to share the burdens of civilisation. A significant expression of this change is witnessed in Dr Zaki Ali's '**Islam in the World**' (Shaik Muhammad Ashraf: Lahore). Manifestly, as in his treatment of the present-day problems of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, his views are particular to himself as a Moslem and sometimes different from those held in the West; but they have the merit of sincerity, and where there is honesty between parties there is every likelihood of a right agreement being reached. The happiest part of the book treats of the marvellous progress made by Islam since the War. How narrow, obstinate, and cruel it was so little a while ago—comparatively speaking—while now it shows a tolerance and spirit of human comradeship which are especially helpful in the days when the nations of Europe in their ideals and purposes are so jealously and dangerously divided. The progress made in Turkey is

remarkable, and a sign of what may happen in Iran, Iraq, Arabia, and elsewhere; and while one dreads the effects of mechanisation and factorydom on those peoples, one still may look for the ancient skill of the Arabs in science to be in a measure restored. Dr Zaki Ali foretells a new invasion by Islam of the West; but if that is to be so, he claims it will be spiritual in effects and not a renewed scourge of the sword; for the principles established by Mohammed of the universal equal brotherhood of mankind is of a saving value, a strength to Islam that might helpfully spread its influence elsewhere. Let us hope his expectations will prove true; but the spirit of the Arabs in Palestine is not encouraging.

Dr James Parkes' volume on **'The Jew in the Mediæval Community'** (Soncino Press) is a large instalment of what promises to be a work in some ways portentous. It is authoritative, with rather a heavy touch. The truths it brings out are more than sad enough, showing how throughout the ages, from the days of Chrysostom, whose sermons against the Chosen People are described as a beastliness, as well as at the time of the first Crusade, when the red-cross Knights whose purpose was to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens spent their energy in murdering 'Christ's murderers,' the Jews have been subject to brutal and calculated persecutions. It is a bitter old story, elaborately dealt with by Dr Parkes, who, however, takes note also, as the honest historian should do, of the mercies and concessions which occasionally interrupted the cruelties. The irony also is clear, that while the Jew was condemned and mistreated for his practices in usury, those practices were due to the public necessity and proved especially useful to reigning princes, who through the means of the money-lender were able to finance their little wars and the other luxuries they were pleased to indulge. Dr Parkes also explains, as has rarely been clear to Gentile observers, why the Mediæval Church was so furious against those Hebrews who having been baptised relapsed. It was because they had thereby profaned the sacrament and, to the ecclesiastic view, merited barbarities worse than those inflicted on the unconverted. A sad book, which shows what small progress in some ways the world has made, and how mediæval still is much of modern Germany.

That the personality of Dizzy resists the diffusions of Time is evident with every new discussion of his influence, personality, and works. Whether those are approved or disapproved makes no difference to the fact that his reputation remains vital and likely to outlast that of all his fellows among the Victorian statesmen, most of whom already are only names to the general public. His continuance in vitality is due to the circumstance that his curious Eastern-Western personality fascinates without being yet quite understood; though plenty of light in later years has been cast on him and his career, and more will come, as is suggested by his *'Letters to Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, 1837-1861'* (Macmillan), edited and introduced by the present Lady Londonderry. They reveal among other things the spiritual need that he had for the company of warm-hearted intelligent women, and bring out his prudent uses of the opportunities for social advance that were given to him, as well as the considerate ways in which he won the friendly interest of foreign princes and statesmen. During the years covered by this volume we see him as the rising politician and novelist; a minor and then a major power in the Opposition, and finally the Chancellor of the Exchequer, overwhelmed with the large and petty duties of his office. He did not read Dickens and he distrusted Palmerston—'an imposter, utterly exhausted, and at the best only ginger-beer and not champagne, and now an old Pantaloon.' This book of letters spread over a period of nearly half a century is necessarily fragmentary; but it gives glimpses.

The value of the Gifford Lectures, as an institution inspiring to sound religious thought, is again made evident. Dr Edwyn Bevan's series, delivered four to five years ago before the University of Edinburgh and now published under the title of *'Symbolism and Belief'* (Allen and Unwin), mark a real advance in the necessary spiritualising of religion, carrying it a further stage from the literal interpretations which through standardising the preposterous, turning images of poetry into flesh and mortar, have stood between God and the human soul. Dr Bevan is at once a shrewd and a constructive critic. In studying the symbols that have represented the Creator, first as the sky-god—the sky being itself divinity until

the Hebrews made it the sphere wherein their only God dwelt—and later in the traditional anthropomorphism, as a magnified man with the physical back that was seen by Moses on Sinai, he carries the reader through many difficulties. There is the symbol of Time, the most central problem of metaphysics, which to attempt to define, explain, or understand, he declares, can only end in eternal frustration (a comforting thought to minor philosophers); and beyond it those easier aspects of the Deity which humanity was able to apprehend, as of the Jealous God who with his wrath could punish and destroy, establish a fiery Hell, and send poor souls trembling through lifetimes of fear, which have not yet been altogether transcended by the Christian gospel of mercy and love. 'Any conception of God which man can reach must always be, more or less, a symbol still,' for the reason that the symbolic expression is the best way in which the truth of God could be expressed in the terms of human ideas. Yet the effect of discovering His reality is, of course, still hampered by those means; but as Dr Bevan in his last words observes, what actually causes anyone to believe in God is the direct perception of the divine, something the heart can see apart from the symbols. The truth emphasised in his conclusion illustrates the spiritual value of his philosophy, which while it makes acceptable the idea that even the Resurrection and the Virgin Birth are symbolical, is constructive, and marks the necessary development of that more reasonable faith without which religion in this world of violence and assertive materialism could hardly persist, at least other than as a shallow superstition.

Dr Gilbert Murray, 'that old Greek professor' (his own phrase), who has done so much for the decencies and rights of mankind, takes as motto for his book of two lectures on '**Liberality and Civilisation**' (Allen and Unwin), President Marsaryk's phrase 'The ethical basis argument of all politics is humanity,' and then quotes in the course of his argument, Herr Hitler's description of humanitarianism as a 'mixture of stupidity, cowardice, and superciliousness which will melt away like snow.' Such contrast is significant. The one is a workable ideal, the other a destructive reality. Dr. Murray's little book is vigorous and essential to these times,

especially in its expression of hope and faith in the effective continuance of the League of Nations, which the dictators in Europe and Asia have done their worst to destroy. That, too, is significant and should be enough to strengthen all who have faith in the spirit of Liberality in life and politics—to which extent we all are liberal nowadays—to make efforts for its reform and adaptation to international necessities. It is not easy to be democratic in these days because of the abuses encouraged by the rulers of the totalitarian states, with their arrogant armies, bullying assumptions of trumped-up rights and unreal racial claims, their persecutions of religion and the Jews and their crabbing of freedom in thought, speech, and the responsible liberty of the press. Although the title of Mr Douglas Jerrold's '**The Necessity of Freedom**' (Sheed and Ward) suggests a theme similar to that of Professor Gilbert Murray, his volume has a lesser spirit and narrower purpose. His plea is for the freedom of the Churches. He thinks that the religion they have taught is the sole means of rescuing Europe from the confusions to which its countries have fallen, and his tone is harder than the human note of Dr Murray. Evidently he does not see how deeply historical Christianity needs spiritual readjustments before the Churches can really shoulder the great burden he would put upon them—as their record in the War and since the War has proved.

The world, as we have recognised in our consideration of the last few books, is seriously out of joint: ill, unhappy, hurrying towards what looks like destruction, and Mr Shaw Desmond shares eloquently the disquietudes that are generally felt. He is earnest and very serious in his volume, '**World-Birth**' (Methuen); but also too frequently extravagant in his statements and theories. He makes innumerable bold assumptions and sets up to be nicely knocked down straw figures, like the inhabitants of 'the nearly undiscovered village of Wattle-by-Water,' who sat under his lecturer, Finn Fontaine. His conclusion is that a new fourth-dimensional world, with the psychic sense in man predominant, is needed to redress the mischiefs to which our present three-dimensional world has come. In the heartiest possible manner he begs questions galore; as that the

mind is to be released from the 'tyranny of Reason.' 'We are now appealing to the higher courts,' says he, 'of Faith and Intuition'—but whose intuition we are to trust he does not clearly tell—'the decisions of which can, however, ultimately be demonstrated by Reason.' So we don't get rid of that old tyrant, after all! 'It has been scientifically proved in our day that memory and identity survive death.' Who has scientifically proved so enormous a wonder? 'The fact that always follows a dream?' This passing opinion illustrates Mr Desmond's faculty for loose assertion. Would it not be sometimes dreadful, or a denial of inspiration, if the fact did always follow a dream? 'Knowledge kills war!' It should do so; but does it? Education and Economics are two 'blind sciences.' But are they? Are those essentials to the ordering of mind to be called blind, because some of their teachers may be purblind? And how about the faults of the psychic which so often have led to fraud? These are fair instances of the weaknesses through inconsiderate assertion which spoil the purpose of a well-meant book. Of course, the world is sick and needs true ideals for its restoration, while Education and Religion, or their advocates, are often misusing their opportunities and duties; but Mr Desmond does not help. He is at best a vague Carlyle, a galloping visionary, who leads us with confidence into the clouds.

Of far greater value and depth of thought is Mr William Romanine Paterson's book, written in search for an ideal, and entitled '**The Passions of Life**' (Williams and Norgate). His thoughts are winged, but he manages to keep his feet to the reality and sweetness of Mother Earth, and such conditions are what men want in the thinkers who would guide them. In his definition of passion he goes back to the precise meanings of the words employed in it before, in the casual commerce of speech, their significance grew distorted; and then examines its strongest manifestations, especially as exhibited in Love and Religion, with Politics and other expressions of passion intervening. He recognises its extreme inwardness. 'The great passions which shake the character to its base have their origin in the under-self; and therefore it is that their motives are not easily discovered; while if there is one trumpeted maxim

which cannot be fulfilled it is that of "Know Thyself." Because of the inward effects particularly of ancestry, environment also bringing its influences and Mr Paterson suggests that 'Sentio, ergo sum' is the truer truth. And in love and religion how many inhibitions (to borrow again that over-worked expression) lurk often to be mischievously active. Inevitably, because of the purposes claimed for it, he deals especially with the passions that have gone—and go—with Religion and have produced a Torquemada and such abominations as that in these days, after 2000 years of Christianity, the leaders of religion can give their blessings to the battle-mongers and make it possible for an Italian war-plane in a bombardment to kill at one stroke eighty-five Spanish children. Sympathetically and with a gentle thoroughness Mr Paterson makes his analyses of the passions and holds up the æsthetic ideal as the best antidote to their violences :

'If there is to be a real ascent of the human mind it must be towards a summit where we shall discover the desire for whatsoever things are lovely, not only in outward shape but in thought, purpose, and action, and that summit is the æsthetic ideal in its universal form. It would be, indeed, strange if after so many millions of years in the life of our earth all the monsters should be extinct except the human monster.'

The eminent Danish scholar of sociology, Dr Svend Ranulf, whose suggestive studies of moral indignation began with his elaborate work on 'The Jealousy of the Gods and Criminal Law of Athens,' has continued with a volume on 'Modern Indignation and Middle Class Psychology' (Levin and Munksgaard: Copenhagen), which beside its wisdom and insight has the unexpected quality of positive entertainment. His progress is somewhat irregular. It begins with an explanation of the present gross cruelties of the Nazis as being a consequence of the years of excessively self-conscious humiliation that followed the German collapse from the War. Then, before he continues with examples of anger and suffering as experienced by Hindus, Chinese, the ancient Israelites, and the Bolsheviks—who appear in many ways to have become puritanical after the sexual liberties they allowed—he examines the repressions and cruelties that resulted from the moral indignation of the Puritans

against the Cavaliers. Those in turn may have been due to the extraordinary moral laxness of the mediæval Church, as represented by Mr H. C. Lea and Dr Coulton in their thrusting and revealing works. It is a vast subject, illuminatingly treated; but the whole volume, with its scattered wealth of information, might have been better ordered. It contains rather scattered details of evidence and entertaining examples than a sustained summing-up; but the details are rich in suggestion and it will be a pleasant recreation to all who will play up to it to extend the theories which Dr Ranulf has offered.

The ninth volume of Dr Ernest Baker's ten-volume '**History of the English Novel**' (Witherby) brings us to the day before yesterday; when Hardy, Mark Rutherford, Gissing, George Moore, Stevenson, and Henry James were the most considered writers of fiction. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, and Kipling are to come into the concluding volume. As the colossal work proceeds its interest increases; but we are brought to writers so recent that already the values of many are beginning to fade, and it is possible that in only twenty years' time some of those to whom several pages here are given, will be as little read as Monk Lewis. Dr Baker has done his work well, giving balanced judgments and not sparing those, like Marie Corelli, whom he calls the exploiters. He is perhaps not as appreciative of Stevenson as 'R.L.S.' deserves; and assuredly Edward Thomas had no right whatever to inclusion here. Thomas had a charming style, but none of the novelist's essential gifts, that include constructiveness, characterisation, and humour, as his only attempt at novel-writing proved. Not the least enjoyable part of these volumes is found in the footnotes that often are witty. Dr Baker might well, however, have given credit to Mr W. K. Fleming for his exposure of the cribbings by Shorthouse that went to make 'John Inglesant,' as first revealed in the '**Quarterly Review**' of July 1925.

Very attractive to the numerous lovers, old and new, of that romance with its vivid picture of the community at Little Gidding, should be '**The Ferrar Papers**' (Cambridge University Press): a volume in which Dr B. Blackstone reprints John Ferrar's life of his brother Nicholas, who established that Anglican—or Arminian—community, with Nicholas's ascetic dialogue

'The Winding Sheet' and some short moral histories and selected family-letters. The Editor humorously laments that we are shown the saint rather than the man in the fraternal biography; yet with that, the associated documents and his own genial introduction, we get an excellent impression of the human-saintly Nicholas, his niece Mary Collett, and their relatives who comprised the household. The impression of religious benevolence which Shorthouse conveyed to his readers was evidently true; and it is easy to realise how gracious the spiritual atmosphere of such an institution and true family circle can be, and in those examples proved. The community had wealth enough and used it generously; amongst its benefactions to the neighbourhood with the usual broth, water-gruel, and milk distributed, being a penny and the Sunday dinner to every child who learnt and without help of book could say each Psalm—'which well pleased them and their Parents.' George Herbert was a clerical neighbour and friend of the Ferrars, and helped to bring reality and sincerity to the religious life of the seventeenth century.

Once again British students have reason to thank American research and scholarship for discoveries in their common literature. The case in point is provided by Mr Donald Joseph McGinn's study of 'Shakespeare's Influence on the Drama of his Age' (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press), wherein he quotes certain authorities who have expressed the view that in his time Shakespeare was practically unnoticed and his works unconsidered; amongst them being Professor E. E. Stoll, who declared that for more than twenty years in London the poet-dramatist made no stir, and that except for Webster nobody of real importance took any public notice of his merits as a playwright. With admirable perseverance Mr McGinn amply disproves all that. Taking 'Hamlet' as his test, he examines plays of Marston, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, George Chapman, Ford, William Heminge, John Heywood, and others, and by comparing phrases, characters, and individual scenes, as well as by examining allusions to contemporary events and burlesque-passages, shows that 'Hamlet' from the first received considerable notice and the flatteries of imitation. He proves, moreover, that with

this, his greatest play, which was bound through its philosophy of the eternities to impress the minds of playgoers and readers, Shakespeare revived the interest in revenge-plays. Mr McGinn has presented Shakespearean students with a modest yet convincing little work.

M. Georges Duhamel's treatise '**In Defence of Letters**' (Dent) comes with effect just now, when it is needed. He is at once a practical writer and an idealist. He sees the necessity of protecting literature from the influences, though some of them in themselves are beneficent, which endanger not only its better results but its very existence, and bids us take warning while there is time. The radio and the films especially, he asserts, are threatening the popularity of books just now; it being so easy for tired people to avoid the exertions of reading and thinking as they read by simply turning on the wireless. It needs no exceptional effort of intelligence to realise how costly in the long run such indulgence in idleness may be. We need books, literature, culture, and the intellectual exercise that makes the best of them. Not only is there a call to personal discipline in this, but practical methods also are required to save the rot that is threatened. M. Duhamel looks at things mainly from a French point of view, but his fears and criticisms concern England also. The book-trade, he declares, is mismanaged; and among authors mere success is too much sought for. There the idealist helpfully speaks. He reminds writers of the saying of Mr Logan Pearsall Smith that 'a best-seller is the gilded tomb of a mediocre talent.' That is true. But, also, we are certain, that the Book is an institution too well-based in humanity ever to be disestablished.

It was unnecessary for Mr Eric Partridge, in his preface to '**The World of Words**' (Routledge), to assure us that this was a work of love: for, with all its seriousness, he shows enjoyment of his task in every paragraph. The dedication to Professor Otto Jespersen, 'most human of philologists and most illuminating of Grammarians,' also is happy and just. All who love our language and recognise the scope for beauty that it possesses would wish to share his tribute to the Danish scholar. But Mr Partridge has his own methods and the humour of his treatment, where it is possible—and in

that he follows the pleasant ways of Professor Weekley—adds to the effect of his book by making it more readable. He not only studies the elements of the language, with the developments due to the conditions and peculiarities of speech in the United States of America ; but he notes how it is that words begin, live, and die, and how languages change.

'The Polite Marriage' (Cambridge University Press) is the insufficient title of a volume which could easily, but should not, be overlooked : it has an exquisite charm in its style and a nice appreciation of certain odd characters, while it is humorously pathetic. Miss J. M. S. Tompkins has revived a handful of forgotten writers—with 'small talents and half-smothered voices'—of the eighteenth century and clothed them in their vanished importance. They are the Griffiths, who under the pen-names of Henry and Frances made 'copy' of their long and chequered but happy romance, and who touch the more enduring world through Frances's 'Delicate Distress' being inquired for by Lydia Languish; and Dr Hugh Downman, whose 'intestinal verse' derived inspiration unexpectedly from far-inward places and who was able to describe the Earth as 'this great rotundity.' More important still, and gifted with natural powers and abundant vocabulary, there is Ann Yearsley, the milkwoman of Bristol, who was able to vex the patronising soul of Hannah More but could not impress Horace Walpole, who thought she should drive her cows from the foot of Parnassus and hum no more ditties ; as well as poor Ramble, whatever his true identity might be, whose frank passion for Nell Macpherson at any rate brought her a brief prominence ; and James White, 'a fingerpost to Peacock,' who penned incoherent romances with engaging touches of motley humour ; with lastly, Mary Hays, the 'philosophess' who went close enough to Charles Lamb to get a footnote in *Eliot's* biographies. These human oddments make attractive reading, which, of course, is mainly due to the wit, style, kindness, and skill of Miss Tompkins.

How pathetic it is, in these days when most towns have picture-palaces—and other cheaply glittering buildings—to find an old theatre left derelict or sold into the bondage of commerce—translated, much as Nick Bottom was,

into something unworthy of itself, as 'The Old Theatre, Worthing' (George W. Jones : Aylesbury) has been. Pork and grocery, of course, are all very well, but an old theatre that for forty-eight years served the public enjoyably and welcomed to its stage such players as Macready, Edmund and Charles Kean, Samuel Phelps, Mrs Fawcett, Helen Faucit, Grimaldi, the two Charles Mathews, Munden, Ira Aldridge, the black African tragedian, and the Infant Roscius, should have been in some way pensioned off, instead of being turned into a dispensary for pork and grocery. From 1807, when this Theatre Royal opened with Mr and Mrs Henry Siddons playing in 'The Merchant of Venice,' until 1855, when it was forced to close, it served its purpose and the public well. Then came the end. Something warmly human was extinguished ; but it is fortunate that the research of Miss Mary Theresa Odell and the devotion of the Worthing Art Development Scheme has preserved its honourable story in a well-illustrated memorial volume.

The 'pleasantly improbable quest' on which, with two fellow-undergraduates of Cambridge, Mr Robert Atkinson set out just before the outbreak of the civil war in Spain, makes an attractive story as told in 'Quest for the Griffon' (Heinemann). The Griffon vulture is the largest, and one of the rarest, of European birds ; and although some museums have stuffed specimens of it, there has been much uncertainty over its ways and whereabouts. With a goodly array of cameras and some show of nice impudence, therefore, Mr Atkinson and his colleagues took the opportunity of a vacation to go by car to southern Spain and begin their search for griffons on the Sierras. Fortune was strangely kind to them, for within four days after leaving England and travelling south in a new car whose imperfections made them philosophers, they found griffons sitting on accessible nests or flying, coming and going, in the ways that are good for the hearts of bird-photographers. But while Nature and luck helped their enterprise, the Spanish officials did their worst for it ; and in the silliest ways hampered their studies and spoilt their last venture. What is told about birds in this book is valuable ; while the personal adventures of the three naturalists in their contacts with men and human asses is entertaining.

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